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THE MAKING OF A BULLFIGHTER

BY JUAN BELMONTE

[JUAN BELMONTE is a name that is known to every man and woman in Spain. Probably it is one of the best-loved names in Spain also, because Belmonte is something that belongs to every Spaniard; he is a genius, a creator, an idol, an institution; and I have seen 'Viva Belmonte' scrawled on the walls of Cádiz and Toledo and Sevilla and Córdoba and the pavings of the Alhambra in Granada, even though there is n't so much room for compliments these days with all the other battle cries chalked on the walls and signed with the hammer and sickle. And once in the Feria of Sevilla, in a *novillada* of bulls from Belmonte's own ranch, after Pascual Márquez had performed a superb *faena* on his second bull, and the stands were a snow field of handkerchiefs waving for him, they began to shout for Belmonte. He had to come down from his box into the arena and bow to the president, and embrace Pascual, and run all the way round the arena with Pascual while the crowd cheered and clapped him.

I don't know how long it went on, but it seemed to go on forever, until we

could n't shout any more; and it was like a concentration of the emotion, not of one bullfight, but of all bullfighting. Because Juan Belmonte is bullfighting, in a way that you could never have said that Jack Dempsey was boxing, or Tilden was tennis, or Babe Ruth was baseball. Bullfighting is not a sport, and you can't compare it with one. Bullfighting, whether you like it or not, whether you approve of it or not, is an art, like painting or music, and you can only judge it as an art: its emotion is spiritual, and it touches depths which can only be compared with the depths that are touched in a man who knows and understands and loves music by a symphony orchestra under a great conductor.

Belmonte is the greatest of all bullfighters, and this is his story.

— LESLIE CHARTERIS, *Translator*]

I

I BELIEVE that the earliest thing I can remember is the death of El Espartero. It happened when I was only a little more than two years old. I was riding

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on the coachman's box of a carriage, which my family had probably hired for a Sunday-afternoon drive. Someone rushed up as the carriage stopped at the door of a house.

'Don't you know?' he blurted out. 'A bull has killed El Espartero!'

Everyone tumbled out of the carriage to ask for details, and I was left alone on the box. What little intelligence I had at the time framed its first question. What had happened? 'A bull has killed El Espartero! . . . A bull has killed El Espartero!' I heard it repeated over and over again. I did n't understand. I did n't know then what a bull was, or who was El Espartero, or what was death. But those words, and the startling effect of them, above all because of the way in which they suddenly took everyone away from me and left me so suddenly alone and frightened without understanding why, are indelibly graven on my memory.

And then, after this, my memory may have been carved deeper by the pomp and ceremony with which in those days Sevilla used to honor the death of a great *torero*. After the funeral processions they composed sad little songs in tango rhythm to recall him:—

Four horses used to draw
The coach of El Espartero . . .

And mournful *pasodobles*:—

Manuel García, El Espartero,
He who was king
Of all *toreros* . . .

My whole infancy was colored by this popular glorification of the heroic death of the *torero*. It was the most important happening of my childhood. Years after, when I understood it all, groups of little girls who gathered in the small squares at dusk would still sing about that glorious death.

I was always getting into trouble. My excursions reached as far afield as the Alameda, which was the meeting

place of all the good-for-nothings of the district. At the end of the Alameda there was a pavilion called the Recreo. A ramp with a wall on either side ran up to the entrance, and the walls were artistically crowned by two bronze sphinxes which the people of Sevilla called 'the sirens'—nobody knows why. The favorite game of the boys who hung around the Alameda was to climb on to the wall, walk along the edge until they reached the sirens (which were at a considerable height), mount the crupper of the siren, and embrace it from behind so that their hands reached its cold hard breasts.

One afternoon, when I was trying to get my short arms around the big bronze torso of the siren, I fell and cut my head open. They took me to the hospital in the Plaza de San Lorenzo. I was streaming with blood. There was a fat assistant sitting out in the square, and with great tranquillity he gathered up his chair, his Panama hat, and his newspaper, and prepared to attend to me.

'It's going to hurt you a lot, youngster,' he said.

With his great fleshy fingers he proceeded to bathe my head and sew up the wound, without getting a whimper out of me. It was my first experience of torn flesh, of physical anguish, of gauze and bandages; and the truth is that I did n't find it too disagreeable. I can still remember that painful treatment with great complacency, the imperturbability of the assistant, and the softness of the evening in the Plaza de San Lorenzo as I met it when I came out of the hospital with my head bound up.

'This child is getting more incorrigible every day'—I had already heard the refrain so often that it was becoming an obsession. They sent me to school as a punishment. It really was a punishment, that dismal barrack of a building, the damp and gloomy rooms,

and the bad-tempered masters, whom we could never credit with any human feeling. It was said that the school building had been one of the prisons of the Inquisition, and it was whispered among the boys that they still kept the inquisitors' instruments of torture in the cellars. It gave the school a very sinister atmosphere. Toward the schoolmaster we were as hostile and desperate as a cage of tigers. Only the real fear of a thrashing, and the vague terror of I don't know what fearful tortures of the Inquisition which our imaginations conjured up, kept us pinned down on the hard benches.

I was only at school from the age of four until I was eight years old. They taught me to read and write — very painfully, I'm sure, but very conscientiously. That was all my academic education.

II

We moved to Triana, a suburb of Sevilla, where we settled into a lodging house in the Calle Castilla. My mother died there.

I remember no more of her than that she was very young and very pretty. When she died, the women put a shroud on her and loosened her braids, spreading her great length of hair over the pillow. I remember how beautiful her face was that day, and the black hair spread out over the peaked shoulders and sunken breast. They put her bed next to a window which opened on to a corridor, and all morning the neighbors filed past and wept for her. The women of the neighborhood stopped their work and trooped along with their sleeves rolled up and their brats dragging along behind to stand in front of our window and look at my dead mother, to mourn for her and admire her beautiful hair. Nobody took any notice of me. When, little by little, I crept up closer, a relative or a neighbor would push me gently away and say:

'Go on, Juan. Run along down the street and play with the children.'

Like most boys whose mothers die when they are young, I grew up long before my time. I left school and helped my father in his shop. It was a shop which we had to put together every day at dawn, setting it up in the street with planks and trestles and boxes of merchandise. On Thursdays we took it to pieces and moved it over in a hand barrow to the Calle de la Feria. An uncle of mine who was about the same age as I was helped to push the barrow. On the downward slopes we would fit the wheels into the tram lines and go careering away at breakneck speed, having the time of our lives.

We used to close the stall early. My father and I would go to the Calle Sierpes and saunter slowly along it, stopping every few minutes at one of the groups which gathered at the doors of cafés and saloons. At that time the whole life of Sevilla could be seen unfolding itself in that street. The more or less moneyed gentry would be lounging against the doors of the casinos having their shoes shined, while others less fortunate approached them for references and introductions. At the marble tables of the Café Central ranchers and business men closed their deals, and bullfighters signed their contracts; at the Café Nacional you found government officials and moneylenders, municipal employees and vestrymen; and, in the middle of the street, grain merchants with specimens wrapped up in bits of old newspaper would discuss prices for hours on end, and men in the olive-oil business would be holding their tubes of samples up to the light — all this in the midst of a swirling crowd of shrimp peddlers, boot-blacks, and vendors of lottery tickets.

My father usually went to the Café América and the Café Madrid. The latter had a broad cool patio at the

back with huge billiard tables, where they played the games that were popular at the time — 'Forty-one,' 'Round the World,' and 'Match.' My father was a great player. While my father was playing, I would spend my time foraging around the café, eating any lumps of sugar I could find on the tables and drinking with great relish the tiny glasses of milk and *licor de rosa* which the café used to stand its clients.

I went with him to the cafés from the time I was eight until I was eleven. But as I grew older my father began to put me on one side. When I was eleven he stopped taking me to the café; I did n't interest him any more. Instead of me, he took my brother Manolo. The same thing happened with all his sons. When they grew older he did n't want any more to do with them.

The shop would be closed in the evening, my father would go off to the café to play his games of billiards, and I would find myself in the Altozano, where we were living then, without knowing what to do or where to go. I had no friends of my own age. I was a brat whose mind had grown up lopsidedly in the atmosphere of the café, without any of the moderating influence which school friends might have given me. My brother Manolo was so small that he was no use except to take the part of the bull when we played at bullfighting. The Plaza del Altozano was frequented by many budding bullfighters, and I used to play at bullfighting there without any idea of making it my profession. It would be untrue to say that I had thought of that yet. I simply played at bullfighting because it was the natural thing for me to do: in those days all the boys of my age did it, just as to-day they are always playing football. I acquired quite a reputation as a drawing-room torero. I practised my passes on anything that came to hand — dogs, chairs, car-

riages, or cyclists. I would give a *media verónica* and a *recorte*¹ to a street corner, a parson, or the evening star.

One day when I was still quite small my family went out for a meal to an inn in La Pañoleta. The inn had a small courtyard where one could fight calves,² and as soon as I knew it I tied a red cloth around my waist and went along with my people with the secret determination to try my hand. It turned out that the *becerro* was quite unplayable. The *aficionados* had long ago given it up as impossible, but the landlord had refused to get rid of it. While my family were eating their meal in the sun in front of the inn I went in search of the yard where the *becerro* was kept, slipped over the wall, got out my red cloth, and tried to induce the animal to charge.

The pen was hardly nine feet long by a couple of yards wide. I stood at one end with my little cape spread out, and the *becerro* stood backed up against the other end and looked at me with startled eyes. I cited³ it again and again without result. While this was going on, my family missed me and began to search for me all over the inn. When they found me I was kneeling in front of the *becerro* with my cloth spread out under its very nose. Nobody could understand why it had n't bitten my head off.

¹ Even more than the technical terms of most sports, the names of the various passes in bullfighting would be quite meaningless if translated. Anyone who is interested in a fuller description should read Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*. — TRANSLATOR

² Bulls are given different names according to their age. A bull of any indeterminate size, but usually a young calf, is a *res*; from one to two years old it is a *becerro*; from two to three years old it is a *novillo*; and only when it is three years old is it considered a *toro*, or full-grown bull.

³ The word is *citar*, which might be rendered in English as 'cite,' with this special meaning. The torero takes up his position in front of the bull and standing sideways to it, with his cape spread. He shakes the cape, stamps his feet, and shouts '*¡Jul!*' to attract its attention.

III

I don't know when it was that I really made up my mind to be a torero. I practised bullfighting because I was influenced by my surroundings, because it amused me, because the risk and adventure of that hazardous profession fitted in with my own instinctive leaning toward uncertainty and adventure — because, with the cape in my hands, I, who was such a small and insignificant person, felt myself so much superior to the other boys who were physically stronger than I.

I liked bulls and disliked bullfighters. The more enthusiastic I became about bullfighting, the less use I had for the conventional type of young torero. In the beginning it was merely indignation, wounded vanity if you like, which drove me away from the accepted standards and the steps by which tradition decreed that the ladder of the professional must be climbed. The art of bullfighting is so mature, so hidebound, so rigidly and exhaustively hemmed in by canons of immemorial antiquity, that the would-be torero has to submit to a code of immutable rules and an inexorable discipline for which I was quite unfitted. I realized this clearly from the very start. So far from being ready to bow to the ancient gospels, I believed that I was the prophet of a new revelation.

So I joined up with the lads of San Jacinto, who all had the same protestant and revolutionary attitude as myself. They were a wild lot who had broken heroically away from everything. They never went to the *tentaderos* to be put through their paces, they wore no pigtails, and they made no effort to catch the eyes of the impresarios in the cafés of the Calle Sierpes. They had no respect for reputations, they had no patrons, and they had no practical ambitions in life. They were embittered and cruel, with a

supreme contempt for everything they looked at. Bombita and Machaquito were at that time the greatest figures in bullfighting, but to us they were just clowns.

Perhaps I was driven to join up by the reaction of any normal high-spirited young man who wants to assert his personality and finds himself pushed back by others stronger and better off than himself. The arrogant self-sufficiency of these mutineers and their contempt for all established values consoled me for my humiliations. And there was the pride of pioneering, the joy of smashing the old idols, the glory of breaking loose from all the old complicated conventions in which the art of bullfighting had been smothered.

The conquest of these rebels was by no means easy, for they were just as jealous of their integrity as any of the orthodox cliques, and even more particular about whom they admitted into their exclusive circle. I had to go through a grueling initiation to win their good will. The first thing I had to learn was never to be without tobacco: these heretics, whose principles in bullfighting were incorruptible, could themselves be corrupted with a cigarette. And then I had to run their errands, put up with their bloodthirsty practical joking, and perform a hundred and one menial services. Also I had to go on long expeditions into the country to find out if there were bulls in the corrals and pastures.

These lads had a new way of practising bullfighting. They went out into the country to fight the rancher's bulls without his permission and in defiance of the guards. They met at our refreshment stand and fixed the time of our departure so that the moon would be well up when we reached the pastures. We had to take the footpaths to avoid encountering any of the Guardia Civil, and we had to do without a proper cloak because that would

have been evidence against us if we were stopped. We used a coat belonging to Riverito, whom we all acknowledged as the most proficient.

To cross the river we would prow through the cornfields until we found a boat. We would push it out into the stream with the mud sucking around our ankles, put out the oars, and paddle jubilantly away. One of us would lean over the side and spit at the reflection of the moon in the rippling water and begin to sing some soft and haunting gypsy song which reached no further than the reeds along the bank where our wake whispered and curdled. Sometimes we would pass a barge, laden with melons, tied up in a bend of the stream while the bargeman slept. We would help ourselves to a few of the melons and go on our way nibbling them contentedly, with the juice running down our chins.

When we reached Tablada the pasture would be bathed in the milky-blue light of the moon. As we approached the enclosure we would fall silent; the oars would move quietly with short slow strokes until the boat grounded in the mud. One of us would get out first to reconnoitre, and if he reported that there was no one else in sight we would all disembark and wriggle through the barbed wire into the enclosure. We would move on cautiously, taking as much cover as we could among the bushes and cactus, until we heard the silence suddenly broken by the tinkling movement of a belled ox.

'There are bulls!' we would breathe triumphantly.

Then would come the hard labor of running all over the field, which bristled with thorns and thistles, in order to separate the bull which we wanted to play, tire it out, and drive it into a corner.

Riverito played it first, which was his privilege as the leader. When he had finished, he would pass the coat to the

next man, and so we would follow each other in strict order. The best fighter took the coat first; the least expert was relegated inexorably to the last place.

I started by being the last in order, and when all the others had had enough they handed the coat to me to do the best I could with it. Naturally this was n't much.

But one night something happened that upset all the accepted rules of precedence. Following our custom of playing the largest animal we could find, we had separated a huge bull which attacked from the first moment instead of trying to get away like the others. Accustomed as we were to half-blooded stock which charged only when it was cornered, we were completely disconcerted by the vigorous attack of that mountainous bull which had only to see the shadow of a bull-fighter to launch itself at him like a streak of lightning. After four or five rushes it stood alone in the centre of the enclosure with its head in the clouds and its horns goring at the moon, while the gladiators flattened themselves against the fence and urged each other to attract its attention in any direction except their own.

I waited trembling for a few seconds. It was n't my turn to take the field, but none of my companions would make a move, and the bull was still waiting there. A few paces away lay the coat we were using, which had been lost in the débâcle. I stretched out my arm. When I had the coat in my hand I straightened up and moved slowly toward the bull. It pawed the ground and watched me approach, measuring the distance; and then it hurled itself at me like a hurricane. I stood firm and led it past me with the coat. It turned quickly, kicking up a cloud of dust, and again I made it pass me. I had hardly recovered my position when it was on me again. I felt its quivering mass brushing against my body. Again and

again I led it past, until at last I gave it a recorte which left it rooted to the ground and staring at me as if it could n't make out what had happened to it. I turned my back on it and carelessly threw down the coat for anyone else to play with who felt like it.

After that night I was never again the last to fight. When the leader of the band gave up the coat, I would step forward and take it over as if I were exercising an indisputable right. I had won the position in fair combat, and nobody questioned my superiority.

One night a bull caught one of the boys and left him stretched out unconscious on the ground. We picked him up and carried him toward the river bank. We were all as naked as the day we were born, having swum across the river and left our clothes on the other side. As it was impossible for the injured lad, who was bleeding, to swim back, we had to tramp along the bank looking for a boat. We found one at last and began to carry our comrade toward it.

The tide was out, and between the firm ground and the boat there was a broad belt of mud and reeds where our feet sank up to the ankles. We were moving forward slowly and laboriously when we saw a big full-grown bull with finely developed horns emerge from the river and come toward us. It saw us and stood with its head up, looking at the strange procession. And then it let out a roar and lowered its head as if it were going to charge us.

I believe that the first impulse which flashed through all our minds was to drop our friend and run for our lives. Fortunately the clay in which our feet were embedded paralyzed this instinctive reaction, and whether we liked it or not we stayed there huddled together with the boy on our shoulders. Something similar must have happened to the bull, for its feet were similarly stuck in the slime, checking

the attack which it had begun. At that precise moment somebody spoke:—

'Keep still! Do a Don Tancredo!'⁴

It was marvelous. Everyone stood still, as if frozen into marble, in the position in which the warning had caught him. Naked, immobile, crushed together, and holding up the inanimate body of our friend, we must have formed a most curious piece of sculpture. Fear gave us an amazing rigidity. One of us was caught with his arm raised, and thus he stayed, absolutely motionless, as if he had been cast in bronze.

The startled bull gazed at us fixedly. Then it stepped forward slowly, lashing its loins with its tail and only waiting for the provocation of the slightest movement. We stood like statues, impassively offering it our naked bodies bathed by the moonlight. The bull took a few more steps, looked at us, and looked at us again, each time seeming a little more puzzled by that strange monument in living flesh which had been erected in its dominions. The brute took a century to convince itself. Again and again, whenever it seemed as if it were going away, it would turn round and look at us again, until at last, after an eternity of time, it finally turned its bored back on us, dragged its hoofs out of the mud one by one, and with maddening deliberation went its leisured way.

The doctor at the emergency hospital in Triana told us that our friend's wound was not serious. We explained that he had torn himself accidentally on a nail.

IV

We had taken over Tablada for our private school of bullfighting. On

⁴ A trick sometimes performed in the bull ring, in which a bullfighter stands on a box in the middle of the arena when the bull is first let out. If he remains absolutely motionless the bull is supposed to sniff all around him and go away without attacking him.

moonlit nights we fought in the corrals, and in the summer we played the bulls in the pasture in broad daylight. This fighting of bulls in the open grazing lands was what we liked best, but it was not a pleasure to be easily achieved. We had to hike for hours through the country under the burning sun, threading our way through the wild cactus with our naked bodies exposed to the pitiless thorns, and sometimes we would spend the whole day in that parched inferno without meeting the difficult combination of circumstances which we needed to practise our sport. Afterward, when I returned home exhausted, my sister had to spend half the night patiently picking out the thorns which were studded all over my body, while I lay on my bed sleeping the sleep of the dead.

Bullfighting was our only outlet, the natural expression of our adventurous and rebellious and danger-loving temperaments in the environment in which we lived. The least important thing in our heroic sorties to Tablada was the bull. Certainly when we did come face to face with it after overcoming all the dangers and difficulties which stood in the way, it was a triumphant moment; but it was only a moment. As a matter of fact, there were many boys who risked their necks with us to go bullfighting who had no great enthusiasm for the fighting itself. Of course the outstanding members of the gang, such as Riverito, Petizo, Pestaña, and another, had genuine pretensions to being bullfighters. I myself began to have. I was concentrating more and more on the technique of bullfighting and its artistic refinements. I enjoyed practising passes in front of a mirror and gradually built up what was later to be my style. Nothing important can have an arbitrary origin; I fought as I did because in the country, and at night, you had to do it like that. You had to follow the whole trajectory of the bull

with every bit of your attention, because if it got far away from you it lost itself in the darkness and it was a ticklish business to find it again; and, as we had nothing but an ordinary coat to fight with, you had to keep the bull very close and tightly played. Thus my style developed the qualities which were afterward to be called quite arbitrary characteristics; and yet it was nothing but those circumstances which taught me to fight as I did.

There came a night when I did n't want to go. I was wearing a new suit which I had managed to buy for Holy Week at the cost of innumerable small economies; but the others persuaded me, and I could n't resist. So off I went to Tablada again to fight bulls, all dressed up in my Sunday best.

On moonlight nights the Guardia Civil prowled watchfully about the pastures and corrals with their rifles at the ready; but on dark nights their vigilance relaxed, because it was clearly impossible for anyone to play a bull which could n't be seen a foot away from your nose. So we invented a method of fighting on moonless nights. We got hold of two acetylene lamps, and with their flickering light we managed to fight when neither the Guardia Civil nor anyone else would venture into the pitch-dark fields. We still had to corner our bull in the darkness; and sometimes we had the disagreeable surprise of running our outstretched hands straight into the side of a bull with which we had almost collided as we groped blindly about. We would apologize ceremoniously and hop out of the way as best we could.

This night we were on the job of breaking up the herd when we spotted some suspicious-looking shadows moving stealthily toward us. Thinking it was the Guardia Civil, we scattered rapidly in all directions. I was too slow to scramble over the wall, so I hid myself as best I could and waited to

see what would happen. As the figures came closer I soon realized that they were not *guardias*.

'Who are you?' I hailed them.

'We are aficionados,' answered a small piping voice.

They turned out to be some youngsters of ten or twelve who had pluckily set out to try their luck in Tablada, bringing with them a real bullfighters' cloak. It was n't so extraordinary — the legend of our nocturnal raids on the pastures had spread all over Triana.

I sent the boys off to tell the rest of the gang that there was no danger, and also told them where to find our acetylene lamps so that they could bring them along on their way back. Meanwhile I tried to round up a bull which we had previously separated from the herd. They were a long time getting back; and while they were away I managed to run the bull into a corner, where I kept it moving restively about in the hope that we should be able to fight it.

At last the boys returned to tell me that they had n't been able to find the rest of the gang or the place where we kept our lamps. It was a pity, because the bull was there, rearing about and butting its head angrily against the fence. But the others must have gone home, and it was impossible to fight without lights on such a dark night.

All the same, there was the bull, getting more furious every minute; and although it was completely invisible when it moved a few inches away from the fence, I was beginning to feel an irresistible yearning to fight it. I had the cape which the children had brought in my hands, and every time I leaned over the fence and flipped it over the bull I could feel its splendid response to the challenge. The nearness of the bull and the feel of a genuine torero's cape in my hands obliterated all other considerations. I began to persuade myself that I could really see,

when it was only my anxiety to fight which helped me to guess the movements of the bull.

I could n't hold out any longer. I swung myself over the fence and opened the cape to the vast blackness of the night, pretending that I could penetrate it like a cat. I felt the bull launch its attack, I saw or guessed its rush toward me, and I turned my body. The black thunderbolt leapt momentarily out of the night and vanished instantly into the night again, brushing my waist as it went by. It turned and passed close to me again, led past by the folds of the cape, like a meteor flung at me out of the shadows; but on the third charge the bull did n't see the cape and I did n't see the bull. I felt myself hurled into the air with a terrific shock; it caught me again between its horns and flung me savagely to the ground.

I lay curled up there without knowing where I was. I could n't see the bull. The night had swallowed it up again. Then I heard the children beginning to cry, and from the sound of their sobs I managed to get my bearings. I started to try to drag myself toward the fence; but I had scarcely begun to move when the bull flung itself on me again out of the darkness. Again I felt myself hurled into the air, bounced, shaken, and thrown away like a rag. My face was wet with blood. I lay pressed against the stones, listening to the children, who were weeping pitifully. I must have been two or three yards from the fence; but nearer than that, much nearer, the menacing white horns of the bull loomed over me. Those two white curves were the only thing that stood out clearly from the black void of the night. Again I tried to get away, and again the horns fell on me like lightning. But that time, as I fell, I actually bumped against the boards of the fence, and with a desperate effort I dragged myself to safety.

The only reason the bull had n't killed me must have been that my time had not yet come.

The terrified children picked me up and touched my bloodstained face, asking me frantically if I was still alive.

I felt myself. It was all I could do to pull myself together. My face was skinned, my body was bruised all over, and — my suit was in ribbons. My suit for Holy Week! I was seized with an inhuman fury. I tore myself out of the hands of the boys who were trying to comfort me and climbed back over the fence. I rushed at the bull like a madman, shrieking abuse at it and raining blows on it with hands and feet. Before that storm of kicks and punches which beat over its head, the poor bull must have been completely flabbergasted. Instead of taking up the challenge, it began to retreat. 'This is not reasonable,' it must have thought to itself.

They talked about it in the Altozano for days afterwards with bated breath.

V

Meanwhile my home was coming nearer to beggary every day, while I was incapable of lifting a finger to prevent it. My father could n't get any more out of his business: the stock that he had on hand barely managed to pay for our food, and that was rapidly becoming exhausted. I would get home from Tablada in the early morning and try to keep out of my father's way — sometimes I went to sleep under the bed so that he would n't see me. My sister hid me, my stepmother scolded, and whenever my father did manage to catch sight of me he would tell me his opinion of me without mincing his words. I would listen to him shamefacedly, without being able to make any reply, because in my heart I knew that he was right; but I was unable to change my life.

My father and Calderón the *banderillero* were bosom friends. Calderón was a great character — an incorrigible show-off, a tremendous braggart, with all the sententiousness and swagger of the old-style torero. My father was very fond of him, and I can remember seeing him standing by the stall, preening himself and chaffing the women who came to buy. When my struggles to become a bullfighter drove my family to distraction, my father consulted Calderón about it. Calderón took me off and gave me his advice.

'Give up this business of chasing bulls at night with that gang of loafers, and go to a good tentadero to show yourself off.'

I did n't want to do it, but Calderón insisted that there was no other way. He offered to recommend me to a rancher and let me know the date of the trial, since these events were then held with great secrecy in the hope of eluding the would-be fighters who invariably descended on them in swarms.

There was nothing else for it; so off I had to go one day to the Urcola ranch.

Don Félix Urcola was a brusque and serious man who personally directed the trials on his ranch with the assistance of a group of good aficionados, among whom were Zuloaga, Don José Tejero, Don José Manuel del Mazo, and other experts.

Some of the usual would-be bullfighters had arrived and were making a hubbub. The rancher promptly ordered them off. I associated myself, as always, with the rabble, and I started to go with them; but Urcola, either on account of Calderón's introduction or because I seemed less obstreperous than the others, called me back.

'You can stay. We'll see what you can do with the cows.'

So I stayed behind; and when the time came I was able to fight to my heart's content.

They gave me a very brave cow; but as I was accustomed to fighting half-blooded animals and did my verónica and media verónica standing very close and with my hands very low, as we used to do in the country, the cow, which was very spirited and quick to turn, was always on top of me, giving the impression that at any moment it might toss me into the clouds.

My work produced a good impression on the small group of select aficionados. Their verdict was that I was a courageous fighter, but that I lacked the necessary skill to lead the bulls away from me — and, above all, that I kept my elbows too close to my body, so that the movements of my arms seemed stiff and ungraceful by their old-established standards.

When the trial was over, the experts condescended to give me a great deal of good advice. One of them has since reminded me of that incident and chuckled over the memory of how they solemnly advised me to do exactly the opposite of what was later to arouse their wildest enthusiasm. They invited me to dine with them; and Francisco Palomares, 'El Marino,' a colorful and immensely likable character who wanted to be a bullfighter, an aviator, and I don't know what else, made me a present of a cape and a *muleta*.⁵

Calderón was my first champion. After the tentadero at Urcola's, because of his friendship with my father, because he approved of the way I fought, and also partly because he loved to know more than anybody else, he began to praise me lavishly in bullfighting circles. Whenever the subject of bulls came up, Calderón would announce, with that magnificent arrogance of his and all the incontro-

vertible assurance that characterized him: —

'The fellow who really does fight well, the fellow who really is a phenomenon, is that boy Belmonte.'

And at last a contract came my way.

It came through a man in Sevilla who earned a precarious living as a bullfighters' manager — his chief claim to the title was that he had it printed on his notepaper. His method was to send round circular letters to the managements of small bull rings, offering them the incomparable attractions of *cuadrillas* which did n't exist and famous matadors that nobody had ever heard of. With one of these circular letters he had managed to make an impression on the impresario of a small Portuguese village, Elvas, where he had contracted for a bullfight in which two famous *cuadrillas*, one from Sevilla and the other from Triana, were to exhibit their skill. He had already given the names of the performers, the posters had been printed, and the people of Elvas were waiting expectantly to see the achievements of these celebrated gladiators; but at the last moment the chief of the Triana *cuadrilla* — a certain Valdivieso who fought under the name of Montes II — had flatly refused to go. Finding himself in this dilemma, the manager set out to find a substitute; and having heard rumors that there was a boy called Belmonte in Triana who fought with much style, he got hold of me and offered me the job.

I call it a 'job,' although the conditions were that I should fight according to Portuguese rules, that I should pay for the hire of my costume out of my own pocket, that I should also provide a *banderillero* on the same terms, that I should receive no payment, and finally that I should have to perform, not under my own name, but under the name of Montes II, since the posters had already been issued. That

⁵ The *muleta* is the smaller red cloth draped over a stick with which the matador executes his *faena*, the last stage of the fight terminating with the kill.

is to say, I should receive neither money nor glory.

In spite of everything, the offer seemed tempting, and I accepted it. I managed to get hold of a costume by promising to pay for the hire in installments, and one of my friends agreed to take the job of the unpaid banderillero. Before leaving for Elvas I had the idea of getting myself photographed in the costume.

Getting to Elvas was far from easy. Our manager, who came with us, had only enough money to pay our fares as far as Badajoz; and he was unable to pay for one of the banderilleros at all. We smuggled him on to the train and hid him under the seat; but he was discovered by the conductor and we had to empty our own pockets to the last *céntimo* to save him from being handed over to the police. However, I managed to keep one peseta hidden in my shoe.

In Badajoz we were stranded. It occurred to the manager to telegraph to Elvas and suggest that it would be a good idea to send a carriage for us, because it would be a good advertisement if the cuadrillas made a spectacular entrance into the town. Elvas is hardly any distance from the frontier; but although we received a reply saying that the carriage would leave immediately to fetch us, hours went by without any sign of it. It became time for a meal, but we had no money to buy one. The famous cuadrillas from Sevilla and Triana yawned hungrily under the walls of Badajoz. I winked at my banderillero, and we detached ourselves inconspicuously from the others; with the peseta which I had saved in my shoe we bought some bread and sausage and ate them with great secrecy. When we rejoined the party, they somehow guessed that we had eaten. With that sharp and exquisite sense of smell which hunger gives, they even divined that we had

eaten sausage. They considered that we had cheated them, and quarreled bitterly with us. There and then began the rivalry between the two cuadrillas — the one from Triana which had eaten sausage and the one from Sevilla which had not eaten.

We were almost in despair when the carriage from Elvas at last appeared. The man who had come to fetch us said that he had spent several hours searching for us all over Badajoz; but he was expecting to find us dressed as bullfighters, and although he had actually passed us two or three times it had not occurred to him that those poor devils who were gaping with hunger on the benches by the roadside could be the gallant Spanish toreros.

In Elvas they took us straight to the inn and showed us into a large dining room where, at a table promisingly laid for a banquet, the impresario formally proceeded to welcome us. Very solemnly and very eloquently he expressed his hope that we should achieve resounding triumphs, and sang the glories of Spanish bullfighting in a spirited discourse which seemed as if it would never end. While he was talking, the brave gladiators edged up closer to the table and got hold of the rolls and gobbled them up in the twinkling of an eye, meanwhile nodding their courteous agreement with the loquacious impresario's oration. When at last the speeches and presentations were over and the waiters brought in the soup, the landlord was startled to discover that not a single roll remained on the table. We ate like starving animals. It must have made a shocking impression.

When my banderillero unpacked his borrowed costume, we found that the coat was stained and discolored, and most of the sequins had been torn off; there were holes in the jacket where the cloth was missing as well as the trimmings; and the padding was unashamedly coming out of the shoulders.

'You can't fight like that,' I told him. 'You look like a scarecrow.'

'What about yourself?' he retorted.

I looked at myself. Perhaps I was a little better than he was, but I certainly was n't presentable. Nothing fitted me — not the coat, nor the waistcoat, nor even the shoes. My banderillero was a frail, thin boy, and I myself was nothing to look at. With our lack of presence and our ancient costumes we were a miserable contrast to the other cuadrilla, who were smart, well-dressed, and well-set-up young fellows. We mended my banderillero's costume as best we could and painted with ink the places where the lining showed through to make it match the rest of the material. This worked fairly well, except that when he sweated during the fight the ink ran and stained his body all over. But as soon as we came out into the arena the spectators observed the difference between the two teams — the one from Sevilla, which was nicely dressed, and the one from Triana, which looked as if it had just been dug up.

Montes II — that is to say, myself — was solemnly committed to perform a trick which is very popular with the Portuguese. He had to place banderillas *á porta gayola*. The obligation was serious, because in Portuguese bullfights the tricks which each bullfighter is to perform are previously announced on the posters. I had never heard of this trick; but our manager promised to show me. Before the bull came out, he placed me in the centre of the arena facing the pen with the banderillas in my hand. I was n't so sure about that; and since the bull did not appear at once I started to edge obliquely away toward the side of the ring, where I thought I should have a better chance of placing the banderillas. The public observed my cautious manœuvre and started a frightful uproar. The door of the pen was

closed again so that the bull should n't come out while I was not in the required position, and again the director placed me firmly in the centre of the ring. Again I sneaked off toward the *barrera*, and the shouting and booing were terrific. Eventually I did place the banderillas — not *á porta gayola*, as they wanted me to, but simply as best I could. My reputation promptly sank to zero.

Later on, however, the situation changed. The points of the bulls' horns were padded, in the Portuguese style, but one of them managed to land a blow in the eye of the chief of the Sevilla cuadrilla which was sufficiently serious to send him to the infirmary. As there was nobody else to take his place, I was left sole master of the arena. I stopped worrying about the Portuguese tastes, even managed to forget the shabbiness of my costume; and, since the bulls were brave, I set out to fight with all my soul and gave the public the best I had. I ended up by earning their loud and enthusiastic applause, having proved that smart clothes were not everything.

I returned to Sevilla as the hero of our party, but without a céntimo in my pockets. All I ever got out of that fight, in which I wore a bullfighter's costume for the first time, was the memory of those miraculously vanishing rolls at the inn and an endless dunning from the owner of the costume, who came every week to collect his two pesetas.

VI

Calderón's friends managed to get me into a novillada without picadors, organized by a casual impresario who took the ring on his own account when the management was not giving corridas. I fought in Sevilla for the first time with Bombita IV and Pilín. I think I did well; the aficionados who afterward carried me shoulder-high to

my house must have thought so, too; but the trouble is that it had no effect. None of the critics wrote about my work, and the impresario did n't feel called upon to give me any money.

However, the corrida did raise my stock among the aficionados of Triana. Suddenly I realized that I was the centre of our group, the most important personage in the gang. Anything I said suddenly took on an importance which it had never had before. I began to hear that flattering undercurrent of 'Juan said . . .' and 'Juan does n't like . . .' which it took me a long time to get accustomed to. Also I began to notice that I had new friends. I was beginning to acquire the satellites who gather round a coming torero in the same way that they gather round coming politicians when it is rumored that there is going to be a change of power.

At last I could call myself a professional bullfighter. I began to put on airs. And I fell in love with a married woman, pretty and temperamental, who was ready to risk her security and reputation for love of a nameless and penniless torero. This affected me so deeply that it changed the whole trend of my life. Perhaps for the first time in my life I relaxed. I was liberated for a little while from the merciless drive of my old restless ambitions. I had a future as a torero. I had a woman who loved me. What did anything else matter? But Calderón, the seasoned veteran, became the voice of conscience. He saw clearly that success was within my grasp and watched over me as jealously as if I were something of his own creation.

At six o'clock in the morning he arrived at my house and dragged me out of bed to put me through a course of training which he considered essential for success in bullfighting. I didn't dare to confess that when he came to call me it was only a couple of hours

since I had crept into bed after spending the night in the sweet indulgence of my love. Half asleep, with rings under my eyes and my whole body limp with an unconquerable lassitude, I had to set out to stagger after the tireless Calderón on long tramps which were supposed to strengthen me and actually only exhausted what little strength I had left. The training would have been perfect if it had been combined with a reasonable diet and a sufficient amount of sleep; but there was hardly any food at home, and my nights were given up to anything but rest.

In that condition I set out to fight in Sevilla.

It was a novillada in which Pacorro was to play two becerros, after which there were four novillos for formal combat, two of which I had to kill.

The two bulls which fell to me were big and clumsy and difficult to play, and the little energy which I had left was all used up on the first one. The public booed me to the skies; but somehow or other I managed to get rid of it.

But the second bull came out, a big animal with very erect and wide-open horns, and to make that worse it had no spirit for the fight. As soon as I had given it one pass with the cape it ran away, and I had to chase it all round the ring. By the time I took over the sword and muleta I was exhausted. At the first pass it ran away again. I folded the muleta and set off after it. I had to chase it twice round the ring, and my lungs were bursting by the time I caught it up. When it did stop at last and I spread the muleta before it, it charged once and ran away again. I felt I was going to die. After chasing it for a few more miles I caught it again, and without even getting it into position I tried to kill it on the spot. Of course, its head was up in the clouds, and even if I stood on tiptoe I could n't see the place where I had to put the

sword. I dived in to kill as if I were diving into the sea. It jerked up its head and hurled me to the ground.

I closed my eyes and curled up where I lay. Some seconds passed — I don't know how many. I wondered what was happening. Surely, I decided, the others had n't been able to take it away yet. I continued to lie there with my eyes shut. How beautiful it was to lie down! At least I had a chance to breathe. When at last they lured the bull away, Calderón lifted me up and asked anxiously if I was hurt. No, I was n't — unfortunately.

'Then get going,' he said and put the sword and muleta back in my hands.

Again I chased the bull, until I felt as if my lungs were in ribbons. Again I hurled myself in for the kill, and again it caught me between its horns and flung me to the ground.

But in a few seconds Calderón was there, to pick me up like a wet rag and give me the sword again.

The third time I got in front of the bull I was so desperate that when I went in to kill I threw myself bodily over its horns with the idea that if I did n't kill it then it might at least kill me. But it did n't. Once again I sailed through the air and fell at its feet. I had already learned by experience that if I lay still it would n't attack me, and it was so lovely to relax there with the bull standing over me like a guardian angel.

But again the relentless Calderón arrived, this time thoroughly annoyed with me.

'What do you think you're doing there? Get up! Get up!'

One spectator has since told me that it seemed as if I were a mechanical doll which Calderón kept winding up and putting on its feet to send it after the bull.

The bull had just tossed me for the twentieth time when I heard the sound

of the third *aviso*.⁶ I was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable rage and desperation. Without sword or muleta, which had been of no use to me, I threw myself on my knees in front of the bull and defied it like a lunatic.

'Kill me!' I screamed. 'Kill me, damn you!'

I crawled up to the bull on my knees until I was almost underneath it. I caught it by the horns, spat at it, hit at its face with my bare hands, while I went on sobbing in a kind of delirium: 'Kill me, then! . . . Kill me, damn you . . . kill me!'

Calderón and the *mozo de espadas* tried to drag me away. The *mozo de espadas* pulled my arm and Calderón grabbed me by the scruff of the neck while I was still on my knees between the horns of the bull.

My failure in Sevilla was the ruin of all my illusions. Everyone turned against me — my protectors, friends, and even my family. I was discredited. I had nothing left in the world except my love. I put aside my dreams of bullfighting and set to work. Since I had no technical training of any kind, I had to enlist as a day laborer in the hardest work that there was in Sevilla. They were cutting a channel to change the course of the Guadalquivir, and there I managed to find a humble job pumping air down to a diver who was working at the bottom of the river.

I had few companions and no friends. I was in no mood for those things. I buried myself blindly in my

⁶ *Avisos* are given by trumpet at the discretion of the president on the advice of an *asesor*, who is an experienced judge of bullfighting. They mark the regular steps through which a bullfight has to pass. There is an *aviso* for the picadors to be brought on, an *aviso* for the *banderillas*, and an *aviso* for the kill. If the matador fails to complete the kill in a reasonably short time after that, a second *aviso* is given. If a third *aviso* is given the bullfighter is considered to have failed, and steers are sent into the arena to lead out the bull.

work and thought of nothing but collecting my pay and taking it to my stepmother to alleviate the misery of my home. I wore any old rags I could find, I did n't smoke or drink, and I had no other diversion or happiness than the love of that wonderful woman who stood by me without regard for my vanished glory. That winter tested my will power to the limit.

The spring came round, and with it a reawakening of the old fascination of bullfighting. The pasture was close to where I was working; and many evenings after the day's labor was finished I would set off into the country to get my hand in again. And always, while I was citing a bull with my workman's blouse, and feeling it pass me again and again so close that its horns grazed my skin, I would be thinking: 'I'm not afraid. The bulls don't frighten me. Why can't I be a bullfighter?'

Only Calderón's faith in me remained unshaken. One day he almost knocked me over with a proposition: — 'Would you like to go and fight at Valencia?'

His friend the impresario had written to him and asked him to send me. I scraped some money together and got on the train. All my luggage was tied up between the four corners of a handkerchief.

I arrived in Valencia full of hope and without a céntimo. It was spring. The orange blossom was in bloom, and I was in love and ready to gamble my life cheerfully. Anything was better than returning to be a laborer again. I went to the Bombita Club in search of Don Vicente Calvo, the impresario who had written to Calderón for me. And with that my hopes tumbled down like a house of cards. I had arrived too late.

Calvo had sent for me to take the place of a novillero called El Mestizo in a corrida which had been arranged at Castellón; but after writing to Calderón he had begun to doubt whether I should

arrive in time and had contracted to substitute Torerito de Valencia. Not knowing what to do with me, Calvo suggested that I should come along as a second string, and we made the journey together.

The corrida duly took place; and Torerito de Valencia was gored by the first bull, leaving Vaquerito and me alone in the ring. From that moment I set out to try to convince Vaquerito that he would have to let me kill a bull. At first he said yes, but afterward he kept on putting me off until I realized that he had no intention of keeping his word. When the last novillo of the afternoon came out, I ran after it as soon as it entered the ring, opened my cape, and gave it various passes with all the enthusiasm and courage of which I was capable. Later on, in the *quites*, I worked so close to the bull that the public rose to their feet and cheered me.

Those who saw that corrida said afterward that it brought them out in a cold sweat to watch the fighting of that 'shabby and weedy little boy' — meaning me. I gave them the impression that I must have been either drunk or crazy — in short, that I was simply a harebrained lunatic playing ducks and drakes with his life without knowing what he was doing. When the time came for the kill, I asked Vaquerito to give me the sword and muleta. He objected; but in the end he went with me to petition the president to let me make the kill, although with a very bad grace. Meanwhile the public was vociferously taking part in the dispute. The bloodthirsty ones wanted me to make the kill; but the more kind-hearted ones wanted me to be saved from the consequences of my own rashness and tried to shout down the others, considering that I was nothing but a poor suicide who was heading for a certain goring. Such was the impression that my way of fighting had

made on them. The president took the side of the kindhearted ones and refused to let me make the kill.

VII

Vicente Calvo took me back with him to Valencia and promised to use his influence to try to get me a contract, but the weeks went by and nobody offered me a job, in spite of his recommendations. Day after day I went on desperately begging for a contract — until at last they almost took my breath away by telling me that I might achieve my ambition of fighting in Valencia.

But on what conditions! Six bulls had been collected in the pens — so big, so ugly, and with such impossibly developed horns that nobody else would take them on. But I was so anxious to get a fight at any cost that for eighty pesetas I undertook to kill two of these mastodons.

I hurried off to try to find someone who would rent me a costume, but there I was faced with another setback. The reputation I had earned as a determined suicide, combined with the awful aspect of the bulls which were already in the corrals, guaranteed that no bullfighter's tailor or renter of costumes would run the risk of covering my body with clothes that would certainly come back to him in ribbons. If my hide did n't matter to me, their embroidered silks mattered a lot to them.

The Saturday before the corrida arrived, and I still had n't been able to solve the problem. That afternoon, when I went to the bull ring once again to gaze gloomily at those hideous bulls, an old banderillero came up and spoke to me. With his experience of the game, he naturally had a benevolent interest in my state of mind. I told him what had happened. I had come to Valencia to triumph, and I had n't

been able to hire a costume. I had no costume, no cuadrilla, no money to pay my boarding-house bill, no friends to turn to — nothing. All I had was bulls. And what bulls!

The old banderillero took me by the arm like a father.

'See here, my boy,' he said kindly, 'the best thing you can do is to go straight to the station and catch the first train back to Sevilla. With what you've got here' — he pointed to the bulls — 'you can't hope for anything, unless it's a horn in your belly.'

I left the corrals with no hope. On the way to the boarding house I ran into an acquaintance; and in a moment of inspiration he suggested that we might try to find a costume in the wardrobe room of a theatre, since the people there probably would n't know much about bullfighting and would n't have heard about my reputation as a suicide and what ferocious beasts were waiting for me at the bull ring. And that's how we did find a costume — a girl's costume of flimsy silk, decorated with absurd embroidery. I took it home and tried it on. It was much as I had suspected. If I did n't have enough room in the shoulders, I had more than enough around the bottom. The seams were so fragile that they burst under the slightest strain, the sequins rained off if you just shook it, and the tassels on the hat were sadly out of curl. Still, it was a costume. I asked for a needle and thread and tried to make the best of it. The girls of the inn took pity on my clumsiness and helped me until they were too sleepy to go on. In the end I was left alone, stitching away by the light of a candle.

I worked like an automaton, trying to distract my thoughts from the fate that was waiting for me; but in the end I was overcome with irresistible despair. The memory of the bulls which I had to kill, the prudent advice of the old banderillero, and the realization of

the grotesqueness of those rags which I was laboriously stitching together and in which I could never look anything but ridiculous, united to convince me that I was committed to an absurd adventure which could only result in my final discredit as a torero or in a going which would just as effectively put an end to my career.

I worked until the small hours of the morning, and by that time I was resolved to die. The conviction became so vivid that I began with the greatest seriousness to set my affairs in order, as if there were no doubt that in a few hours my life would come to an end. I had a packet of letters, infinitely precious to me; I read them over again, and my heart overflowed with grief. One by one I burned them in the flame of the candle. I sat on the edge of the bed, mentally bade farewell to my friends and relatives, laid my costume over a chair, blew out the candle, and lay down for my last earthly sleep with a serenity of mind which even surprised myself. That afternoon I was going to die. It was ordained. . . .

That bull must have measured a yard and a half from horn to horn. Wondering how I could go in to make the kill without being gored, I trotted panting after it. At every step I felt my jacket, wondering if it had come unsewn. How on earth was I going to finish that bull? When the chance came and I poised myself, I glanced quickly around to see if I could find any way to escape with a whole skin after the thrust. There was none. I shut my eyes and plunged after the sword with all my soul. It seemed to me that I felt the blade bury itself into the animal's flesh, but simultaneously I was caught in the stomach and flung into the air. When I came to myself and found myself lying on the ground, the first thing I noticed was that the sword was still gripped in my hand.

I got up thinking that I should never

manage to kill the bull and convinced that I was doomed to make the same exhibition of myself as I had done in Sevilla. I picked up the muleta again, resolved to continue the unequal battle even though I knew I could never win; and then to my amazement I saw that the immense bulk was swaying, going down like a sinking ship. . . . I saw that its head was bowed, its feet spread wide. . . . It stepped back a little — and then, as if it had been struck by lightning, it fell!

Never in my life have I heard such an ovation as the one which broke out at that instant. The bull lay at my feet, dead from the one thrust I had given it; and then I understood that I had been holding the sword so tightly that I was unable to release it when the bull tossed me, so that I had pulled it out again as I sailed into the air.

From that moment my credit as a torero was reestablished.

The second bull was as big and ill-favored as the first. I played it with cape and muleta with great enthusiasm; but as I was giving it a *pase de rodillas* it hooked and gored me in the leg. They took me to the infirmary; but my honor was restored, and the Valencians nearly broke their hands applauding me as I was carried away in the arms of the attendants.

I was a month in hospital, and when I came out I found that I was a young torero of some standing. In one corrida I substituted for Limeño, who had been injured. I contracted for two more novilladas, one without picadors and the other at night; I got eighty pesetas for each of them, which I sent home to my people. I did well in both, and the critics praised me highly. One of them said that I was a diamond in the rough.

The echo of my successes in Valencia reached Sevilla; and Calderón, who was still telling everyone that I was a bullfighting phenomenon, asked me to

send him fifty copies of the paper that had that bit about the 'diamond in the rough' in it, so that he could stick them under the noses of the people who had refused to believe in me. There was also a man who sold potatoes in the Encarnación market who saw me fight in Valencia and went back to Sevilla saying that I was a great torero.

In this way a very favorable atmosphere was being built up, and the time came when Calderón advised me to go and fight in Sevilla. The religious brotherhoods of Sevilla were organizing some novilladas to collect funds for the processions of Holy Week; they were engaging two well-known novilleros whose names could be counted on to draw the public, and the third place was to be given to any young fighter, obscure or even bad, whose friends undertook to sell the largest number of seats. In this humble position I became part of the programme presented by the Brotherhood of San Bernardo on the twenty-first of July, 1912.

On the eve of the corrida I was walking through Triana with my chest blown out, trying to look as much like a famous bullfighter as I could, accompanied by Calderón and five or six other admirers who had joined the escort. There was a melon stall near the door of my home; and Calderón, as incorrigibly boastful as ever, stopped to give warning to the melon man.

'If you take my advice,' he said solemnly, 'you'll move your melons somewhere else in the morning, unless you want to lose them all.'

'Why should I move them?' growled the other.

'Because to-morrow they will be bringing the matador home in triumph,' said Calderón, 'and the people will be so blind with enthusiasm that they'll use your melons for a carpet.'

The melon man looked me up and down and shrugged his shoulders con-

temptuously, doubtless convinced that we were half-witted. On the following day, as Calderón had prophesied, the crowd that carried me home on their shoulders did n't leave a single edible melon behind.

At the beginning of that corrida I had a moment of absolute discouragement. When the first bull came out, Larita played it with the cape, very neatly and courageously, and later made a *quite* which brought a burst of applause. Then Posada fought, and also received an ovation; and then it was my turn. I had hardly opened my cape when the bull charged and tore it out of my hands. Larita shone again with the second bull in a very close *quite*; and after him Posada, who was frankly out to go one better, earned himself a tremendous ovation. Then again it was my turn; and again, at the first charge, the bull took the cape away from me. When I was able to get it back I attempted another pass, and for the third time the bull carried the cape away on its horns. Larita, a great swashbuckler, reached the bull before me, placed his hand calmly on its head, took off the cape, and handed it back to me with a superb flourish. I was stupefied.

I saw that they were making fun of me, and I was overcome with despair. Where had I got the idea that I was a bullfighter?

'You've been fooling yourself,' I thought. 'Because you had some luck in a couple of novilladas without picadors, you think you can do anything.'

As soon as my bull came out I went up to it, and at the third pass I heard the howl of the multitude rising to their feet. What had I done? All at once I forgot the public, the other bullfighters, myself, and even the bull; I began to fight as I had fought so often by myself at night in the corrals and pastures, as precisely as if I had

been drawing a design on a black-board.

They say that my passes with the cape and my work with the muleta that afternoon were a revelation of the art of bullfighting. I don't know, and I'm not competent to judge. I simply fought as I believed one ought to fight, without a thought outside my own faith in what I was doing. With the last bull I succeeded for the first time in my life in delivering myself body and soul to the pure joy of fighting without being consciously aware of an audience. When I was playing bulls alone in the country I used to talk to them; and that afternoon I held a long conversation with the bull, all the time that my muleta was tracing the arabesques of the faena. When I didn't know what else to do with the bull I knelt down under its horns and brought my face close to its muzzle.

'Come on, little bull,' I whispered. 'Catch me!'

I stood up again, spread the muleta under its nose, and went on with my monologue, encouraging it to keep on charging:—

'This way, little bull. Charge me nicely. Nothing's going to happen to you. . . . Here you are. Here you are. . . . Do you see me, little bull? . . . What? You're getting tired? . . . Come on! Catch me! Don't be a coward. . . . Catch me!'

I was executing the ideal faena, the faena that I had seen so often and in so much detail in my dreams that every line of it was drawn in my brain with mathematical exactness. The faena of my dreams always ended disastrously, because when I went in for the kill the bull invariably caught me in the leg. It must have been some subconscious acknowledgment of my lack of skill in killing that always dictated this tragic

conclusion. Nevertheless, I went on realizing my ideal faena, placing myself right between the horns of the bull and hearing the acclamation of the crowd only as a distant murmur; until at last, exactly as I had dreamed it, the bull did catch me and wounded me in the thigh. I was so intoxicated, so outside myself, that I scarcely noticed it. I went in for the kill, and the bull fell at my feet.

The public poured into the arena. I felt myself picked up, lifted above a sea of shouting faces, passed from hand to hand over a wave of humanity. I passed twice round the ring, scrambling over the shoulders of the frenzied mob. I remember that as they bore me toward the Prince's Gate I saw near the barrera an old aficionado of the classical breed, with his broad-brimmed hat pushed to the back of his head and his hands raised toward the sky, calling heaven to bear witness to the marvel that his eyes had been spared to see, with the tears streaming down his face.

High above the crowd, I crossed the bridge and passed through the streets of Triana. Worn out with emotion and unutterable happiness, half out of my mind with the agony of my wound, which nobody had noticed, I heard for the first time the shout of 'Long live Belmonte!' It sounded strange and disconcerting in my ears.

Thus I entered the little patio, borne aloft on the human tide that flowed and jostled right into our miserable room and dropped me like a doll on the only bed we had. The blood was pouring out of my wound, and I felt myself fainting, while my poor family gathered trembling around me, and in the street outside the shout was still thundering from a thousand delirious throats:—

'*Viva Belmonte!*'

PHILOSOPHY'S ULTERIOR MOTIVES

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

METAPHYSICS, according to F. H. Bradley, 'is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct.' It is curious to find this pungent dictum at the beginning of a long book of earnest and even unctuous metaphysics, which, through much arduous argumentation, leads up to the final conclusion: 'Outside of spirit there is not, and there cannot be, any reality, and, the more that anything is spiritual, so much the more is it veritably real.' A rare moment of self-knowledge must have inspired the initial aphorism, which was made bearable to its author by its semi-humorous form; but throughout the rest of his labors he allowed himself to be claimed by 'the instinct to find bad reasons.' When he was serious he was sophistical, and a typical philosopher; when he jested, he had insight and uttered unphilosophical truth.

Philosophy has been defined as 'an unusually obstinate attempt to think clearly'; I should define it rather as 'an unusually ingenious attempt to think fallaciously.' The philosopher's temperament is rare, because it has to combine two somewhat conflicting characteristics: on the one hand, a strong desire to believe some general proposition about the universe or human life; on the other hand, an inability to believe contentedly except on what appear to be intellectual grounds. The more profound the philosopher,

the more intricate and subtle must his fallacies be in order to produce in him the desired state of intellectual acquiescence. That is why philosophy is obscure.

To the completely unintellectual, general doctrines are unimportant; to the man of science, they are hypotheses to be tested by experiment; while to the philosopher they are mental habits which must be justified somehow if he is to find life endurable. The typical philosopher finds certain beliefs emotionally indispensable, but intellectually difficult; he therefore goes through long chains of reasoning, in the course of which, sooner or later, a momentary lack of vigilance allows a fallacy to pass undetected. After the one false step, his mental agility quickly takes him far into the quagmire of falsehood.

Descartes, the father of modern philosophy, illustrates perfectly this peculiar mental temper. He would never — so he assures us — have been led to construct his philosophy if he had had only one teacher, for then he would have believed what he had been told; but, finding that his professors disagreed with each other, he was forced to conclude that no existing doctrine was certain. Having a passionate desire for certainty, he set to work to think out a new method of achieving it. As a first step, he determined to reject everything that he could bring himself to doubt. Everyday objects — his ac-

quaintance, the streets, the sun and moon, and so on — might be illusions, for he saw similar things in dreams, and could not be certain that he was not always dreaming. The demonstrations in mathematics might be wrong, since mathematicians sometimes made mistakes. But he could not bring himself to doubt his own existence, since if he did not exist he could not doubt. Here at last, therefore, he had an indubitable premise for reconstruction of the intellectual edifices which his former skepticism had overthrown.

So far, so good. But from this moment his work loses all its critical acumen, and he accepts a host of scholastic maxims for which there is nothing to be said except the tradition of the schools. He believes that he exists, he says, because he sees this very clearly and very distinctly; he concludes, therefore, 'that I may take as a general rule that the things which we conceive very clearly and very distinctly are all true.' He then begins to conceive all sorts of things 'very clearly and very distinctly,' such as that an effect cannot have more perfection than its cause. Since he can form an idea of God, — that is, of a being more perfect than himself, — this idea must have had a cause other than himself, which can only be God; therefore God exists. Since God is good, He will not perpetually deceive Descartes; therefore the objects which Descartes sees when awake must really exist. And so on. All intellectual caution is thrown to the winds, and it might seem as if the initial skepticism had been merely rhetorical, though I do not believe that this would be psychologically true. Descartes's initial doubt was, I believe, as genuine as that of a man who has lost his way, but was equally intended to be replaced by certainty at the earliest possible moment.

In a man whose reasoning powers are good, fallacious arguments are evidence

of bias. While Descartes is being skeptical, all that he says is acute and cogent, and even his first constructive step, the proof of his own existence, has much to be said in its favor. But everything that follows is loose and slipshod and hasty, thereby displaying the distorting influence of desire. Something may be attributed to the need of appearing orthodox in order to escape persecution, but a more intimate cause must also have been at work. I do not suppose that he cared passionately about the reality of sensible objects, or even of God, but he did care about the truth of mathematics. And this, in his system, could only be established by first proving the existence and attributes of the Deity. His system, psychologically, was as follows: No God, no geometry; but geometry is delicious; therefore God exists.

Leibniz, who invented the phrase that 'this is the best of all possible worlds,' was a very different kind of man from Descartes. He was comfortable, not passionate; a professional, not an amateur. He made his living by writing the annals of the House of Hanover, and his reputation by bad philosophy. He also wrote good philosophy, but this he took care not to publish, as it would have cost him the pensions he received from various princes. One of his most important popular works, the *Théodicée*, was written for Queen Sophie Charlotte of Prussia (daughter of the Electress Sophia), as an antidote to the skepticism of Bayle's *Dictionary*. In this work he sets forth, in the authentic style of Voltaire's Dr. Pangloss, the grounds of optimism. He holds that there are many logically possible worlds, any one of which God could have created; that some of them contain no sin and no pain; and that in this actual world the number of the damned is incomparably greater than the number of the saved. But he thinks that worlds without evil contain so much

less good than this world which God has chosen to create that they have a smaller excess of good over evil than it has. Leibniz and Queen Sophie Charlotte, who did not consider themselves likely to be among the damned, apparently found this type of optimism satisfying.

Beneath these superficialities there is a deeper problem, with which Leibniz struggled all his life. He wished to escape from the rigid necessity that characterized the determinist's world, without diminishing the empire of logic. The actual world, he thought, contains free will; moreover, God freely chose it in preference to any of the other possible worlds. But since they are less good than the actual world, the choice of one of them would have been incompatible with God's goodness; are we, then, to conclude that God is not *necessarily* good? Leibniz can hardly say this, for, like other philosophers, he believes it possible to find out important things, such as the nature of God, by merely sitting still and thinking; he shrinks, however, from the determinism which this view implies. He therefore takes refuge in obscurity and ambiguity. By great dexterity he avoids a sharp contradiction, but at the expense of the diffused muddle which pervades his whole system.

II

A new method of apologetics was invented by the amiable Bishop Berkeley, who attacked the materialists of his day with the arguments which, in our time, have been revived by Sir James Jeans. His purpose was twofold: first, to prove that there can be no such thing as matter; secondly, to deduce from this negative proposition the necessary existence of God. On the first point, his contentions have never been answered; but I doubt whether he would have cared to advance them if

he had not believed that they afforded support for theological orthodoxy.

When you think you see a tree, Berkeley points out that what you really know is not an external object, but a modification of yourself, a sensation, or, as he calls it, an 'idea.' This, which is all that you directly know, ceases if you shut your eyes. Whatever you can perceive is in your mind, not an external material object. Matter, therefore, is an unnecessary hypothesis. What is real about the tree is the perceptions of those who are supposed to 'see' it; the rest is a piece of unnecessary metaphysics.

Up to this point, Berkeley's argumentation is able and largely valid. But now he suddenly changes his tone, and, after advancing a bold paradox, falls back upon the prejudices of the unphilosophical as the basis of his next thesis. He feels it preposterous to suppose that trees and houses, mountains and rivers, the sun and moon and stars, only exist while we are looking at them, which is what his previous contentions suggest. There must, he thinks, be some permanence about physical objects, and some independence of human beings. This he secures by supposing that the tree is really an idea in the mind of God, and therefore continues to exist when no human being is looking at it. The consequences of his own paradox, if he had frankly accepted them, would have seemed to him dreadful; but by a sudden twist he rescues orthodoxy and some parts of common sense.

The same timidity in admitting the skeptical consequences of his argument has been shown by all his followers, except Hume; his most modern disciples have, in this respect, made no advance whatever upon him. None can bear to admit that *if* I know only 'ideas' it is only *my* ideas that I know, and therefore I can have no reason to believe in the existence of anything except my

own mental states. Those who have admitted the validity of this very simple argument have not been disciples of Berkeley, since they have found such a conclusion intolerable; they have therefore argued that it is not only 'ideas' that we know.¹

Hume, the *enfant terrible* of philosophy, was peculiar in having no metaphysical ulterior motives. He was a historian and essayist as well as a philosopher, he had a comfortable temperament, and he perhaps derived as much pleasure from annoying the perpetrators of fallacies as he could have derived from inventing fallacies of his own. However, the main outcome of his activities was to stimulate two new sets of fallacies, one in England and the other in Germany. The German set are the more interesting.

The first German to take notice of Hume was Immanuel Kant, who had been content, up to the age of about forty-five, with the dogmatic tradition derived from Leibniz. Then, as he says himself, Hume 'awakened him from his dogmatic slumbers.' After meditating for twelve years, he produced his great work, the *Critique of Pure Reason*; seven years later, at the age of sixty-four, he produced the *Critique of Practical Reason*, in which he resumed his dogmatic slumbers after nearly twenty years of uncomfortable wakefulness. His fundamental desires were

¹ The two sides of Berkeley's philosophy are illustrated by the following two limericks: —

There once was a man who said, 'God
Must think it exceedingly odd
If he finds that this tree
Continues to be
When there's no one about in the Quad.

— RONALD KNOX

Dear Sir,

Your astonishment's odd;
I am always about in the Quad.
And that's why the tree
Will continue to be,
Since observed by

Yours faithfully,

God.

two: he wanted to be sure of an invariable routine, and he wanted to believe the moral maxims that he had learned in infancy. Hume was upsetting in both respects, for he maintained that we could not trust the law of causality, and he threw doubt on the future life, so that the good could not be sure of a reward in heaven. The first twelve years of Kant's meditations on Hume were devoted to the law of causality, and at the end he produced a remarkable solution. True, he said, we cannot know that there are causes in the real world, but then we cannot know anything about the real world. The world of appearances, which is the only one that we can experience, has all sorts of properties contributed by ourselves, just as a man who has a pair of green spectacles that he cannot take off is sure to see things green. The phenomena that we experience have causes, which are other phenomena; we need not worry as to whether there is causation in the reality behind the phenomena, since we cannot experience it. Kant went for a walk at exactly the same time every day, and his servant followed carrying the umbrella. The twelve years spent in producing the *Critique of Pure Reason* persuaded the old man that, if it came on to rain, the umbrella would prevent him from *feeling* wet, whatever Hume might say about the *real* raindrops.

This was comforting, but the comfort had been purchased at a great price. Space and time, in which phenomena take place, are unreal: Kant's psychological mechanism manufactured them. He did not know much about space, having never been more than ten miles from Königsberg; perhaps if he had traveled he would have doubted whether his subjective creativeness was equal to inventing the geography of all he saw. It was pleasant, however, to be sure of the truth of geometry, for, having manufactured space himself, he was

quite sure that he had made it Euclidean, and he was sure of this without looking outside himself. In this way mathematics was got safely under the umbrella.

But although mathematics was safe, morality was still in danger. In the *Critique of Pure Reason* Kant taught that pure reason cannot prove the future life or the existence of God; it cannot therefore assure us that there is justice in the world. Moreover, there was a difficulty about free will. My actions, in so far as I can observe them, are phenomena, and therefore have causes. As to what my actions are in themselves, pure reason can tell me nothing, so that I do not know whether they are free or not. However, 'pure' reason is not the only kind; there is another — not 'impure,' as might have been expected, but 'practical.' This starts from the premise that all the moral rules Kant was taught in childhood are true. (Such a premise, of course, needs a disguise; it is introduced to philosophical society under the name of the 'categorical imperative.') It follows that the will is free, for it would be absurd to say 'you ought to do so-and-so' unless you can do it. It follows also that there is a future life, since otherwise the good might not be adequately rewarded, nor the wicked adequately punished. It follows also that there must be a God to arrange these things. Hume may have routed 'pure' reason, but the moral law has, in the end, restored the victory to the metaphysicians. So Kant died happy, and has been honored ever since; his doctrine has even been proclaimed the official philosophy of the Nazi State.

III

Philosophers, for the most part, are constitutionally timid, and dislike the unexpected. Few of them would be genuinely happy as pirates or burglars.

Accordingly they invent systems which make the future calculable, at least in its main outlines. The supreme practitioner in this art was Hegel. For him the course of logic and the course of history were broadly identical. Logic, for him, consisted of a series of self-correcting attempts to describe the world. If your first attempt is too simple, as it is sure to be, you will find that it contradicts itself; you will then try the opposite, or 'antithesis,' but this will also contradict itself. This leads you to a 'synthesis,' containing something of the original idea and something of its opposite, but more complex and less self-contradictory than either. This new idea, however, will also prove inadequate, and you will be driven, through its opposite, to a new synthesis. This process goes on until you reach the 'Absolute Idea,' in which there is no contradiction, and which, therefore, describes the real world.

But the real world, in Hegel as in Kant, is not the apparent world. The apparent world goes through developments which are the same as those that the logician goes through if he starts from Pure Being and travels on to the Absolute Idea. Pure Being is exemplified by ancient China, of which Hegel knew only that it had existed; the Absolute Idea is exemplified by the Prussian State, which had given Hegel a professorship at Berlin. Why the world should go through this logical evolution is not clear; one is tempted to suppose that the Absolute Idea did not quite understand itself at first, and made mistakes when it tried to embody itself in events. But this, of course, was not what Hegel would have said.

Hegel's system satisfied the instincts of philosophers more fully than any of its predecessors. It was so obscure that no amateurs could hope to understand it. It was optimistic, since history is a progress in the unfolding of the Absolute Idea. It showed that the philos-

opher, sitting in his study considering abstract ideas, can know more about the real world than the statesman or the historian or the man of science. As to this, it must be admitted, there was an unfortunate incident. Hegel published his proof that there must be exactly seven planets just a week before the discovery of the eighth. The matter was hushed up, and a new, revised edition was hastily prepared; nevertheless, there were some who scoffed. But, in spite of this *contretemps*, Hegel's system was for a time triumphant in Germany. When it had been almost forgotten in its native country, it began to control the universities of Great Britain and America. Now, however, its adherents are a small and rapidly diminishing band. No subsequent great system has taken its place in the academic mind, and few now dare to say that the philosopher, by mere thinking without observation, can detect the errors of the man of science.

Outside the universities, however, one last great system has arisen from Hegel's ashes, and has kept alive in wide circles the happy faith in the power of thought which our professors have lost. This last survivor of an almost extinct species is the doctrine of Karl Marx. Marx took over from Hegel the belief in dialectic — that is to say, in logical development by thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, shown in the course of human history and not only in abstract thought. To Hegel, at the head of his profession and revered by his compatriots, it was possible to regard the Prussian State as the goal towards which all previous efforts had been tending; but to Marx, poor, ill, and in exile, it was obvious that the world is not yet perfect. One more turn of the dialectical wheel — that is to say, one more revolution — is necessary before the attainment of the millennium. There can be no doubt that this revolution will take place, for

Marx, like Hegel, regards history as a logical process, so that its stages are as indubitable as arithmetic. Faith and hope thus find a place in Marxian doctrine.

Most of Marx's theory is independent of Hegel, but the Hegelian element is important, since it contributes the certainty of victory and the feeling of being on the side of irresistible cosmic forces. Emotionally, belief in Hegelian dialectic, when it exists in those whose present circumstances are unfortunate, is analogous to the Christian belief in the Second Coming; but its supposed logical basis gives it a hold on the head as well as the heart. Its hold on the head is endangered not so much by bourgeois prejudice as by the empirical scientific temper, which refuses to suppose that we can know as much about the universe as the metaphysicians supposed. Perhaps empirical sobriety is so difficult that men will never preserve it except when they are happy. If so, the various irrational faiths of our time are a natural outcome of our self-imposed misfortunes, and a new era of metaphysics may be inspired by new disasters.

IV

Philosophy is a stage in intellectual development, and is not compatible with mental maturity. In order that it may flourish, traditional doctrines must still be believed, but not so unquestioningly that arguments in support of them are never sought; there must also be a belief that important truths can be discovered by merely thinking, without the aid of observation. This belief is true in pure mathematics, which has inspired many of the great philosophers. It is true in mathematics because that study is essentially verbal; it is not true elsewhere, because thought alone cannot establish any non-verbal fact. Savages and barbarians believe in a magical connection between persons

and their names, which makes it dangerous to let an enemy know what they are called. The distinction between words and what they designate is one which it is difficult always to remember; metaphysicians, like savages, are apt to imagine a magical connection between words and things, or at any rate between syntax and world structure. Sentences have subjects and predicates, therefore the world consists of substances with attributes. Until very recently this argument was accepted as valid by almost all philosophers; or rather, it controlled their opinions almost without their own knowledge.

In addition to confusion between language and what it means, there is another source of the belief that the philosopher can find out facts by mere thinking; this is the conviction that the world must be ethically satisfying. Dr. Pangloss in his study can ascertain what sort of universe would, to his way of thinking, be the best possible; he can also convince himself, so long as he stays in his study, that the universe

means to satisfy his ethical demands. Bernard Bosanquet, until his death one of the recognized leaders of British philosophy, maintained in his *Logic*, ostensibly on logical grounds, that 'it would be hard to believe, for example, in the likelihood of a catastrophe which should overwhelm a progressive civilization like that of modern Europe and its colonies.' Capacity to believe that the 'laws of thought' have comforting political consequences is a mark of the philosophic bias. Philosophy, as opposed to science, springs from a kind of self-assertion: a belief that our purposes have an important relation to the purposes of the universe, and that, in the long run, the course of events is bound to be, on the whole, such as we should wish. Science abandoned this kind of optimism, but is being led towards another: that we, by our intelligence, can make the world such as to satisfy a large proportion of our desires. This is a practical, as opposed to a metaphysical, optimism. I hope it will not seem to future generations as foolish as that of Dr. Pangloss.

BUTTER WILL MELT

BY GERTRUDE STEIN

ONCE upon a time there was a chinaman.¹ There are always many chinamen, always have been, and there are many hindoo too and there is something that is called a Hindoo chinaman and once upon a time there was one a hindoo chinaman. He had a mother and she wrote letters to him and anybody knowing the language could read them but any one not knowing the language could not read them although they were written with the letters that any frenchman or any American uses. The hindoo chinaman's name was Lien. He was not afraid of anything not even of drinking and he often was drunk and when he was he worked just the same but he was very drunk.

That made no difference because he could cook and anyway anybody who can cook is sooner or later going to take to drinking, otherwise butter would not melt.

And so he was drunk. Nobody had to be afraid of him and nobody was even when everybody was alone with him and everybody was.

Anybody is more afraid of a chinaman than of a Hindoo and Lien was a hindoo chinaman.

He was married to a hindoo chinawoman and he had children and then he was in love with a frenchwoman but he could not marry her because he was already married.

When he cooked butter did melt and

so he went on cooking and he began drinking and he forgot about both these women. His mother still was writing letters to him.

He lived in a little hotel alone and he went on cooking and drinking, which he did very well.

It was nice when he came and he said butter will melt and when he said it he did it and that made everything. That is what cooking is and cooking if the stove is always hot leads to drinking.

And so Lien kept on cooking and in between he liked to stop and go bicycling and look at anything that was to be seen. The only friend he had was a chinaman a hindoo chinaman who was more chinaman than hindoo and who was very old not to have gone back where he came from. He had a wife there too and some children but nobody wrote to him. He never could do anything butter never did melt for him and he had a little tuft of hair on his chin and he could not write or say anything and he lived very comfortably and he was not blind but everybody treated him as if he was a blind man. Lien came with him and went with him and then for a long time he never saw him again.

There was another hindoo chinaman and he was young and was going to die soon and Lien hated and had hated him because they had been together once and Lien had hated him. Lien did not hate any one no hindoo

¹ Readers will understand that the capitalization and punctuation are Miss Stein's own. — EDITOR

chinaman can because they never see the other one again. That is what a hindoo chinaman can never do he can never hate any one because he can always go somewhere where he has not been and can come back again.

So then they have no wives and they have no children and Lien had none. His mother had had one but he had

none. And then his mother did not have any children.

And so Lien never became an old man. No hindoo chinaman can, they can have consumption and then they are put in the coffin and that is the end of any hindoo chinaman.

Lien is still living and cooking and drinking and butter does melt in any pan.

THE DESERTED

BY MILDRED BOIE

WHAT soul is this that wailing beats the shore
With the wild sea onrushing cold before
And the forest dark behind, a briared door?

Who hears the gusty thunder toss the trees?
Who feels the angry rivers split and seize
The earth, and bring the mountains to their knees?

Whose eyes propped open with two spears of light
Must watch all living things take screaming flight,
Hunting the wild seascape through storm and night?

Whose quartered heart now feels the storm eclipse
The sun, and blind with falling heaven, grips
Its fire, and tastes its death upon her lips?

Only a woman lost in love and trapped
Between the brambled past and years still wrapped
In breakers unfamiliar and unmapped;

Who feels the thunder rocking in her heart,
And through the lightning sees her love depart,
And knows her long wild lonely search for death must start.

PARSON'S PROGRESS

ANONYMOUS

I

HAVING my full share of curiosity concerning my fellows, I have always been interested in knowing where life bears hard on men in different callings, where the points of tension come, and what are the sources of durable satisfaction. Perhaps some have a similar curiosity concerning a parish minister.

A minister's working life covers about forty years. He is normally in his late twenties when he completes his training and is ordained; he usually retires or is retired in his late sixties. I am forty-five and have been in the work twenty years. I wish to signalize arrival at this midpoint in my career by setting down as candidly as I can my opinion of the task in which I am engaged. I have had an all-round experience. On graduating from the seminary, I became pastor of a church in a small town which served as county seat and trading centre for the farm country surrounding it. From there I went to a church in a large industrial suburb, where my people were drawn from both the white-collar and the artisan classes — minor executives, foremen, young engineers and professional men, the more highly skilled machine operators, and members of the building crafts. There was a Sunday School of a thousand members.

From there I went to a downtown church of the institutional type in a large industrial city, whose membership comprised a cross section of the city's

population from élite to slums, a seven-day church which served as club and home to a large group of underprivileged employed people, where the Saturday night dance in the gymnasium sometimes threatened to overshadow the worship services in the sanctuary next day. From there I came to my present charge, a church in a favored residential community, whose constituency is made up largely of the employer and professional classes. I have, then, had experience with each of the most numerous types of Protestant church. In addition, I served for a year and a half as a navy chaplain during the war.

The career of many ministers approximates this pattern. Some, on graduating from the seminary, elect to serve their apprenticeship as assistant in a large church, where they may study the preaching, pastoral, and administrative methods of their chief, rather than to 'launch out into the deep' as minister of a small church of their own. A few precocious and highly gifted men are catapulted straight from the seminary into a large church. But most climb Zion's hill more slowly and one step at a time, deeming themselves fortunate if their early forties find them in a church where they can gladly remain — for, unless a man is of outstanding ability, 'calls' after forty-five are hard to come by. The pulpit committees of most vacant churches are looking for a man between thirty-five

and forty — old enough to have had some experience and demonstrated his ability, young enough so that he has not yet begun to slow down. I am one of the lucky ones: at thirty-nine I was called to a church which, if it will let me, I shall be glad to serve for the 'rest-of-my-life' pastorate.

My career has been typical, and throughout it I have had a moderate though not a spectacular success. I have never known the thrilling but soul-imperiling experience of having throngs attend my ministry, yet my ministry has been well-supported. It has been the 'open sesame' to a wealth of friendships with people of every age and condition. I have been the recipient of a loyalty and generosity beyond my desert. I have been as happy as one can reasonably expect to be in this sadly imperfect world. I like to think that if I should come into possession of independent means I should go on doing freely what now I am paid to do. I am the more persuaded to this because the ex-ministers of my acquaintance who have married rich women or gone into other lines of work (where not all, *mirabile dictu*, are failures) are the most forlorn group of men I know. As one said to me, 'I miss the sustaining motive that the ministry provides.'

This article, then, is not the wail of an embittered soul, nor is it the paean of one who has found the ministry all cakes and ale. It is, I repeat, the putting down as truthfully as I can of what I have found in the ministry.

II

One of the difficulties of the ministry is that of taking over the following of one's predecessor. I do not complain of this. I sympathize with the problem of church people in transferring their affection from a man whom through the years they have learned to love and trust, who has married them, baptized

their children, and buried their dead, to another man whom they do not know at all. In two of the churches I have served I followed men of unusually strong and winsome personality, whose preaching gifts had won them a considerable following. In neither case was I able to hold all of the following they had attracted. It affords me no satisfaction to reflect that my successors have experienced similar difficulty in retaining the loyalty of the following I built up. The inner nucleus carries over from one pastorate to another, the faithful souls who are committed to the cause, who love the church, who are 'institution-minded'; but on the periphery are many who have joined the minister rather than the church. When he departs, they scatter.

This, in my judgment, is one of the cardinal weaknesses of Protestantism. Roman Catholicism is largely immune from it, partly because its parishes (theoretically at least) embrace all the Catholics in a given area, so that a Catholic cannot flit from one church to another without changing his residence; partly because the Roman Catholic Church does not foster the 'star system' in its priesthood. Episcopalianism, especially in its High-Church wing, feels this difficulty less than other Protestant bodies (I crave the pardon of my Anglo-Catholic friends for suggesting that they are Protestants — but the Pope so regards them) because it places less emphasis on the sermon, more on the service, and especially on the Sacrament. Liberal Judaism shares it: like the free-church bodies, it magnifies the preaching office; when a popular rabbi leaves, his followers disperse among other synagogues of their choice.

It is safe to say that the phase of his work which the ordinary minister finds most irksome is the administrative. He is usually not an administrator by

temperament or aptitude; if he were, he would have gone into some line of work where the need for organizing ability is more obvious. Moreover, he is untrained for it. His seminary training embraces preaching and pastoral work, but church administration is neglected or touched upon in the most sketchy fashion. In my own seminary course, I had twelve semester hours each in church history, systematic theology, Old and New Testament exegesis. But the only course offered in church administration was a one-hour course of one semester's duration. Perhaps the seminaries have rectified this imbalance since my time. I am grateful for the thorough grounding my seminary gave me in the classic disciplines of the theological curriculum, but, as one of my classmates observed in our first 'round robin,' 'I would give all I remember of Hebrew and Greek to know how to run a first-class every-member canvass.'

Thus scantily prepared, the minister is set down in a parish where he finds himself in effect the general manager of an organization which schedules from three to thirty events a week (one of the churches I served had twenty-four organizations, plus three basketball teams, a baseball and a bowling team); which requires for its proper functioning a large number of committees, most of whose meetings the minister must attend and for which he must prepare the docket; which has a physical plant for whose maintenance and repair he is ultimately responsible; which is constantly receiving and disbursing funds (the church I serve now has a thousand contributors and twelve on its payroll — churches like the Madison Avenue Presbyterian in New York or the Fourth Presbyterian of Chicago have many more); which has scores, perhaps hundreds, of volunteer workers who must be supervised, encouraged, and kept from treading on

each other's toes. In addition, the parish minister is expected to act as promoter for community, charitable, and denominational enterprises and to open the pocketbooks of his people to them.

Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins says that all the problems of the modern church are at bottom financial problems. This is an overstatement, though it comes from a careful thinker. But it is not an overstatement to say that there is no painless way of providing regular and adequate financial support for any institution which is entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. The raising of the church budget is the nightmare of many a minister. He must either cajole his trustees (who often assume that they serve in an honorary capacity, simply lending the church the lustre of their names) into carrying through the annual budget campaign or he must do it himself, which is usually easier and more effective. If he is skillful, he plans it himself but works from the background. If a minister shows too much interest in the finances of his church, he is suspected of being mercenary. If he lets them slide and a deficit ensues, it is felt that he is losing his grip.

Here again I am not complaining. I never cease from grateful wonder that year after year our church can rally a hundred men who are willing to go to the homes of their fellow members and ask for their pledges. I sometimes ask myself if I would do it, or if I would find some pretext for avoiding it. Certainly I should not enjoy it, for what soliciting I do is distasteful to me, no matter how enthusiastic I am about the object of my solicitation. I merely submit that there are few other callings which expect a man both to earn his salary and to raise it!

For years I begrudged the time and energy I consumed in running and especially in financing the institution which employed me. If I did not have

to do it, I lamented, I should be released for the creative work for which I was trained and on which my heart was set: studying, teaching, preaching, working with individuals. But finally I made a good adjustment. It is not merely 'What can't be cured must be endured,' nor the reflection that many lines of work (homemaking above all) have a large amount of inescapable routine, but simply the realization that in and through the humdrum of parish work a congregation can be welded together into a brotherhood as in no other way. Emerson has a sour saying, 'Men descend that they may meet: they meet on the basis of their common indulgences.' But men never form such firm friendships as when they come together in a common cause. And there is a touch of idealism about church work — even such mundane features of it as raising the budget and seeing that the roof and furnace are kept in repair — which redeems it from utter drudgery. There is the sense of building oneself into an organism which has come down from the long past and will endure long after those who serve it now are gathered to their fathers. When a man of light and leading, sportsman, clubman, leader in civic affairs, says to me, 'The closest and most lasting friendships I have formed have been in the work of the church,' I am persuaded that time thus spent is not wholly wasted. And I make a game out of doing it as well as I can.

III

The only authority a Protestant minister has to-day is what he can get. The Catholic priest has behind him an infallible Church, the old-time Protestant minister had behind him an infallible Bible, but the liberal Protestant minister of to-day has no more authority than he can command through his people's belief in his sincerity and

good sense. I am quite content to have it so. I had rather rely on persuasion to get people to do what needs to be done than on the power of command as I saw it in the navy, even though it takes more time and patience. But the necessity of relying on persuasion puts a premium on the cultivation of friendships. People will do things for you — serve on boards, teach classes, lead groups — if they like you, and the minister has to trade on this fact.

This does not mean that there is not much genuine devotion among the membership of Protestant churches. There is, and it was never better demonstrated than during the depression. In a time when the mortality rate among clubs, banks, and businesses was high, few churches closed their doors. They substituted volunteer choirs for paid choirs, used mimeographed orders of worship instead of printed, but they carried on. In many a church, unemployed craftsmen made repairs and improvements as their contribution. What church women have done to keep their churches running and their missionary quotas paid is a tale of unheralded devotion which needs the eloquence of a Paul to do it justice. And, with all its shortcomings, what other institution commands the amount or the quality of volunteer service given to the Sunday School?

But this devotion needs to be supplemented by a personal relationship to become most effective. People love the church and the Lord whom it exalts, but they serve both most cheerfully when they know and like the minister. Recruiting workers, persuading people to do what needs to be done, is an important part of a minister's task. By his success or failure here, he stands or falls. Does not this introduce an element of mercenariness, an ulterior motive, into a minister's personal relationships? I sometimes fear it does, tempting him to cultivate people not

for their own sakes but for what they may be induced to do for the church. This is a grave danger, for the fundamental immorality is to use people as pawns in one's game; and the ethic 'The end justifies the means' does not commend itself to a sensitive conscience.

Akin to this danger is that of allowing a subtle egotism to steal on one unawares. The parish is a small world, but the minister is the centre of it. It is a tiny kingdom, but in it he reigns as king. In Puritan days he was called 'the parson' — *the person* of the community. If to-day his stature in the community has shrunk and men in other walks overshadow him, within his own group he is still supreme. Nothing starts till he gets there. Wherever he sits is the head of the table. He calls the meeting to order. He determines what hymns shall be sung. He is consulted and quoted at every point. And while the deference and flattery accorded him are a bit hollow, they will unman him unless he has a saving sense of humor or a wife whom love has not made blind.

IV

Matthew Arnold declared that the American's favorite book was the Book of Numbers. And the cult of bigness which rejoices in population growth (as though our cities were not already unwieldy) and eighty-story office buildings (which are unjustified by land values and the cause of unnecessary traffic congestion) has not stopped at the doors of the church. There are churches of three, four, six thousand members; churches which boast of being 'the biggest in the city' or 'the second largest in the denomination.' My opinion is that a church of six hundred members is or should be the church of maximum efficiency. Such a church can be served by a minister and a trained woman worker

who combines the functions of church secretary, director of religious education, and Sunday School visitor. A church of this size is large enough to contain plenty of talent to run it and to have the enthusiasm engendered by a good-sized group. It is small enough so that it is possible for any member to know all of his fellow members and so that the individual is not lost in the mass. Even the humble member can feel that he is needed and that his absence will be noted. The minister can know all of his people and visit them at least once a year in their homes. (It is still true that 'a house-going pastor means a church-going people.') I have watched churches grow from one numerical bracket to another, and my observation is that the percentage of attendance, contributors, and active workers in relation to membership declines when a church grows much beyond the six-hundred mark.

Unhappily, however, a church of six hundred cannot support the quality and variety of programme which are demanded of an urban church. A church of fifteen hundred can, and this I should regard as the high limit. Above this, as another has said, it is impossible for the shepherd to know his sheep by name: he can know them only by number. The church is no longer a family, a 'household of faith'; it is a crowd. When a church exceeds a thousand members, it requires a multiple ministry; and in a Protestant church this presents problems. For a minister, like a doctor, finds it difficult to deputize his work. When I am sick, I do not want my overworked doctor to send his assistant. I want him. There was one week last winter when I had five funerals in three days. Had I sent my colleague to conduct any of them, the family would have been affronted. Yet five funerals in a week consume not only a lot of time but a lot of nervous energy, especially where one's

sympathy is strongly involved. How the minister of a church of six thousand copes with this problem I do not know.

V

With experience, preaching on the whole grows easier, though, alas, not always better. As a man masters the technique of his craft and finds his own method of expression, he makes fewer false starts, wastes less time in finding proper themes and breaking into them. But it is hard to keep the freshness and spontaneity he knew when first the great conceptions of religion captured his imagination and stimulated his mind. Still, there is enough of the artistic element in preaching to impel a man to try (as every true artist tries) ever to excel himself, to improve on his previous best. A mind disciplined by study and subdued by experience — his own and the experiences of others into which he enters vicariously through the privilege the pastoral office confers — brings forth a mature wisdom which is better than the raw, heady wine of youth. As I grow older, I care less and less for oratory, more and more I crave the ability to speak to men's need. Less and less do I think of myself as a propagandist, more and more as an interpreter of life from the Christian point of view.

One thing may be said for the liberal Protestant pulpit: it is the freest place on earth. The editor may need to exercise care lest his editorial offend his advertisers, the political officeholder has the spectre of election day always in his mind, but the preacher can 'hew to the line . . . let the chips fly where they may,' for that is precisely what the people who sit in his pews and pay his salary want and expect him to do. He occupies somewhat the position once held by the court fool. The fool was permitted to tell the king

hard truths which none of his courtiers would dare to mention. It is generally understood among church people that a preacher must be accorded complete 'liberty of prophesying,' even at the risk of his abusing it; and they are as jealous to maintain that liberty as is he.

A minister's hardest problem is himself. If he is going to influence others, he must live the life himself — lest, in Emerson's phrase, what he is speaks so loud men can't hear what he says. One of his disabilities as he grows older is likely to be a loss of confidence in others' ability to make themselves over, to reshape their personalities — a loss of confidence due to the fact that his progress in making himself over has been so painful and so slow. His pastoral work requires a high degree of self-detachment, — the 'heart at leisure from itself,' of which Anna Waring sings, — and as with accumulated years accumulated cares beset him, this self-detachment is not always easy to attain. Worst of all, he is beset by the demon of unreality: as he constantly handles the symbols of religion and repeats its formulas, the reality for which they stand is likely to elude him. Holy things tend to become commonplace. Ironically enough, he may be so engrossed in leading worship that he himself fails to worship. Even the Communion service may become a matter of rote. None more than he needs Dr. Johnson's admonition, 'Clear your mind of cant!'

When asked the secret of a successful ministry, a minister who had stayed for forty years in one church, revered by three generations, replied: 'Keep the evangelic note in your preaching; be constantly doing unobtrusive kindnesses.' These two things I have steadily sought to do. I wish I were always as sure of God and His kingdom of love as I am sometimes. I count not myself yet to have laid hold. But I press on.

DUTCH SKATES

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

I

In a country where the Queen and the Crown Princess take to the ice as soon as it is strong enough to hold them, where Father takes Mother and the children skating all day at the expense of work and so-called other duties, and where the astonished Spaniards were defeated on the Zuider Zee by troops which swooped down upon them over frozen water, skating is never taken casually, and is certainly never looked upon merely as an incidental sport. It is much more than that: it implies holidays, festivity, release, abandon. While it lasts it usurps all one's time and being; it becomes a necessary though pleasant duty.

Holland's climate and flatness have made passionate skaters out of Hollanders. There are no hills for skiing or sledding; but there are endless stretches of water, miles upon miles, crossing and recrossing every bit of land every few acres — wide canals, narrower ones, down to mere ditches only a few yards wide. The country is utterly level, and the towns and villages one has seen and counted by the scores from dikes and other artificial promontories are suddenly all within reach, though the farthest be fifteen miles away. One has to skate.

But even Holland has its specialized paradise for skating — the far-northern province of Friesland. From Friesland come the best skates as well as the best skaters, mighty fair-haired men, tall

fair gray-eyed women, all shaped as if they had been built only for tireless swiftness on the ice. In Friesland, skating days are complete holidays; all shops, stores, and schools close. Even the aged are on the ice, and even the very pious and religious. In the southern provinces skating is looked upon as a worldly sport, but in Friesland it is next to godly. There all theological and ethical arguments fall before the passion for the sport. Furthermore, Friesland is a lake country. Its many wide lakes connected by a vast network of canals, its amazingly level and treeless landscape, make it a land made to order for skating as well as sailing. It is but natural that everybody should skate. One learns when one is four years old, and one continues to the very tag end of life, till the bones grow too brittle or the joints too stiff.

II

I was born and brought up in an old Frisian town; naturally I cannot forget skating days. Besides, Frisian skating traditions are likely to continue unchanged as long as frosts last and as long as the straight canals and wide lakes freeze over. Skating is part of the blood and bones and muscles; it figures in all the winter thinking. And skating days are the great spontaneous holidays of Friesland.

We youngsters had our summer

vacation, of course, a brief ten days in late August, sensibly terminated by the Queen's birthday; while the vacation lasted, the school buildings were scoured and then decorated for the Queen's feast. Our winter holidays, however, were entirely determined by the weather. Only heavy frosts could set their time and duration. They might come in December, more likely in January; if not by the middle of February, we gave up all hope. For winters are brief and mild in Friesland; besides, all the water in the canals is almost as brackish as sea water — naturally, since the Frisians live several feet below sea level.

Waiting for the ice to grow strong was tantalizing. We watched every film from late November on, first on the puddles, then on the smaller ditches. We prayed for ice, encouraged it when it came, tested it lovingly. Sometimes it disappeared again before it was half an inch thick, perhaps not to return for several weeks — perhaps, we feared, not all winter. We sought consolation in tales of old men who remembered ice that lasted from November to February, times when even the North Sea froze over. Such winters were always in the past, but they might come again. When the new ice remained and grew thicker, however, we became increasingly restive; and so did our parents. Impatiently we took our skates from their summer hiding places and put them at hand for sharpening.

Except for the maimed and the sick, we all skated, of course; we had to, we wanted to — all but our preacher and his children, who came from the south of Holland and looked upon skating as a devil's pastime. When we were four years old, sometimes younger, our parents or older brothers or sisters took us to a safe ditch where the ice was strong, strapped a pair of skates to our shoes, put a chair in front of us, and told us to push off and

learn to skate. Then they left us, to go skating on the wide canals with older and swifter people. We struggled on our ditch with other novices, for a few hours supported by the chair, but very soon on our own feet. We learned stubbornly and hurriedly, for none of us wanted to be the last to graduate from the narrow ditch.

After a few hours of this (no one went home to rest), our relatives might reappear, watch and instruct us for a few minutes, and disappear again. Two days on a ditch was plenty. Then we graduated to a narrow canal, and there, with older children, struggled valiantly to skate fast, with wide, even strokes. After a week of this, if we met our parents' test, we were allowed to go to the wide canals, where we could safely hold our own with the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of older people. We hurried to qualify, for the ice might last only a week, and to reach the large canals during one's first skating season was everyone's goal.

Of course, by the time we started going to school we were five, and big-canal skaters — hence our very ardent watch over ice and frost. It was not the potential vacation that mattered so much. Vacation was simply a necessary adjunct to skating; everything bowed before ice. No regulation of a South Holland schoolmaster could restrain us, certainly no compulsory mid-week catechism classes of our pastor.

III

After several abortive attempts, at last the ice would grow strong enough. Long before the wide wind-swept canals were covered, we had already tested it on the small canals and ditches near the school. Testing it meant jumping on it with a good heavy thud of our wooden shoes and running across it to the other bank. If the new ice withstood the test, all was fine. If it

did not, and we broke through and nearly drowned, the pastime itself was sufficiently risky and enjoyable — something like a consolation prize in case the ice should not get strong enough for skating.

When the small canals had withstood our tests we would go on to the wide ones. All the men of the town would already be there. In a town depending almost wholly on fishing, the men passed the winter in enforced idleness; they had plenty of time to be there at the canal, testing the ice hour by hour. One hour might make a world of difference. Ice barely strong enough to hold a large dog by ten in the morning might be considered ready to support a grown man by noon, and by evening any number of people.

First of all, dogs were tempted to cross the ice. If it held them, young boys were enticed to pick pennies from the ice in the centre of the canal. If it supported a fifty-pound boy, the men reasoned, it would certainly support an eighty-pound boy on skates who could skim more swiftly over and away from dangerous parts. If the eighty-pound boy survived without mishap, men twice as heavy and twice as swift were ready for the ice by midafternoon. And, because frost usually increased by evening, dusk would find half of the young fisherman population and a goodly portion of the young women swooping over dangerously billowing and creaking ice. Naturally some were destined to break through. Even drownings were not infrequent; but that was all part of the game.

By evening everybody in town was prepared for the next day. By midnight the first reckless skaters had broken through the ice, but also every canal-boat owner had been warned to remain where he was with his boat, no matter how precious his cargo, for the all-important ice had to be kept per-

fect. And every canal-boat owner obeyed willingly.

The next morning we were ready at dawn. Our skates had been sharpened; there remained only the formality of running to school and handing the powerless schoolmasters a note signed by Father saying that because of ice and skating it was impossible to send Renze, Dirk, Jantje, or Grietje to school. The teachers would face empty desks, or a room perhaps sparsely populated by the pastor's pale children.

Then the teachers, too, would furtively finger their skates in their desk drawers, and before long they would be telling the pastor's children very delicately that it was impossible to hold classes with so few in attendance. A few minutes later our schoolmasters would be on the ice with us and at least half the town's population.

Half the population, but not yet 95 per cent, for this was only the first day of the indefinite holidays. But by noon all shops and stores would be closed. The town crier warned everyone. All servants and apprentices were dismissed, and mothers started to prepare hearty stews and soups which could brew all afternoon while they went skating themselves. Every street had at least one decrepit old granny who for a few pennies would willingly keep an eye on the stews. By noon Mother would be ready for the ice. Naturally Father had been skating since before dawn, if his duties at all allowed. Only the poor skate grinders were kept at their tasks till midafternoon; then they too struck.

The typical skating holiday had started. The disabled and old set up booths and tents, each one with its red, white, and blue banner, and sold chocolate, coffee, oranges, and figs. People too old to skate and too dignified to have a booth sat around fires on

the bank, watched, smoked, and told about days when they had been young and swift and had skated to all the eleven cities of the province in one day, faster and better than any of these youngsters could do it. The town was deserted, except for babes, invalids, and the stew watchers.

Let us assume that all goes well — that the frosty weather continues. The ice billows no longer, or only a little when groups of thirty and forty, one behind the other, swing over it. The appearance of married women on the ice marks the real beginning of the festivities. Of course, for half an hour or so Mother has to skate slowly with Father to get all the kinks and creaks out of her body. During such periods we children swoop around her and demonstrate our skill. After the half hour's trial period is over, Father demonstrates his best skating style, and all we youngsters try vainly to emulate him. We hardly expect to succeed, for Father takes strokes of fifteen feet or longer, and, with his hands behind his back, swoops like a bird, lean, black and swift, over the ice.

Every bit of superfluous clothing is shed. A light sweater, trousers clasped snugly around the legs, skates strapped to light leather shoes, and one is dressed for the ice. But never wooden shoes or wooden skates — there all American illustrations of Dutch skating go wrong. Skates are of steel, never of wood or silver, and they do not have the fancy curved toes they had centuries ago, with the well-meant purpose of keeping women from tripping over their voluminous skirts. Women now wear shorter skirts for skating, and straight unornamental skates.

After Father's demonstration, we are all ready for the real skating test. Father stands still, his left hand behind him. Mother comes next, putting her right hand in his and her left behind her back, where the oldest of the chil-

dren holds it and puts his hand back for the next, till all, to the very youngest, have been accommodated, regardless of sex. There may be a line of twelve or fourteen, though large families are scarce in Holland. When we are all in position, Father gives the signal and we start. First, one tentative not-too-long swoop with the right foot. We all follow in unison. Next a somewhat wider stroke with the left; the whole line swings leftward. In a few strokes Father achieves his correct swing and rhythm at the maximum speed possible with such a train in tow.

We then swoop on for hours, our little legs struggling valiantly to hold fourteen-foot strokes first on one foot, then on the other. We have support, of course, from those ahead of us, and if Mother can keep up with Father, and our older brothers and sisters with her, we can do the same. We swing along at terrific speed, almost too fast to breathe properly, certainly too fast to look around. Before long, however, we become aware of other families sweeping past, or trying to race us, and find that we have enough breath for greetings and shouts. On we go, perhaps for three miles, stopping only at some booth for a cup of hot chocolate, pretending we are giving Father, or at least Mother, a chance to rest.

We never stopped long, however; time was too precious. And when Father had replenished his supply of pennies to throw to the men who swept snow off the ice we were ready once more. Of course we had a destination. We had our ice-relatives — relatives who lived in villages several miles away, and whom we seldom saw during the year. We called on them only during skating time; that was tacitly understood. The more ice-relatives the merrier, for they in turn might be on their way to visit us, and on the complicated network of canals it was easy to miss them, but with several relatives in

reserve we were bound to catch at least one or two of them on their home canals.

After a fine jaunt of perhaps fifteen miles, we were in need of rest. Naturally we did not expect our relatives to take us to their homes — that was unheard of. They were on the ice and enjoyed it as much as we did. We met them and stayed on the ice. The women folks went to a tea booth and over several cups of hot tea discussed recent births, deaths, and marriages, with their eyes warily on the clock, for an hour was sufficient to waste from skating. Father, with the older male relatives, would go to another booth to drink something more hearty, a brandy or two, as many as he thought he might need to refuel himself in order to carry his family back home again. We children were supposed to rest. After one cup of hot chocolate, however, released from the rhythmic swinging strokes of Father and free to twist our bodies our own angular ways, we matched our skill with sundry cousins.

An hour later we would be on our way again. The relatives would promise to call on us the following week if the ice lasted, the first skating day next year if it should not last. Father, renewed in strength, led his troop back, Mother dealing out the latest gossip, we children intent on keeping our strokes long and even, our eyes open for friends. Tired, we reached our canals again, but, released from our parents, we skated our own way for another hour. Father also would take a few swift miles in his stride, while Mother started for home, to prepare the meal. By dusk nearly all the women had disappeared. From the houses rose appetizing odors of stews and soups, and before long we were ready for a tremendous dinner, then for bed, and, by dawn, for skating again.

IV

Activity on the ice did not cease at the coming of dark. Rather, it increased, but freed from the noise and turmoil of children. We, lying fast asleep, knew nothing of what went on. It did not matter that Father and Mother went back to the canal after dinner and skated another hour or two in the moonlight. Even if there was no moonlight, the treeless flat land never grew entirely dark, certainly not dark enough to interfere with skating — just dark enough to make courting on the ice perfect. Evening, on the ice, was courting time, more so than at any other season of the year. A poor skater, no matter how excellent his looks or wit, had better reserve his secondary charms for the summer season.

Open courting, unless parents assented, and unless it was understood that the couple intended to marry, was frowned upon. A few furtive meetings on the street, austere gatherings with parents present, were the greatest leeway any suitor could ask for. But skating time changed everything. The night and the ice belonged to youth. They could go where they wanted, choose whom they wanted. Everybody else was too preoccupied with skating to interfere. They themselves were supposed to be too busy skating to get into mischief. At least, that was the argument, and usually it held water; for the rest, the older people closed eyes and ears tolerantly and kept away from the side canals where the courtiers skated. The next day was a holiday, and the next, and perhaps the next. Life was brief, the skating season briefer. Let them skate all night. This was freedom.

Only on Sundays we did not skate. We sat in warm churches, felt puffed and hot, and listened drowsily to our pale pastor, who was telling us that

skating was of the devil, that one should use one's time more devoutly. It did not bother us. We were not even astonished. He was unreal, a man from another world, not of our skating world. Instead, we wondered drowsily why we should not get up at midnight and go skating. Then Sunday was over. After all, we had been permitted to skate till midnight Saturday, preparatory to this forced cessation on Sunday. When our pastor thundered and ordered us to come to midweek catechism, we were not concerned. By midweek, thaw might have set in. That would be bad enough. Yes, we would come to catechism; but not if there was ice, of course. Even our parents did not expect that.

Ice holidays were perfect. They were dictated wholly by the elements, and were completely spontaneous. No human power laid down rules and regulations. Naturally, they were usually brief. Two weeks were plenty. Two weeks of such intense feasting and enjoyment, taken in big doses, and in a race against thaw, were really all we asked for. If the ice lasted longer, fine; but normal activities were resumed again. Schools, shops, and stores reopened, and we were content to do our skating in off hours. Even the termination of the holiday was almost spontaneous, whether or not the weather was responsible.

If the skating season lasted longer than two weeks, the skating contests started. They never began sooner, however, for then they would have interfered with individual freedom on the ice; competitive skating was tolerated only when the greater pleasure of free skating was somewhat exhausted. The contests were always for straight, fast skating. Dutch skates are not made for fancy strokes; Dutch canals are only for straight courses and speed. One

cannot even make sudden turns on Dutch skates. To stop, one digs the sharply pointed heel into the ice. A whole party digging in for a stop causes a thunderous rasp. American skates are rounded in the back, as I discovered to my sorrow when I tried to come to a stop on them by digging in my heels.

There was something typically Dutch and domestic about the contests. There were banners and flags, of course, and the drinking booths increased, but the winners were awarded bags of beans, hams, loads of peat, anything useful, anything that could be turned over to the needy, should the winner care to do so. There were contests for every age, for both sexes. Only the contests for men were different. In them the best skaters from surrounding towns competed, and the rewards were in cash or trophies.

But eventually thaw came, and it always came fast. When it did set in we made our last few desperate attempts at skating, continuing till we went ankle-deep through water, till the ice was ready to give way. Snow is infrequent in Holland. The thin layers are swept away by men stationed everywhere along the canals, who are rewarded by coins tossed to them in passing. For the rest, all class and social distinctions are forgotten. The Queen skates, the burgomaster, the junkman and washerwoman — everybody. This is a time for enjoyment, not for thought, not for grievances, certainly not for servility.

Slurring through ankle-deep water on the thawing ice, one thinks of a year hence, sometime when there'll be ice again. We are tired now. There has been plenty of it. Still, we hope mildly for another week in February — a heavy late frost, perhaps. After all, it happened in the olden days.

THE LAST MEETING

BY WILLIAM MARCH

I

JOHN came into the dingy, outmoded restaurant and waited for a moment until his eyes became adjusted to the semi-darkness of the place. He raised his thin face and stared steadily above the heads of the dispirited people who sat before him eating their lunches. After a moment his glance rested on the vacant table set in an alcove, and he noted with relief that it was screened somewhat by the palm that stood beside it, a spurious affair of paper and hemp which sprouted from dusty moss as false as its own raveling fronds. He went to the table and sat down, grateful all at once for the slight privacy which the alcove and the disintegrating shrub afforded. He took off his hat and his gloves and placed them on the chair beside him. . . . That, he thought quickly, would force his father to sit opposite him; there would be the width of the table between them, at least.

A middle-aged waitress, as faded as the background against which she moved, came up to serve him. She brushed crumbs and cigarette ash into her tray with a fretful, preoccupied gesture and spread a napkin over the stains that other diners had left behind them on the cloth. When she had finished, she fetched a bill of fare from a near-by table and put it before him. She stood looking at him incuriously with eyes which had once been fine.

'I'm waiting for a guest. I won't order until he comes.'

The waitress nodded and filled his glass with water. Then she walked in heavy-footed silence and sat on a bench near the entry to the pantry. Another waitress bearing a tray of empty dishes passed and they spoke to each other, laughed briefly, and then turned their heads away.

John looked at his watch once more. It was five minutes past one, and already his father was late, but the thought consoled him a little and he smiled bleakly. 'Why should I expect him to be on time, or to do what he says?' he thought. . . . 'I imagine he's changed very little in the past five years.' He turned his head at an angle and looked at the door, conscious of the muffled, hammerlike sound of leather heels beating against the boardwalk. But he heard these things dimly, as if from another world, for he was at this moment concerned mostly with his own resentment. . . . His father had a colossal cheek to force himself on him this way! That was the sheerest cheek, and no mistake about it, after the way he had behaved in the past! . . . There was nothing his father had not done in the old days to shame them all, and it was because of him that he had left home just as quickly as he was able to make a living for himself. Since that time he had endured things, he felt, merely for the sake of his mother and his sisters, who had not been able to escape so easily: the arrogant demands

for money which he could not afford, the drafts on his bank account which pride, at first, had made him honor, but which necessity had, at length, forced him to protest. Recently there was the embarrassing matter of the check which the bank official had questioned and which John had explained. . . .

'But this is so obviously *not* your signature, Mr. Coates. It is n't even an effective attempt. It's plain to anybody that this is a bungling forgery.' The official had stopped on an annoyed, ascending note as if he had meant to end his sentence with the words, 'my good fellow,' but had thought better of it. John had looked coldly at the official, thinking, 'I'd be obliged if you would n't patronize me quite so obviously, because I'm an English gentleman, the same as yourself, or at least you have no way of knowing that I'm not.' He got up, hooked his umbrella over his forearm, and drew on his gloves, smiling with frigid amusement. 'I'm afraid I must disagree with you, Sir Robert. That bungling forgery, as you describe it, is my signature, and I'll be obliged if you'll debit my account with the ten pounds.'

II

John shook his head, remembering this recent scene, and glanced again at his watch. It was a quarter past one, and he decided that he would not wait much longer. When his father had telephoned from the railway station that morning, explaining that he had just got in, he had felt a quick, depressed sensation in his stomach and his one thought had been that he must keep his father away from his office and his friends at all costs. He had been panic-stricken for a moment, not quite knowing what to do, and he was surprised at the exactly right note of heartiness he put into his voice when he did answer.

'How long will you be in town, Father? You must have lunch with me, at least! . . . Shall I come to the station to meet you, or do you think you can find your way about?'

And his father had explained in his light, mocking voice which somehow gave the impression that he smacked his lips daintily over his words as if they were tangible things to be tasted: 'I know my way about quite well, Mercutio. I lived here as a young man, long before I married your mother or before you were born. . . . You did n't know that, I take it.'

'No,' said John. 'No, I did n't know that.'

There had been a moment of silence in which John sat drawing the profile of a man with exaggerated sideburns. He framed his picture in a triangle as precise as he could make it. 'Is there any particular reason for your trip, Father? Is it on business?' He drew a circle about the triangle and then obliterated his sketch with four quick, brutal lines.

'No. No, it has n't anything to do with business, except in a remote way. I merely wanted to visit the place again, to see some of the old friends I remember.' There was a short silence and in a moment his father added, 'I have been sick, as your mother probably wrote you. I have been quite sick.'

It was then that the older man suggested lunch at Ravino's and John agreed hastily before his father reconsidered his choice. He knew of the place vaguely as being close to the boardwalk in the more down-at-the-heel end of town, but he had never been in it. At any rate he was not likely to meet any of his friends there, and for that he was grateful; but he was puzzled, nevertheless, that a man of his father's florid tastes should have chosen such an obscure place. He rested his elbows on the cloth before him and cupped his thin, aristocratic face in his

hands. He closed his eyes for a few seconds, but opened them with nervous prescience at the exact instant his father came through the door with aged jauntiness and stood posed inside the room as if he had expected a burst of applause. John pushed back his chair and stood up, thinking, 'How thin he is! How he has changed since I saw him last!' but he made no sign of recognition. Then their eyes met across the room and his father came rapidly toward him, his hand stretched forward as if this were a thought-out entrance in one of his forgotten, romantic plays. He was, John noted, wearing a soft, pale green hat which was years too young for him, and his light topcoat was too pronounced both in its cut and in its checked lavender and fawn pattern.

'Well, this is really very nice! You're looking well, Mercutio. I'm glad to see you.'

John said: 'I wish you would n't call me that, Father. I don't use the name any more. I've taken the name John since I left home.' But to himself he thought: 'How spruce he looks in his finery — how spruce and how ridiculous! . . . And how very conscious he is of the effect he's making on people at the other tables.'

'There's nothing wrong with the name Mercutio. It's a very distinguished one, as a matter of fact.'

'Possibly so, Father; but I don't like it, I'm afraid.'

'I've played the rôle hundreds of times. It's a very good name, and very unusual.'

'I find it slightly absurd, I'm afraid.' He sat down again, smiling with the correct shade of cordiality at the coffee stains on the cloth which the waitress had failed to hide.

'Oh, very well. Very well.' The older man hung up his coat and hat and sat opposite his son while he removed his lemon-colored gloves. He stuffed

them into the pocket of his topcoat and rested his hands on the cloth. John moved his eyes and examined his father's hands, noting dispassionately that they were as brittle and bloodless as cracked porcelain, and of the same yellowish white; that the nails were swollen a little and the tips of his fingers were blue. It was then he knew that his father was going to die, that before long he would be free of him forever. He looked up from the table, thinking these things, and read the framed signs that hung on the wall: Ravino's Still Hocks; Ravino's Dry Amontillado Very Choice; Ravino's Sparkling Moselles For All Occasions, his lips moving slowly to form the words. When he spoke, his voice was calm, devoid of all emotion.

'How did you amuse yourself this morning, Father? I hope you found something interesting to do.'

'I walked about looking at the old places I remembered, but they've torn so many of them down.'

'Yes. Yes. That's quite true.'

The petulant waitress came toward them and waited while they ordered their luncheons. She adjusted another napkin on the table and filled the two glasses to their brims, her free hand resting professionally on her hips. When she had finished, she bent forward and switched on the lamp that stood on the table, and instantly the older man's face emerged sharply from the blurring duskiness of the alcove. It was then John saw that his father's hair and eyebrows had been dyed a hard, brittle black and that against his parchment skin there were spread two unmistakable, fan-like reaches of theatrical rouge.

'I went this morning to call on some of the old friends I remembered, but they're mostly dead now. The ones who are alive did n't seem to place me.' He laughed with disbelief. 'I did n't think the people here would ever forget

me, a small place like this. . . . I played three summers here in repertory, and I was something of a sensation. I tell you, my boy, I packed them in. Things were much different in those days. I was known as Cyril Mullarney then, but my manager made me take my own name when I made my first appearance in London.'

Cyril sighed, leaned back in his chair and glanced up at the waitress. He sat up straight and examined her more closely, his eyes half closed. He had seen her before somewhere, he was sure of that, but he could not quite remember the occasion. He shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the matter from his mind. 'Yes,' he continued, 'this place has changed since my day. When I was a young man, Ravino's was the exclusive place to go, but look at it now! Everybody came here in those days: all the fashionable people. There were private dining rooms upstairs where we held our parties. It was all very gay.'

They selected their food while the heavy-footed waitress noted their orders on a pad. She returned almost at once and put the food on the table before them, and again Cyril looked at her speculatively. He raised his finger and stroked his lip with the mannered, graceful gesture that he had used in so many of his old successes.

'I've known you at some time in my life,' he said positively. 'I can't place you now, but it must have been many years ago.'

The waitress, whose vocabulary had of late been modeled after the American movies she had seen, threw back her head and spoke from the corner of her mouth. 'Sure you have. Sure. So what?'

'I remember now,' said Cyril. 'It all comes back to me. It was the last season I played here. You wrote me a note and met me at the stage door. You had a girl friend, and I brought along

a man from the company named Arthur Holden. I was called Cyril Mullarney in those days, don't you remember? We came to this very place for supper.' He laughed with delight, his porcelain cheeks stretched tightly across the bones of his face.

The waitress turned and stared. 'So what?' she repeated sullenly. 'So what, big shot?'

'I even remember your name,' continued Cyril proudly. 'It's Annie Wheatley.'

John leaned back in his chair, so that his face was more completely screened by the dusty palm. 'It is n't necessary for him to talk so loudly,' he thought. 'He's grotesque enough as it is.'

The waitress said: 'I never saw you in my life before, and what's more if you don't take your hand off my knee I'll call a police officer.' She looked contemptuously at the old man, and then turned to John, seeing his embarrassment. 'Scram!' she said. 'Scram, big shot!' She laughed disdainfully and winked, as if she and John shared a common secret. All at once Cyril became very gay. It was n't possible for her to have forgotten him. She must remember him. His pictures had been in all the papers and on the boards before the theatre. He had had dozens of letters from his female admirers, just as he had received the note from her.

The waitress drew back. 'Scram!' she said. 'Scram!' She walked away, disappearing into the obscurity of the service pantry.

'She has n't forgotten me!' said Cyril. 'She remembered me very well.' He lifted his dying hands again, and again he turned the turquoise and silver ring on his finger.

'Have you been sick long, Father?'

'She remembers me very well, you can be sure of that.'

'Did the doctor say what the trouble is?'

'A doctor's concern is to frighten you

so badly that you'll pay his outrageous bills, Mercutio.'

'Did your doctor succeed in frightening *you* that badly, Father?'

'No,' said Cyril in delight. 'No, I can't say that he did.'

III

There was a long silence between them while they ate, but at last Cyril spoke again: 'Being sick so long has left me short of funds. It's only temporary, of course, until I get an engagement for the summer.' And John, chewing steadily, looked up and nodded. His father was coming into the open now. They were getting down to the real reason for his visit. But his father need expect nothing from him this time; he refused to be bled any more.

The waitress came out of the pantry with her friend, a woman as frayed as herself. They stood whispering together while the waitress touched her hair and her cheeks and nodded her head to indicate the direction in which her friend was to look. It was as if she said: 'Yes, he's really got rouge on! . . . There! There, back of the palm. You can't see him very well from here!' The second woman picked up a handful of silver and walked carelessly, too carelessly, in the direction of the alcove. She stopped at a near-by table and began to rearrange it. She raised her eyes in anticipation of what she would see, but she got no farther than John's cold stare fixed steadily upon her face. She lowered her head, gathered up her silver in confusion, and retreated.

All at once John felt an unaccustomed fury within himself. He beckoned to the waitress who had served them and who still stood by the door awaiting her friend's incredulous corroboration of what she had just been told. She started to turn, but he crooked his finger imperiously and she

came toward the alcove. She waited at his elbow.

'This fork that you gave me is dirty,' he began in his cold, passionless voice. 'You can see that it has n't been cleaned properly.'

She took the fork and examined it, turning it over and over in her hands, not quite knowing what to say. 'I don't clean the forks,' she said at length. 'I'll tell them about it in the kitchen.'

John smiled steadily. 'You don't clean your fingernails either, it seems, but that, I take it, is a matter of personal choice, Miss Wheatley.'

The woman's neck turned red. She glanced quickly at her soiled hands and as quickly put them behind her back.

'I don't know the class of people who come here as a rule,' said John. 'Possibly they don't mind. I'm afraid I find it slightly' — he paused and smiled again, weighing his words — 'slightly nauseating,' he said at last.

'Yes, sir.'

Cyril had stopped eating and was looking from his son to the waitress as if not quite understanding what was taking place.

'You *are* Miss Wheatley?' said John.

'Yes, sir.'

'You may give me the check, please.' He took the slip and folded it into squares. 'The gentleman to whom you were so rude is my father, if that interests you.' Then he got up and helped his father with his coat, proud that no sign of his fury escaped to the watching world. Cyril looked at his son's grave face and at once his own face became grave, as if he could adjust himself instantly to the atmosphere about him, could be depended upon to fall immediately into any situation and read his lines appropriately, even though he had not known what had gone before.

When he had settled with the cashier, John held the door for his father and

followed him to the pavement outside. He was, on the whole, pleased with his handling of the waitress and with the manner in which he had put her at once in her place. He had been cool, dispassionate, and completely master of his hands, his voice, and his face, and the thought would have, on another occasion, pleased him; at the moment, the problem of his father, and what he had better do with him, negated his earned satisfaction.

His father reached out suddenly and took his son's arm, and John stiffened slightly at the touch, but he lifted his head and smiled his steady, uncompromising smile as they walked along the promenade, talking of things which they both knew to be of no importance, the penetrant breeze from the sea lifting Cyril's coat and swirling it about his knees. After a moment John glanced at his father and then turned his head, for in the sunlight the dyed hair and eyebrows were fiercely revealed, and the spread rouge stood out like crimson patches on yellow cloth. He wondered, then, just what it was his father demanded of him this time and how long he purposed staying. He was willing to do his duty within reasonable limits, but his personal life, he felt, was his own and he had no idea of sharing it with his father or of introducing him to his friends. Making a place for himself in this stolid, unfriendly town had not been easy, but he had succeeded at last by the unaltering force of his character, and he was accepted now. He would not have that new security jeopardized. . . .

IV

They turned after a moment and went into a small park. They sat together on a bench and watched the sea flashing with silver in the chill April sunlight. They had exhausted their protective talk and they were both

silent for a time, neither quite knowing what to say. Again John glanced at his father, and again he turned his head away. He would let the future take care of itself, he decided. He would sit here for a decent interval and then go about his business and dismiss the whole matter from his mind. Perhaps it had been a mistake to see his father in the first place. He would not make that mistake a second time. Certainly he would refuse his father the money which he would, inevitably, ask.

Cyril, as if understanding his son's thoughts, began to talk again, his eyes fixed on the sea with desperate craftiness. 'I'm disappointed with my trip on the whole, Mercutio. It has been quite disappointing. My expenses have been very high of late.' He turned the turquoise ring on his finger and added, 'My sickness, of course. . . . I had thought to raise money among my old friends here, but it seems not.' He drew his coat about his thin body and shivered with distaste, as if at some humiliating memory.

'I'm sending home all the money that I can possibly afford. I keep very little for myself.'

'Yes, yes, Mercutio. I'm not denying that. But I'm used to so many things, and I can't give them up now. It's different with you.'

'There's one thing, at least, that you must give up,' said John, smiling fixedly. 'You must give up signing my name to checks. That is forgery, as you know.'

'You take those things too seriously,' said Cyril. 'I knew you'd send me the money. It was n't forgery, really. I merely signed the check with your name to save time.'

'Yes,' said John. 'Yes, I know.'

'If I could raise twenty pounds I think I'd call the visit off and go back home to-night,' said Cyril wearily. 'The whole thing has been a bitter disappointment.'

'I'm sorry, but I have n't twenty pounds, Father.'

Again there was a long silence, and then Cyril, as if trying a new attack, began to talk about the daughter who had married the year before and moved to Bristol, while John listened uneasily, suspicious of his father's sudden interest in her welfare. It appeared that the family rarely heard from her, and it almost seemed as if she were trying to forget that they existed, or that she was ashamed of them now. He had been thinking before his illness of visiting her, to assure himself that she was quite happy in her new home and that her husband treated her with consideration, for he knew her pride, and if her marriage was not successful she would never say a word about it, being much like himself in that respect. . . . At any rate, he would like to make sure.

'There's no necessity for that, Father. I hear from her regularly. She wrote me last week. She's quite happy.'

Cyril raised his hand and stroked his lips with his forefinger, his eyes narrowed in shrewdness. 'I'd like very much to read her letter,' he said after a long pause. 'I'd like to assure myself at first hand.'

John said, 'I'm afraid I have n't the letter with me. I left it in my desk at the office'; but almost before the words were off his tongue he knew that he had blundered.

'Shall we go to your office together and get it?' said Cyril gently. 'It will give me a chance, as well, to see where you work, and to meet your employers.'

John shook his head quickly, lifted his umbrella, and began jabbing at pebbles in the path. 'Why do I permit him this power over me?' he thought. 'I'm a grown man. He could n't exploit me this way unless I permitted it.' He held the umbrella against his legs and furled the silk more tightly with his cold

hands. When he had finished he fastened the snap and looked steadily outward at the sea, knowing himself defeated. It would be better, he said at last, if he went alone for the letter, and if his father waited for him there in the park. The office was being re-decorated, and everything was in confusion. He got up and straightened his necktie, calculating how much money he could possibly spare, wondering if his father would be content with less than the twenty pounds that he demanded. 'I'll take a taxi,' he said. 'I'll be back very soon.' He turned and walked away, afraid that Cyril might overrule the plan, but his father sighed, leaned back against the bench, and began to rotate the silver and turquoise ring on his finger.

V

When he reached his desk, John counted the money that remained in his pockets and examined his bank balance again, although he knew to the shilling the amount that he possessed. He shook his head helplessly. He would have to ask the cashier for another advance, no matter how greatly he disliked doing so. He concluded his arrangements at length, and wrote Cyril a note: 'Dear Father: I am enclosing eighteen pounds. It is all I have at the moment. I hope that you have had an enjoyable trip. Please give the family my regards when you see them to-morrow.' He blotted the sheet on which he had written his message, folded it exactly over the notes, and slipped it into the envelope containing his sister's letter. Then he buttoned his topcoat, glanced at himself in the mirror above the washstand, and went out of his office.

His father was sitting on the bench where he had left him, but he got up expectantly at John's approach and braced himself against the seat, sway-

ing slightly. John handed him the envelope, and Cyril, feeling its added bulk, smiled and nodded in approval, his parchment skin pulled so tightly over the bones of his face that he seemed to be a dead man revived for an occasion of gayety after years in his grave rather than one who was only now going to death after a long and happy life.

'The waitress's name was *Blanche* Wheatley; not Annie. The girl she brought for Holden was named Annie.'

'Yes,' said John.

'You were very rude to her, Mercurio. Unnecessarily rude.'

'Yes,' said John.

Cyril had become very animated, very arrogant now that he was in funds again. He excitedly shaped the new jade-green hat more becomingly to his head, half-turned toward the town, and glanced longingly at two girls who passed arm in arm down the promenade.

John said: 'I'm afraid that I must be getting back to work. I'll say good-bye now.'

'You must n't blame me too bitterly later on,' said Cyril. 'You must n't expect to change me at my age.'

John said: 'No. No, of course not.'

He watched while his father turned from the small park and passed on to the promenade, hesitated, and then walked in the direction that the girls

had taken, his fingers touching and retouching his new hat, his silver ring, and his dyed moustache as though he thought himself still the actor of romantic rôles to whom a world of women wrote their amorous, pleading notes. Then all at once his father's retreating figure trembled and shattered before John's eyes, and he knew, then, that the defenses he had built up so laboriously in the past years had failed him at last, and without warning, and that he was stretched again on the rack of old issues which could never be settled for him in this world. He turned and walked toward the bandstand, his eyes unfocused against the blurred and wavering sea, his hands closed so tightly that he could feel the bite of his nails against his flesh. . . .

He would be all right in a minute or so, but he was, he thought scornfully, behaving at this moment precisely like the emotional French, who weep and embrace in the streets: he was a man with no more dignity than those Americans who call noisily to acquaintances across dining-room floors. . . .

'Father! Father!' he said.

He hooked his umbrella over his forearm, raised his thin, delicately chiseled face, and closed his eyes. He pressed his hands against his face and willed not to remember. 'Father! Father!' he said. . . . And then a long time later: 'Father!' . . .

FROM THE GROUND UP

BY FRANCIS AND KATHARINE DRAKE

I

THREE representatives of New York dailies recently took part in a well-publicized race around the world, a circuit of some 25,000 miles, which proved, so far as actual flying was concerned, as uneventful as a bus ride from New York to Boston. Commercial airlines simply hauled them over land and sea in record time.

About the same time private endeavor was also active. An Englishwoman, New York bound from London, crashed in a swamp in Nova Scotia. Two Americans, a night-club singer and a professional pilot, attempting a New York to London round trip, wound up east-bound in a field in Wales; west-bound, they crashed in Newfoundland. A Swedish flier, out for a New York-Stockholm record, was extracted from the sea, alive and thankful, off the coast of Ireland. From the time of Lindbergh's famous flight to Paris until October of last year, an interval of nine years, only one private transatlantic flyer succeeded in landing at his or her announced destination in Europe. During the twenty-four days of the globe-girdling race, private flying in this country resulted in 48 accidents and 16 deaths, while commercial airlines in the United States, flying day and night in all weathers, covered 30,000,000 passenger miles without incident.

The consistent difference between private and transport flying is inescap-

able. Not only is this difference underlined by the growing support of transport services by the man in the street, the man in whom family ties and responsibilities have implanted a deep-rooted prejudice against risk; it is significant also in the policies of insurance companies. Flying, for instance, on a coast-to-coast trip via transport line, a passenger can insure himself for five thousand dollars at any ticket window, at a cost of two dollars. Insurance for corporation executives, flying on transport lines, costs fifty cents to one dollar per thousand per annum. On the other hand, insurance for an individual, flying privately, costs exactly ten times as much.

This might imply that transport lines have better ships, or better pilots, but that is not necessarily the case. There are, in the private flying game, many brilliant pilots, many first-class ships. Perhaps, when one has said 'game,' one has put one's finger on the point. Transport flying is not a game; it is a business. As such it is organized, systematized, disciplined. It survives by routine, not by glamour.

Its attitude bristles with skepticism. Its strength lies in its passion for detail, in its determination to pass nothing that has not been checked and cross-checked as many times as there are means available. Instead of doing any one thing brilliantly, making isolated flights memorable, it must do a thou-

sand little things, dull things, carefully and consistently. The system is essentially preventive; in the manner of the Chinese, it pays the doctor to keep it well, not to mend it when it is sick.

II

Suppose we take the oldest aerial highway in the country, United States Air Mail Route 1, followed, in turn, by covered wagons, pony express, overland stage, overland railroad, finally by giant liners of the sky, which in the past ten years have chronicled for the airway over 110,000,000 miles of flight.

Trip One, the brand-new, spanking coast-to-coaster, is just landing in Cheyenne, while the loud-speaker bel- lows: —

'Salt Lake, Yellowstone, Boulder Dam, Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and points West.'

The pilot, penciling in his Flight Log, has been listening to Trip One the way a symphony conductor listens to his orchestra, listens impersonally right through to the humblest part. Strings, wood winds, brasses . . . pistons, propellers, bearings. Across the clean white space headed *Remarks* the pilot scribbles 'None.'

Sixteen hundred miles in less than ten hours, and no Remarks. Trip One is feeling fine. She is young and healthy, and a master pilot, a man who happens to have more than 2,000,000 flying miles inside his belt, has just pronounced her perfect. Good enough?

The chief dispatcher walks up to the pilot.

'Trip One. Grounded for general overhaul. Change planes.'

Here we have the first hint of an inflexible system, which ordains that the responsibility for every trip shall lie, not, as in private flying, on the shoulders of one man, but with a coöperative unit, 95 per cent of which is on the

ground. Every pilot in his cockpit is inevitably propped up, strengthened, relieved by these invisible hands. Here are the figures: —

Pilots in the air at one time.	38
Ground force on duty at one time . . .	950

These figures do not include the government employees, men who keep aerial lighthouses, weather stations, radio beacons, emergency fields, inspection services, and so forth, or company men in ticket windows and business offices.

Every flight on U. S. A. M. 1, however short, is rehearsed beforehand. It is the subject of a specific conference between the two pilots and the chief dispatcher. From it derives a specific Flight Plan, prepared as carefully as that of any transatlantic flight — perhaps more expertly. It is prepared from weather data observed within the hour from every key point of the huge network, data assembled by the government and by the company. From information on the coast-to-coast teletype before them, from a connected diagram of ceilings, visibilities, conditions, from wind velocities measured and tabulated by small balloons, from a correlation of all these things, is determined the plan, and the height at which the flight shall take place.

Once the Flight Plan has been agreed on and the flight is under way, there is no deviation except in face of emergency, of sudden and eccentric weather change, and then only after another conference between pilot aloft and dispatcher below. Radio telephone communication is instantaneous; even the motion of lifting the receiver is eliminated, since earpieces are clamped to the head.

The chief dispatcher is not merely a ground man. At regular intervals, and preferably in the foulest weather, he flies over every mile of his division, refreshing his mind, perhaps, on how insidiously a northwest wind can sweep

around the mountains at Rock Springs or how the North Platte beacon sounds in an electrical storm. He knows how fast a chasm in the Medicine Bow range fills with clouds, like cotton poured into a basin; which is the safest course to follow when a snowstorm clamps down on Cheyenne. The system does not deal in theory. When the air calls to the ground, the ground replies in the same language. It has to, or the system would not work.

III

It is the system which arbitrarily prescribes a general overhaul for every transport ship every three hundred flying hours. Trip One may be in Spokane, Des Moines, or New York; when her number comes up she must fly back to the repair base in Cheyenne and take her medicine.

Now it is Trip One's turn — seven and a half tons of her, cost \$110,000. She is barely three months old, one of a brand-new fleet of day planes, club cars, and sleepers, with oversize bunks and private drawing-rooms. The fleet supplanted was strong and sturdy, still good for many million miles of useful flying after its three brief years of service. Good, but a little dated, like last year's car or last year's radio. Not good enough when there is something better to be had. These new types offer more economy, more comfort, and more speed.

Trip One comes to rest inside the operating room and instantly the gang is on her. Men come swarming from the surrounding buildings, from radio test rooms, motor-overhaul shops, instrument departments, welding shops, machine shops, maintenance rooms, accessory and stock rooms. Young men, old men, each must have a Department of Commerce license before the law allows him to lay a finger on Trip One. It took ten years to get this

team together, three hundred and fifty of them.

Steel scaffoldings the size of a young house are towed up to Trip One, clamped tight to the concrete floor as men pile up them. Propellers first, and then the engines. Overhead cranes grind into position, and the job of taking off the giant motors leaps ahead. Another boarding party is already swarming up the platform. They are the amputators, calling for the wings. Operating tables are all ready for them, hefty benches fit for the ninety-five-foot burden. Now a stern attack. The rudder goes down, also to a gang of scaffold workers. Hydraulic jacks push up the massive body, while another gang abducts the undercarriage. The instrument division has assailed the cockpit, working gently, swiftly. The big panel, with its forty-odd dials, its labyrinth of switch and lever, is actually a symbol of the specialization that sets transport methods apart from any other type of flying. It reveals the evolution of control from the vagaries of hunch, feel, human instinct, to the impersonal precision of science. The panel is full of twins; for duplication, whenever possible, is an insistence of the company. Carry a spare; there is safety in numbers.

'Two pilots, to begin with,' explains the Superintendent, 'because two heads are better than one. Two engines, although the ships can fly a maximum load on one. Two spark plugs in every cylinder, two altimeters, two compasses, two air-speed indicators; you can see the panel even has two clocks. Safer.'

Wings, propellers, motors, rudder, instruments, undercarriage — all Trip One's extremities by this time have been wheeled away, festooned with colored tags and cabalistic messages. The hull is left, but things are happening there as well. In the cabin, the seats have been removed, the racks, the

ash trays. So has the carpet; men are busy taking up the floor, exposing Trip One's entrails. It is no worse than taking up Times Square. Pipes, wires, air conditioners, steam-heating manifolds, CO₂ bottles, hydraulic lines, pumps, controls — this is the ambush of the great trunk nerve, the branches of which reach into every part of Trip One's body.

IV

Now for the motor room; the engines have been wheeled in on two traveling tables, great metal slabs with dozens of compartments. Ceremony Number 1 is: take apart and bathe well. Taking apart a 1100-horsepower engine is the sort of job that makes spots dance before the eyes. A dozen men are busy giving each individual bit a laundering in gasoline. Swab, scrub, sponge, rinse. Valves, cylinders, pistons, connecting rods, wrist pins, every last niggly cotter pin and roundhead comes out spotless and is taken back to its particular compartment in the traveling tables.

Next come inspections. First is the naked-eye inspection, for which each part is made to run the gauntlet between two lines of men; inspectors work under mammoth lights that throw no shadows. Now the red and green tags start to fly. Pass. Pass. Replace. Pass. Anything these men reject is scrapped; an order for a brand-new duplicate goes out to the stockroom. Compared with what is coming, this, however, is just minor-league stuff.

All the 'passes' land upon a bench that has, attached at eye level, a cluster of binoculars. Defects no naked eye can see begin to show up quickly underneath the powerful lenses. A scratch on this connecting rod; a tiny blur of wear along that wrist pin. Pass. Pass. Replace — a red tag and another order to the stockroom. The line of 'passes,' still in a brave majority, forms to the

right to undergo Test 3. This is the Magnaflux, the ultimate test.

'See this?' asks the Superintendent. He picks up a connecting rod, a pass. To make quite sure, he takes another look through the binoculars. Flawless. He clamps it into the Magnaflux machine and, switching on the current, magnetizes the whole rod. He dips it into a suspension of iron powder, wipes it clean, and brings it back to the binoculars.

'Here's an example,' says the Superintendent, quietly elated. On one side of the polished surface is a Something. It cannot definitely be called a crack, because the thing is finer than a hairline. It shows up only because, when magnetized, each cliff of the invisible crack assumes a different polarity, locking the iron in a magnetic field. The clinging iron makes the flaw perceptible. Imperfect. Replace. The system is one up.

They have taken Trip One's pumps apart, checked them, cleaned them, and now they are running a twenty-four-hour test with more than maximum load. The way they are chugging on monotonously, Trip One is practically in India. . . . A row of slim blue flames, below a battery of dials, reveals the test block for the spark plugs, where sparks are being taped and measured for intensity. Magnetos, lubricating pumps, carburetors, generators, supercharger blowers, all the remaining engine parts are undergoing similarly intimate attention.

At last the tide begins to turn. Gradually each integral part, checked and cross-checked, flows back for reassembly. Suspicious to the last, the system now proceeds to check up on the checkers. The engines are promoted to a mount, an odd contraption slung between four hawsers, tight as bars. The point of slinging is to let the mount vibrate a little in excess of normal wing vibration. This is the prelude to the

day-and-night test, through which the engines now begin to thunder, deafeningly, uninterruptedly, watched by a crew whose own idea of heaven is to catch the engine overhaul department off base.

V

No pilot in the world can fly through zero weather without instruments, because, unless he sees the sky or ground, he has no way of knowing whether he is upside down or in a spin or falling. His senses tell him that something has gone wrong, but they cannot tell him what it is. Flying through zero weather sends him to his instruments, or, if he has none, to his doom.

Instrument flying is a subtle art. It demands constant practice if it is to stand its exponent in good stead. The problems that confront a pilot in this kind of weather are both instant and persistent: (a) Is he in perfect practice? (b) Are his instruments in perfect order? He is wise to stay below unless his answer in both cases is affirmative. U. S. A. M. 1 rules out both uncertainties. Instrument flying is a part of its routine, which does not permit its pilots to get out of practice. Regularly they must take off, fly cross-country, execute complicated manoeuvres, find their way home and land, all under a hooded cockpit. This practice is as compulsory for pilots of the Line as is their monthly medical examination.

Since transport pilots trust their dials before their instincts, it follows that instrument accuracy is of paramount importance; and responsibility weighs heavily on the men whose job it is to keep these instruments infallible. They work unhurriedly. Here is a man preoccupied with a small towel and a pair of tweezers. The reason for his absorption is a steel ball no bigger than a piece of buckshot, which he has just placed on a watch glass. It is part of a directional gyro, so sensitive that he

must even make allowance for expansion caused by the electric light bulb two feet off. He wipes his hands continuously so that no particle of moisture may wander from his forceps to the ball before he grades it. His job is making sure that next time Trip One takes the air, flying, say, Course 270°, the course is going to be just that, not 269° or 271°. A mere degree of difference, important perhaps once in a thousand trips. Important enough.

This tall board with the glass tubes is checking the twin barographs, the height recorders, on which most frequently the pilot's eyes are fixed. Error here might be far-reaching; it might, for instance, negative the work of an entirely different department of the system, the one in which the winds aloft are surveyed and recorded, to determine the most advantageous course of flight.

Compensate, test, calibrate. A dozen experts are busy on other instruments — on climb indicators, turn-and-bank recorders, revolution indicators, gyro and magnetic compasses, hydraulic pressure indicators, air-speed indicators. Everything, down to the humble clocks, is being cleaned and checked.

VI

The wings are still upon their trestles, split into sections, with their plates off and their insides showing. Trip One did not feel the pebbles kicked up landing in Toledo last week, but they left a small memento, a slight dent, and that means a new plate. Here are half a dozen rivets that the chief inspector does not like the look of. Replace.

The wide-vaulted metal spars that honeycomb the inside of a wing are being examined for corrosion. They must be strong enough to stand at least five times the maximum load of twelve tons which the government al-

lows — in short, *carte blanche* to the kind of tempests that were never seen o'er land or sea or in Hollywood. The load is checked before each flight, attested by a triple signature. A private airplane may or may not carry overload. There is no one to stop the pilot if he wants to take that risk.

These flaps, now getting their 'okay' tags, are the newest contribution to safe landing. Landings and take-offs hold far more opportunities for hazard than any other period of normal flight. The greater the landing speed, the greater the hazard. Thanks to their speed-curling flaps, these huge air liners come down more deliberately and thus more safely than many a two-place cabin job. The flaps hinge on the trailing edges of the wings, and, when Trip One is coming in to land, hydraulic pressure pulls them down exactly as a bird pulls down its feathers to check speed.

The two thick rubber strips these men are servicing, de-icing boots, present Trip One with still another unit in the sum of safety. Their place is on the leading edges of the wings; pumps, switched on from the cockpit, make them pulsate just enough to prevent ice from forming. The weight of the ice is unimportant, but it alters the curvature of the wings and so brings down the plane. Similarly for winter protection is this band of armor around the fuselage; it acts as buffer against any ice thrown off from the propellers.

In the radio test room, Trip One's three wireless outfits have been disemboweled. Earphones, tubes, antennæ, wires, dials, disks. Here is the device which transmits to the cockpit the Department of Commerce weather reports. Here is the one communicating with the chief dispatcher. This knob taps the radio range beacons, makes contact with those wonder-working lighthouses of the sky. Pass. Replace. Pass. Pass.

Next door is the landing-gear department, where undercarriage men get hairy-chested changing the enormous tires. Trip One has got an order for new shoes. Metal bracings and hydraulic rams are being passed. The undercarriage must push down or be retracted in exactly thirty-five seconds. Variation might indicate a leak in the hydraulic setup. Not that the system fails to protect itself in other ways against such an emergency. If the hydraulic equipment should jam by some chance, the gear can be brought down by hand. And if — a thousandth chance — *that* fails, Trip One's retracted tires protrude just far enough for her to land in safety with her undercarriage up.

The stockroom, where the tires come from, is larger than a good-sized store. Here is the source of all replacements for the repair shops, from complete engines down to minute rivets. Propellers, wing plates, undercarriages, rudders — from this stock alone a brand-new fleet could be constructed. Things one is less prepared for are here by the carload. Cartons of baking soda (used for battery cleaning), whiskbrooms, fly swatters, spray guns, sponges, rubber mats, paper cups, soap (plain for the men's washroom, scented for the ladies'), paper towel dispensers, serving trays, thermos bottles, ash trays, electric light bulbs by the thousand, pillow slips, blankets, sheets, mirrors, hat clips, magazine covers. Nothing is too unimportant to be kept on hand. Even art needlework is playing its part. Behind the stockroom, a crew of seamstresses is overhauling Trip One's cabin decorations, re-covering this chair, re-hemming that curtain, patching the spot where someone ground a cigarette out on the carpet.

Trip One is practically whole again. The scaffoldings have come away, the metal hull gleams from the blasting ministrations of the cleaning jenny.

Propellers, acid-etched, are bolted fast, the tanks are back inside the wings after a two-day sweat under high-pressure steam. Men have just finished covering up the soundproofing replacements in the cabin, testing telephone connections from the cockpit to the stewardess. A hundred details of reassembly are completed with the decisive assurance of routine.

A day ahead of schedule, on the sixth day, Trip One is prepared to face the cold eye of the Superintendent. Trailing electric cables, he leads off at the nose and inches aft methodically, on his feet, on his knees, on his back, poking and prying, covering in several hours the sixty-five-foot journey to the tail. He is from Missouri and he believes nothing he has not seen. His approval is withheld until late afternoon, when Trip One comes in from her test flight.

She rolls back to her parking space inside the traffic hangar, ready for duty on the morrow. It is not necessary to certify her with a final okay tag. The Superintendent's nod has countersigned the affidavits of three hundred and fifty men.

VII

The United States is the only one of the great nations where progress in aviation has come about, not at the behest of war offices, but through the medium of peace. In Europe, air ministries, circled by crouching tigers, keep designers strictly to business — military business. Air forces set the pace with emphasis on bomb capacities, fields of fire, and high speeds. Perhaps that is why so many of Trip

One's sisters are exported to countries that might reasonably be expected to build good commercial airplanes of their own, and why the winner of the journalistic race flew round the world in American ships, except for one link in a Zeppelin. Perhaps that is also why the United States is so far ahead of foreign air transport that there is not even a comparison.

Aviation in this country has moved forward steadily during the past ten years at the direct impulse of our air lines. For the advances in safety, in design, in operation, their insistence has been responsible. They have brought out the all-metal ships, the variable-pitch propellers, the slow-landing flaps, the high-power radial engines, the de-icing boots, the automatic horizon, the robot pilot, instrument flying, the elaborate ground control, and the thousand and one invaluable little contributions to organized flying. The government has coöperated with them handsomely, but its hands have been outstretched from the Departments of Commerce, of Agriculture, from the Post Office, the N.A.C.A. — rather than from the war bureaus. Anyone doubting the complete divorce between military and commercial flying in this country has only to pause and consider the tragic fiasco which resulted from the Army's attempt to fly the mail in 1933.

The American public may well be proud of its great airways, which hold all records for airplane transport, — unheadlined records, — and prouder still of their abundant demonstration that the gift of flight can find a worthier application than a perversion into schemes for mass destruction.

THE SOONGS OF CHINA

BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

CHARLES JONES SOONG took ship at Boston on a United States revenue cutter, the *Colfax*, as a cabin boy. How he came to Boston I do not know, and no one else seems to have a record of the procedure. But this is known of him beyond doubt: he became a Southern Methodist and was baptized in the Fifth Street Church in Wilmington, North Carolina, and at baptism he took the name of his sponsor, Charles Jones.

It is also known beyond doubt that he peddled hammocks in the Southern states, that General Julian S. Carr of 'Bull Durham' fame saw to his education at Trinity College, which is now Duke University, and he was graduated from Vanderbilt University. So far as anyone knows, Charles Jones Soong's family originated in the distant and not altogether integrated island of Hainan, but from the United States he went to China as a Christian missionary, to spread the Gospel and to teach English. He helped found the Y. M. C. A. in China. He became a printer. He published Bibles. He built a church. He was an upright and God-fearing man. Eventually he became a revolutionist, serving Sun Yat-sen as secretary and treasurer.

Charles Soong, as he was known, married a Miss Ni, one of three sisters, as I recall, who were also pillars of the Southern Methodist Church in Shanghai. I never knew Charles Soong, but it has been my honor to know Mrs.

Soong. She was a strong, effective woman of unusual charm and perspicacity. As long as she lived, she dominated the lives of her children. She saw to it that each child was adequately educated. And that was no simple task, for the Soongs were not wealthy.

There were three sons and three daughters. And the daughters are perhaps more of a story than the sons. Two of the daughters, Ai-ling and Ching-ling, were educated in Macon, Georgia, under the care of Bishop Ainsworth; Mei-ling, the youngest daughter, went to Wellesley. T. V. Soong and the youngest brother, T. A., were sent to Harvard; T. L. studied at his father's school, Vanderbilt. The Southern Methodist Church played an important rôle in their education.

Psychologically, all the Soongs are Americans. Any one of them is at home in the United States. I remember when T. V. and Mei-ling and T. A. returned to China from the United States. The adjustment to their Chinese environment was obviously difficult, particularly for T. V., who was impatient for the welfare of his country. In our early years in China, at the beginning of the twenties, he and I and the lady who was to become my first wife played about a good deal, and I remember that we arranged the first dance at which Chinese and foreigners danced with each other — and it was a deed to be talked about! Mrs. Soong,

the mother, disapproved of dancing, as she disapproved of all the vices enumerated by Southern Methodist preachers. Hers was a Spartan code, and the children were expected to live by it.

The Soongs are a family of brilliant minds, but the most brilliant of all is the eldest sister, Ai-ling, now the wife of Dr. H. H. Kung, currently Minister of Finance of the Nanking Government. Her husband is a Christian, but traces his descent from Confucius. They met in Japan when she was secretary to Dr. Sun and he secretary of a Chinese Y. M. C. A. He is gentle, studious, humorous, friendly; she is dominating, aggressive, intellectual.

The Kungs are not only powerful; they are rich. Dr. Kung's family in Shansi are bankers and chain-drug-store operators. They owned chain stores in North China, Mongolia, and Canton before Woolworth and Walgreen bore surnames — centuries before. But I have always suspected that the present Kung wealth is not so much a product of the chain drug stores as of the shrewd and careful manipulations of Dr. Kung. He is the sort of man who makes money easily and never lets it disturb him. He eats and drinks well, is a wonderful host, and altogether good company.

His wife knows more about the intricacies of Chinese politics than any man in that country. Such women as Madame Kung do not need equal suffrage: thousands vote as they dictate. She smooths the way and a man succeeds. She erects a hurdle and he trips. Awake to every current of public opinion, capable of knowing a man better than he knows himself, she builds surely. To her must go the leadership of this clan.

Ching-ling Soong, who became the wife of Sun Yat-sen, is altogether different. Self-sacrificing, she married a man much older than herself under

difficult circumstances, for he already had a wife and Ching-ling was a Christian. She was young and offered herself to him as to a cause, and she bore the hardships and dangers of a revolutionary existence. Very gentle and soft-spoken, yet ardent — she reminds one of a Southern lady who struggled through our own Civil War and yet never lost the softness of her dialect. Everyone who knows Madame Sun loves and respects her.

After the death of her famous husband, his revolutionary party was at last in power, and all of China was hers for the asking. Dr. Sun was deified, and she had been closest to him. Yet she chose exile in Soviet Russia and Germany because she felt that Chiang Kai-shek and her own family had betrayed the revolution. And when she returned to China she was embittered and spoke publicly against her relations. Yet no one dared raise a finger against her — for she is the most beloved woman in China.

T. V. Soong, eldest of the sons, who was then very powerful, sent his younger brother to Harbin to meet her and ask her, for the sake of the family, to hold her peace. It was said at the time that she replied, 'The Soong family was made for China, not China for the Soong family.'

T. V. Soong is a curiously complex personality. Brilliant, hard-working, single in his ambitions, he might have been one of the great men of this earth. He could do a man's work from sunrise to sunset, eat a hearty dinner, and then study Chinese classics with an old-fashioned teacher in the secrecy of his office for several hours. Rising with the revolution, he became Minister of Finance without adequate equipment or experience for such a position — and yet, almost overnight, he had earned the reputation of a sound and competent financier.

Before he went into politics, T. V. Soong tried business and banking and failed at both. Nevertheless, as Minister of Finance of the Nanking Government, he organized his work so that business men and bankers, Chinese and foreigners, admired him. He built about himself an organization of young and loyal men who served him and China well. It was an organization of enthusiasts for the new day in China, and they looked upon Soong as the embodiment of the new era.

Soong's major weakness has undoubtedly been his jealousy of his brother-in-law, Chiang Kai-shek. Both rose from obscurity together. Both are by-products of the revolution. Both supported each other firmly, but T. V. Soong became envious of Chiang Kai-shek's dominance, while Chiang Kai-shek distrusted T. V. Soong's loyalty. Standing between the two, Madame Kung supported Chiang against her brother. Whereas most Chinese used to speak of the 'Soong Dynasty' and of T. V. and Chiang in the same breath, actually there was no point of real union between them.

When Chiang Kai-shek wanted to marry Mei-ling, T. V. Soong went away to Japan to avoid his responsibilities as the eldest son of a fatherless family. It was Madame Kung who took on that job. Often, in conversations with me, Soong was sharply critical of Chiang's policies and methods, and yet at that very moment he was ardently raising money for Chiang's armies.

The fact of the matter was that Soong hoped for an end to military dictatorship and for civilian government. Such a government would place him in control. So long as the armies dominated China, Chiang must be supreme. It is utterly absurd to suggest that Chiang and T. V. split on the Japanese policy of the Nanking Government. T. V. was at one moment as close to the Japanese as Chiang ever

was, and one of the last jobs I did for him was in connection with Baron Shidehara and certain Japanese financiers. It was not Japan that split these two men; it was jealousy.

T. V. Soong might never have left the Nanking Government, in spite of this jealousy of Chiang Kai-shek, had it not been for the baneful influence of Dr. Rajchman of the League of Nations. To all of us who were with him much, T. V. Soong was always T. V. He was genial, friendly, and big-hearted, and though there was in him a streak of ruthlessness, he was a good friend. Dr. Rajchman and the other League of Nations advisers truckled to him in a manner that no Chinese or foreigner who knew him believed that he would tolerate. 'Your Excellency!' 'Monsieur le Ministre!' — T. V. suddenly found himself liking it. His secretary tipped us off that he was no longer to be called 'T. V.,' but Dr. Soong. We were too sorry to be amused.

T. V. Soong had always depended upon his own resources. The League of Nations party exaggerated what they could do for China. If one could believe them, China's problems could be solved by the League Secretariat. Well, Soong believed too much of that tale, and because of it came a cropper. In the Manchurian matter he took a perfectly mad stand — mad because it ran counter to China's best interest and to the policies of his chief, Chiang Kai-shek. He then came to this country and went on to Europe, where he received row on row of decorations; but he spoke ill of Chiang, and, when the news got back to Nanking, T. V. ceased to be Minister of Finance. The decorations were not worth the job.

T. V. Soong would be an important figure in any country. He is in his early forties and has prospects of serving China again, and he will do it well. He will do any job well. He exercised too much power too competently at too

early an age; a sobering defeat has probably done him a great service. To me, knowing with intimacy his every fault, he remains the most attractive personality in China.

Mei-ling married Chiang Kai-shek because she wanted to. Beautiful, vivacious, possessed strongly of the characteristic Soong dominance, she could have had any man. Chiang appealed to her because he is a heroic figure. Even in his early days, when his career was uncertain, Chiang bore the mark of heroism. After all, in spite of everything that Sun Yat-sen accomplished, his revolution and his party were failures until Chiang Kai-shek took over control. He was the first revolutionist in China who could make the revolution stick. I think Mei-ling understood that earlier than anyone, except possibly Madame Kung, who always picked Chiang Kai-shek for a winner. There was plenty of opposition to their romance, for Chiang also had a wife or two in the offing. But Mei-ling went through with it. And a good thing it has been for China, for together they produce an unbeatable team.

In China most great men are ruined by their secretaries, who intrigue, scheme, and sell out their principals. From this peril Chiang has been freed by his wife. She is his ears and eyes. The entire world of the English language is open to her, so that no expert can cover deficiencies by the brilliance of a Chinese essay. And Mei-ling, like Madame Kung and T. V., is an indefatigable worker. Possessed of great personal bravery, she has generally been at her husband's side in every crisis. Women are not like that too often in China, or anywhere else.

Although many think of Chiang Kai-shek as a ruthless soldier who murders innocent Communists and bandits and yet does not fight Japan, he is altogether different in his private

life. Mild of manner, smiling often, taciturn, yet saying quickly what he has to say, he is a bit of a philosopher and a moralist, but above all a patriot. He waits long to make a decision, but once it is made he moves swiftly and ruthlessly in its execution. Before his enemies can imagine what he plans to do, he has usually finished the job. He avoids the trivia of Oriental intrigue and hits hard at vitals. Chiang Kai-shek serves China.

Anyone who has not the responsibility for the act can tell China to fight Japan. But Chiang Kai-shek, who knows what that would mean, has adopted the 'policy of the willow.' He bows, but does not break. It is this policy that has saved China from the fate of Ethiopia. And those who believe that Japan could not have done in 1931 as complete a job as Mussolini did in Africa little understand the problems that Chiang Kai-shek faced and handled admirably. He understood that if China became a battlefield for the powers 'to save China' it would mean that in the end China would pay all the bills — or there would be no China.

He has risked unpopularity, but adhered to a policy. That is Chiang Kai-shek. He gives the impression of being an opportunist and a careerist. Actually, he is a man who follows guiding principles. That is perhaps why his new army is built upon moral principles incorporated in his 'New Life Movement,' a combination of the morals of Christianity with the ethics of Confucius.

Here in tabloid is the Soong family as I have known it all these years. They are big people, these Soongs. Family intrigues, jealousies, disputes — all of these they have, and at times the situation is very tense. But, in the large, they have done a brave and manly job for China, and there is no one to take their places.

MERIDIAN

BY DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

Noon stands overhead, and from frontier to frontier the whistles salute it. So the cock is supposed to blow his horn for midnight. But I know of no other animal than man who makes anything of noon or does it homage. We blast the zenith¹ air; suddenly, in the cities, the offices empty, and out of them the noon-flies swarm. White faces by the indistinguishable thousand show themselves to the sun's yellow face.

Looking down upon the human nest, a naturalist on Venus might suppose that its members responded simultaneously to the immense phototropism of high noon — the pull of light. Actually instinct is at work here — the search for that elusive restaurant where one may fare better for a few cents less. The bright-winged ones skim the streets looking for it, the girls clothed in all their salaries, eager with their inexhaustible appetite for light sweet food and light sweet living. The men and boys go hunting for it, driven by a hunger that is nerve hunger; nothing they eat will go to muscle.

And there are other cravings; the public libraries at noon fill up. When I was a young twelve-dollar-a-week noon-fly, and no bought cooking could tempt me, I used sometimes to devour a book instead. I remember the beautiful girl, of the Galician Jewish type, who came there every noon and wrestled with the staggering city directory. Most people, if they cannot find a name in the telephone directory, give up their man as lost. Only the lost themselves some-

times learn that every adult among seven millions is listed in the enormous volumes, his name and residence and occupation, if any. The history of all our ephemerid lives is there, and, if you go from volume to volume, you may, if you are sufficiently patient, trace the nomadism of each family, from one of our island waddies to the next, the gradual dispersal of its children, the deceases of the patriarchs, the giving in marriage of the daughters. For whom was this Ruth searching? Father, brother, lover—I never learned, and she never found him, not at least in my city noons.

One o'clock is the executive's hour. There are rich menus in it, and there is leisure. Noon belongs to the people, and the food is such as they can pay for and consume in half an hour. Your noon-fly, presumably, is not of enough importance to need time for more than the endless fight against starvation.

But I wanted to mark the meridian with prayer in some form. I used to see people slipping into the cathedral, and out of envy I followed them. But there was nothing inside except a rose-water twilight. I knelt, — I have no hesitancy about kneeling anywhere; it is one of the body's natural attitudes, the way to embrace a standing child or to drink from a spring, — but no prayers came.

For a year I had been hiding books on ornithology and plants in my office desk. When spring came I threw up my princely job, at a time when a mil-

lion returned soldiers were hunting for jobs, and went South. The heaviest part of my baggage was my books, and a hand lens and a pair of field glasses with a scratch in the left eyepiece.

As I remember those Blue Ridge weeks they seem to me now to have been all noon. I remember that hour for its sheer sumptuousness, its excess of something good. The setting out and the coming back have faded from my memory. Only the noons are vivid because in them I was, myself, inactive. What I collected then that was green and growing was my thoughts.

The best place for noons is on a high rock, and the best attitude for them is the posture that lichens assume. On your back, with your hand flung on your brow, you are in an attitude of prayer. On your lips you take the communion of vertical light; it stains, as all wines do. So my hand became brown, and I learned a little and did a world of listening and seeing.

There was a valley bell, a very large and old one, that rang news of dinner — golden chicken, and spoon bread, and buttermilk from the springhouse, and soft hill water in the thick tumblers with the horseshoe mark pressed in their bottoms. The noon train, on the other side of the mountain, whistled salute to the zenith hour, and from the farm between the brooks came up the sound of cocks blowing.

That was the hour when bushes tucked shade beneath them, like skirts, and nothing escaped the good tyranny of light. You would have had to be a raccoon with a hollow tree at your command, or a beetle under a rock, to find total shadow at that hour. It was, indeed, the hour of the lizards, who shared the rock with me, of the golden wasp who shared the sweets of my luncheon, fanning the mica dust with the propeller breeze of its wings as it hovered, treading air. It was the hour, too, of the buzzard, who shared space

and height with me, performing that feat of birds, a sudden upshooting ascent without a wing-stroke. There is no secret in it, of course; they ride to heaven on the strength of the upward column of air from the sun-baked valley floor. First grow your cambering wings, and you may do the same.

Country noons are prodigal of time and economical of shadow. They invite to the sort of contemplating that is done with the head between the knees, with a good view of a single ant, and in the hearing of a brook.

Contemplation is an art not suddenly to be begun. It takes more time to arrive at it than it does to perform it like a prayer. I am not propounding a literary whimsy; I am talking about the way, it seems to me, that a man may look into himself by staring into the crystal of the world. This is the only safe introspection; the examining of the conscience by night has a great deal too much of the torchlit dungeon and the rack in it. It makes fanatics, and fanatics make life intolerable. Night is a season for music, for love play, for feasting, drinking, dancing, for that blent life of the senses and imagination. These are the ingredients of romance. And night is to lie with. There is no true light in it by which to judge life's colors.

I dare the cynic to try his thoughts out in the noon light that is without shadow. How hard then it is to lock your door, to make a wax image of your fellow man and stick pins in it or burn it! Such stuff is night work. Under noon it is more likely you who will melt, upon your rock, while in the clearing, in the valley below you, man swings his axe — a sun-twinkle and a padded blow — and man's wife, with the sun on her smooth hair and bare arms, walks out to bring him something: a meal in a pail, a kiss, a bit of news about a sick child or a child coming.

THE BREAKAWAY

BY HENRY G. LAMOND

WE have been mustering ewes and lambs for marking, slogging through the long day and five-mile paddock, and now we have a mob near the yards. This lot comprises about two thousand ewes, with possibly fifteen hundred lambs at foot. The little fellows are anything from a fortnight to eight weeks old, tired after the long drive, jaded, and yet with their capacity for devilry fully developed if latent within them. This is the first of two mobs to be yarded, and the other, of about equal numbers, is well away over the ridge until this first lot is safely behind the gates.

First, all dogs must be sent to the camp. There never was a dog that was any use when yarding lambs — particularly tired lambs. The dog has earned his salt and a bit to boot when mustering. He can yard grown sheep, taking the places of several men in the excellence of his work; but he cannot handle lambs at the yard. They have not yet been educated up to the dog.

Next, all whips must be coiled and sudden shouts checked. The art of yarding lambs successfully is to keep them distributed among the older sheep. A whipcrack, a sudden shout, have no effect on those staid old ewes. Those noises, though, cause the nervous little bundles beside them to jump, to run a few strides, bewilder them and make them draw together by the fear which drives them from their mothers.

Handle them as we will, it is next to

impossible to keep lambs evenly distributed through a mob when they are tired, when they are pressed, or when they have been driven some miles. Some little thing which would not make a sophisticated old sheep roll its eyes will cause the ignorant little fellows to run in fear. Anything at all may happen, and by the association of common tastes the younger sheep draw together. And that, when the lambs begin to congregate on the edges of the flock, is the time when they have to be handled with care.

We draw near the wings of the yard, working these bundles of dynamite encased in wool as charily as a juggler handles his glass balls thrown in the air. And even that effect, good though it is, works against us! The ewes, stolid old things that they are, slacken their pace when the strenuous driving eases a shade; the lambs, excited from their long drive, and infected with a new and nervous fear as the yard draws close, gradually work away from the restraining influence of the old mothers and gather in waves about the edges of the mob.

We could use calico — and many stations do employ it when yarding ewes and lambs. This is in strips fifty to sixty yards long, about three feet wide, and when run round a mob of sheep, with men holding it at intervals, it virtually forms a yard from which they can be forced through any gate. In all honesty, calico should be univer-

sally used. Many stockmen, though, and among them I number myself, prefer the ticklish art of showing their skill by yarding the ewes and lambs without any extraneous aid.

The head of the flock is entering the wing which leads to the gate. Lambs are moving in wavelets and sudden spurts of energy as they swing round the edges of the mob. A heavy pall of dust hangs above the body of sheep, and, as they enter within the wings, treading that oft-torn ground, greater volumes of it rise in stifling quantities and almost blind what those hidden in the dust are doing.

Keep out, there! Keep out wide. Keep out — right out — twenty to thirty yards wide of the sheep. Oh, keep out!

A stream of lambs has swung round the flank of the mob, breaking along the main body of it even as a wave runs along a sandy beach and breaks softly there. Those little jokers are excited, bucking in the air as they gallop, with tails flogging, and with their eyes starting in fear. The only way to keep them with the mob is to keep wide — thirty to forty yards out from the mob. If a man stands close in, that growing ring of lambs will break, shoot out from the older sheep, and strike away at a racing gallop. But men sitting their horses out wide serve as an encouragement for the little things to stay with their mothers, to mix with them, and to grow quiet.

Though that mob is touchy, it is necessary to yard them, to force them into the wings by moral suasion if not by force, and to make way for the second mob which might be coming at any time. The second lot will be easy to yard, with the ewes and lambs of the first lot inside calling to them and coaxing them. It is this first lot which is the ticklish proposition.

There are no rules by which a man can be guided, other than the general

ones to keep wide and quiet. The man in charge has to feel what his sheep are doing, govern by intuition, know what they are going to do and check it before the sheep themselves have an inkling of what their next move is to be.

One little group of about a dozen lambs starts running from one side of the mob. As they race down the flank, other lambs join them, being drawn by an affinity of ideas, perhaps; thoughtless little creatures that they are, spurred by fear and driven by panic, the mere fact of seeing others of their kind in action is enough to induce them to do the same.

That group which started with about a dozen is growing to a hundred. Summoned telepathically, so it would seem, lambs are threading through the flock in their eagerness to join that rushing stream, and by the time it has run halfway round the mob practically half the lambs in the flock are drawing together and joining it.

Keep out, there! As those panting, bounding, tail-flogging, jumping, madly racing lambs swing round the tail of the mob they see a man sitting his horse directly in front of them. He is fifty yards distant and thirty yards out from the sheep nearest him. Strictly speaking, he may be in a sound position. But as those lambs swing they get a glimpse of the man ahead of them. They never hesitate: they shoot out from the parent mob, striking away at right angles, and that fizzing stream seems to drain the flock of all lambs as it races blindly, erratically, to an unknown destination.

There they are — five hundred senseless little creatures, leaping as they run, with their tails flogging them as they bound. They want nothing but to race and race until exhaustion stops them and they have left behind and out of sight the horror of the yard into which they were being driven.

That is a breakaway of lambs.

It is no use whatever trying to check those little idiots in their mad race — lambs but eight weeks old and without a single sheep among them to exercise a restraining influence. The only way to recover them is first to let them have their fling, then, when a sense of their foolishness percolates through their dull minds, to show them the error of their ways.

A couple of men cut off two to three hundred of the old ewes in the mob. They hustle them along at a gait which is unseemly for their age — hustle them along the track which the flying lambs have taken. There is no idea of overtaking the lambs, though the old 'uns show a surprising pace when chasing their young. Those older sheep follow to be on hand when they are wanted. Bleating, puffing, waddling in their stride, with their old flanks flapping, their eyes follow the track of their babies.

The best man in the camp — the boss, usually — is handling those breakaway lambs. That handling is, for the time being, a negative process. He races wide of them, level with the leaders, and strives to check any ambitions they may have to go in other than a straight line. He knows it is worth less than nothing to try to turn them, to wheel them, or to stop them; his only chance, and he knows it, is to wait till they have had their fling — though, with a bit of luck, he might induce them to stop sooner than they otherwise would, or, if the gods should smile for once, he might even coax them to swing gradually and continue their gallop in the direction from which they have come.

Usually the man has to wait until the lambs have raced half a mile or more, until they begin to stagger in their weariness, and until the leaders check for a second or two and perhaps wonder what might come next. Then, if the man knows his work, it is time for him

to appear suddenly in front of them, a hundred yards or more distant, sitting immobile on his horse immediately in the middle of the track those fleeing sheep would take.

That check, when the lambs are tired, usually suffices. The little fellows summon up what specks of reason are left to them and stand gaping at the man in front of them. Some nervous little jokers may jump and start erratic rushes in which the others refuse to take part. Without the support of numbers those incipient breakaways die ere they are properly born, and gradually the bleating of the anxious ewes following on the tracks of the breakaway is brought to the lambs.

That is the moment! Some little madcaps, gaining courage from the nearness of their mothers, seem inclined to continue their aimless race till they drop in their tracks. Others seem inclined to turn and run back to the comforting presence of the mother's body. That, while the mob is undecided, is the time for the man to act. With a rush, a yell, a crack of the whip, and a gallop, he charges the hesitant lambs. He makes up their minds for them. He shows them it is advantageous to flee from the horror of the man ahead of them, back to their mothers, rather than to face the terrors of the unknown in front of them.

Once they are joined with the ewes, the breakaway is ended. The lambs are pumped, subdued; and, provided they are kept on the run and distributed through the flock, they have neither the time nor the energy to draw together again and start another break. The bleating of the sheep at the yards is carried to them, urging them to return to their mothers, and, back at the wings, they enter docilely and follow the other sheep that have drawn through the gates into the yard while the breakaways have been scampering about the bush.

SAVE AMERICA FIRST

BY ARTHUR P. CHEW

I

Not far from Monticello, Georgia, in the Piedmont section, is a deserted plantation, one of many similar relics of the days when this area contained a thriving agriculture. Approaching the plantation by a back road, you come upon a dilapidated manor house. Though the roof has fallen in, the architecture is impressive, and it is easy to imagine the place humming with life. Why was it abandoned?

The reason can be discerned in the profile of a knoll, still covered with virgin timber, which once served as the family burial ground. That is why the trees are still there. Part of the knoll has been cut away for a state road; and on the other side of the road is the farm land, or what used to be the farm land. On the knoll side of the road the soil formation has not been disturbed. You see two feet of dark brown topsoil, then a reddish subsoil, and then a heavy red clay, the so-called third horizon. Across the road, where the land has been disturbed, soil and subsoil have disappeared. The Negro who tills it can raise nothing worth his trouble. Even after heavy applications of fertilizer, his cotton is short, weathered, and dry.

From the height of the knoll on the burial-ground side of the road, where the original trees hold the original soil, you judge that about eight feet has washed away on the unprotected side. About a quarter of a mile off, you see

where much of it has gone. There is a gully, big enough to bury a dozen freight trains. Near by are other chasms similarly large and voracious. Soil erosion has produced an almost lunar desolation. About half the county has been likewise ruined.

As yet the damage done by erosion in the United States, though great, is not catastrophic; but give us time. It took centuries for unrestrained individualism to strip the soil from Northern China and for the breakdown of social controls to make a desert out of the Middle East. In the United States we have been mutilating the soil for only a few decades; but we are using large-scale, typically American methods. Already we have allowed erosion by water to destroy more than 44,000,000 acres outside the arid region. From 88,000,000 acres more, water erosion has stripped practically all the topsoil. It has taken from one fourth to three fourths of the topsoil from an additional 175,000,000 acres. Wind erosion has practically ruined more than 4,000,000 acres, and seriously damaged 56,000,000 acres. Serious erosion is developing on an additional 167,000,000 acres.

When the destruction began in the Piedmont, the United States was still pioneering. The rule was, 'Exploit and move on.' With the country barely scratched, a little soil washing here and there seemed of no consequence. The plantation mentioned is typical of the

surrounding area, which was hurried into cultivation during the great cotton boom of the 1830's and 1840's. Its rich forest soil, with just the right proportion of clay, was cleared within ten years, except around the homes and in the burial grounds; and for many years it raised cotton profitably. But erosion levied toll, and finally came the boll weevil. The double handicap finished matters. Between 1920 and 1925, Jasper County, Georgia, lost half its population; more than half the cultivated area passed out of cultivation. In an adjoining county (Putnam) the annual production of cotton dropped as low as 274 bales; it had previously been as high as 2400 bales. This area had been a seat of culture, and had produced bishops, judges, senators, and literary men (among them Joel Chandler Harris). Harris's former place is now part of a government rehabilitation project. It is difficult to apportion blame. Few farmers knew that slope cultivation was dangerous, and the government did not tell them.

II

Soil conservation is a social problem; it is vain to wait upon individual action for a cure. Temporarily, indeed, individuals may profit by letting the destruction continue. Individuals often have small incentive to check erosion, because the benefits can seldom be monopolized. In the early stages the individual farmer may do something; but erosion is so insidious that after a time the cost of controlling it may be too much for the landowner. But the government has a responsibility, for the soil is the most irreplaceable asset of the people as a whole. Moreover, the government's responsibility is unique and in the final resort not to be shared, not to be devolved upon private individuals, and not to be repudiated. Failure to recognize this principle, if

not the only cause of soil denudation, is always its accompaniment. We can distinguish the consequences not only in their incipient form in the United States but in their developed form in the Orient and in the ancient world. Civilizations have fallen because they did not recognize, or became unable to fulfill, their responsibility for the protection of the soil.

In parts of the Tennessee Valley and in parts of the Ozarks, farmers are still clearing very steep slopes — which they reckon on having to abandon in from five to ten years. They realize that they cannot retain the soil for long; but they do not realize what damage they inflict on the lands below. In the pioneer epoch, when farmers were occupying the public domain, the government did not ask them to protect it from erosion, because it did not itself appreciate the necessity. No one foresaw that the good free or cheap land would soon be gone, that population pressure would force the cultivation of the hillsides, and that in consequence erosion would become a serious menace. Both law and custom permitted men to use property as they wished; to use and to abuse it; and indeed even to use and to abuse the public property. There was no adequate control of lumbering or grazing. Few saw that, in land utilization, individual and social interests may clash.

In talking about soil conservation it is customary to emphasize the physical rather than the social aspects. Erosion specialists emphasize, for example, the slope of the land; and this is undoubtedly important. Certain soils erode under cultivation even on slight slopes. On steeper slopes it may be imperative not to grow clean tilled crops; and on slopes yet steeper the control of erosion may make it necessary to cease farming entirely. From a technical standpoint, erosion control depends clearly on slope control. But on what does slope

control depend? On what does overgrazing, another serious cause of erosion, depend? The Navaho Indian Reservation in New Mexico and Arizona is in an advanced stage of depletion. It did not erode when the Indians had it before the time of the white man. That it erodes now results from social maladjustments, from all the difficulties associated with Indian life on the reservations, rather than from deliberate misuse of the land. In the basin of the upper Gila River, in Arizona and New Mexico, erosion is very serious, except in the national forests. Applying to the neighboring lands the methods that have checked erosion in the forests is primarily a social problem. Wherever erosion is serious, and wherever it looks like doing further damage, the nation must step in.

Consider the slope cultivators of the Ozarks and the Tennessee hills, whose hard-won soil will vanish within a decade. As it erodes, it will expose other lands below. But what motive have these men to protect the soil? Terracing would be expensive, and might not pay. What happens to other farms, as a result of erosion upon their own, is not their business. The cost of erosion control often exceeds the value of the particular land in question, though it may be small compared with the net benefit to society. In that case the cost should be apportioned among all the beneficiaries — practically throughout the community. There is no other way to get the work done.

Inescapably, under certain conditions, the control of soil erosion, and perhaps also the maintenance of soil fertility, are social responsibilities. Holding the individual responsible simply will not do; for the cost to him may exceed the advantage, just as the damage resulting from the erosion he precipitates may be greater to others than to himself. On many farms, to be sure, the cost of preventing erosion and

of maintaining fertility may be returned directly and with interest to the owner or the operator. But this is not generally true. On the contrary, the benefit can seldom be localized; it goes in greater measure to the community than to the individuals directly concerned. When we reflect also that soil conservation is necessary to livestock grazing, to flood control, to irrigation systems, to city water systems, and to river navigation, the social interest is overwhelming.

Though new to us, this story is old in the history of the world. When archæologists trace the decline of ancient civilizations to neglect of the soil, we think it can never happen here. Therefore we take no precautions. It is not science, or knowledge about the behavior of the soil, or awareness of the fact that bare hillsides mean gutted plains, that we lack, but willingness to modify our individualism sufficiently to prevent these evils — because the prevention is necessarily a social act. On reading about the denudation of China, and learning what deforestation and soil erosion have done there, we smile and think we shall never be so foolish. But the Chinese know the consequences of their behavior. They are good farmers and even good foresters. If they have let their country down, it is from necessity rather than from ignorance. They have not been able to develop the necessary social controls. Necessity compels the Chinese to cut their forests, and to cultivate their slopes — though the operation eventually impoverishes them. They regret the necessity. We copy them — without the necessity and without the regret.

III

American and European scientists who study China come back with increased respect for the Chinese. They see that China has not saved her forests,

protected her rivers from silting, or prevented disastrous recurrent floods. They know *how* the land of China came to be largely destroyed. *Why* is a more difficult question. Vast areas now bare in China were once covered with grass or bore thick forests; wholesale deforestation has exposed the land to terrific erosion. The rapid runoff of heavy summer rains charges the floodwaters with unbelievable quantities of silt. Out of the loess hills the streams come down as fluid mud. Upland torrents develop herculean transporting power. Mud-laden, these torrents reach the plain, where the streams widen, and choke up natural and artificial channels with silt, which raises the beds of the streams above the plains. What can be done then to check floods? It is all a direct consequence of the denudation of the hillsides, in turn a consequence of competition for soil. The record looks so bad that it seems to reflect upon the intelligence of the people. But the testimony of competent observers is that China had no choice. Politically and technically she was too undeveloped to take a better course. China lacked, not brains, but social organization.

Those who have studied the subject figure that the Chinese, like the American colonists, had to clear some of their ground for crops. As is well known, deep forests yield little subsistence, even for wild animals. Fauna inhabit the borders chiefly. Moreover, the Chinese wished to drive out wolves, leopards, and tigers, and for that purpose used fire. But forest clearing of this description was a pioneering operation, not seriously destructive. Considerable damage followed wars and rebellions, which created huge demands for timber. But even that could have been survived. It was a combination of modern forces that extended the rim of cultivation up the hillsides and precipitated disastrous erosion. The most

extensive forest cutting began about two hundred years ago, not for timber but to get soil. Even to-day the traveler sees fine timber rotting in piles beside oat fields. Population growth was apparently the main cause of the forest destruction; and the cause of the population growth is obscure. It may have been partly the introduction of maize and of the potato, partly the introduction of iron tools, partly the development of trade with the Occident. Whatever the cause, it intensified the competition for soil.

Recent investigations do not bear out the idea that the Chinese destroyed their forests and allowed their soils to wash away through ignorance. Baron von Richthofen, a keen observer, thought so; but later observers rejected his conclusion. Vicomte d'Ollone challenged it. The Reverend R. A. Haden extolled Chinese forestry. Near Soochow he discovered nurseries, trees planted in close formation, wood lots managed for sustained production. W. C. Lowdermilk, a member of the United States Department of Agriculture, saw in China thousands of acres planted to pine from local nurseries, and traced the practice back to ancient times. Also, he found temple forests scattered throughout the country. Buddhist priests began to establish these temple forests in the first century of the Christian era, and the religious communities have derived considerable revenue from them ever since. They reproduce naturally, without irrigation; so it is evident that the deforestation of China is not the result of climatic change. Lowdermilk says the temple forests show good care. Erosion resulting from cultivation of sloping lands is a cause of famines. But the Chinese understand the dangers of erosion; their proverbs show it. One proverb says: 'Mountains exhausted of forests are washed bare by torrents.' Another says: 'Mountains empty, rivers gorged.'

It was not ignorance that brought about soil destruction in China, though certainly the Western world has a more exact knowledge of what erosion does, and of how it may be prevented. But what could the Chinese do, when between 1743 and 1920 their population increased nearly threefold? There was only one thing possible, since they were confirmed individualists — to push cultivation up the mountains. They carried it to the very summits. To get soil, they had to cut down trees; and when by that means they had got soil, they could not keep it. Moreover, the short life of agriculture on the hillsides ended the long life of agriculture on the plains. Every farm won from the mountain side ruined a dozen in the path of the released torrents. In the end there was less production than there had been before, and the standard of living declined terrifically. The struggle for new land killed old land. The loss far exceeded the gain; but it could have been prevented only by an arrangement of some sort between the tillers of the plains and the would-be cultivators of the heights—in other words, by the extension of aid from the plainsmen to the hill people for the control of erosion. And that was further in social engineering than the Chinese were prepared to go.

This is not theory, but recorded fact. Like the virgin forests of the United States, and our grazing areas, the mountain sides of China were open to use and misuse. Lands above the earlier cultivated area were common lands; anyone was free to cultivate them. And when plants became available that could be cultivated there, plants like the potato and Indian corn, there was a pioneering rush. Slope cultivation proceeded uncontrolled. Each man raised what he could, without bothering about the damage he did to the lands below, and moved on when his soil had washed away. Sometimes

the mountain lands, after being minutely subdivided, came together again in joint uses; but there was still no motive for conservation. The individual interest was too small. Of course there was no government control. Up the mountain sides the writ of the government did not run, either central or provincial; and the plainsmen could not get together to buy off the damage, though it would have been cheap to do so. On the other hand, the hillmen could not be expected to desist, with starvation hounding them. It was *laissez-faire* run wild.

IV

Sometimes fertile regions become deserts through the breakdown rather than the nondevelopment of social controls. But the process is the same. When individuals may use land as they will, without regard to social interests, the result in thickly populated countries can only be disaster. As is well known, the greater Arabian peninsula, Syria, Mesopotamia or Irak, Armenia, and parts of Asia Minor contain multitudinous architectural remains, which prove that these regions were once densely peopled. Regions which as late as the Christian era supported millions are now desolate and barren. Their forests are gone, their once fertile soil buried by sand. It is unquestionable that the Middle East must once have been extremely productive; Asia Minor alone boasted more than two hundred and fifty considerable cities. Large armies, in marches and counter-marches, subsisted by foraging in areas that to-day would hardly feed a herd of goats. Most authorities do not believe that the climate has changed within historic times. For example, Professor D. S. Sanford, of Oxford University, in a letter to the director of the United States Soil Conservation Service, declares: 'I am convinced that in the

Christian era at any rate there have been exceedingly few real changes of climate, though there have been vitally important local changes. On every hand we see how man has reclaimed vast areas from the desert, and let them decay.'

Note well that phrase, 'let them decay.' It implies neglect; but was it individual neglect? Not at all. The agriculture of the Middle East, of the empires of Persia, of Babylonia, of Assyria, and of Chaldea, rested upon vast irrigation works. It was control of the Euphrates and of the Tigris that enabled the numerous inhabitants to maintain prosperous and extensive civilizations, and to hold back the desert. Now the control of vast irrigation works is distinctly not an individual but a collective task. When the late Milton Whitney was chief of the Bureau of Soils of the United States Department of Agriculture, he studied the Middle East, and concluded that agriculture could thrive there again if the ancient water controls were restored. What caused the ancient engineering works to be neglected and destroyed?

Undoubtedly the cause was not internal but external; not ignorance of soil conservation, or of the principles of flood control, but wars, invasions, and the resulting social paralysis. Not until the power of governments had crumbled did the engineering works, the dams, the reservoirs, and the terraces disappear; not until then did the hills lose their forest covering. It is noteworthy, indeed, that the contending armies before the Christian era respected the forests and the engineering works, though they destroyed growing crops. Both the Euphrates and the Tigris carry tremendous floodwaters, which, unlike those of the Nile, come irregularly; and any conqueror wishing to profit permanently from his conquests had to leave intact the water system and the forests. Otherwise he

could have reaped no crops. Besides the elaborate irrigation system, Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Syria, and Persia had luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows. Palestine's hills bore forests, as the Old Testament declares. 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help,' said the Psalmist. He would not have said that had the hills been denuded, barren, and the source of destructive torrents. But after the Christian era the old respect for the irrigation works and the forests disappeared. New conquerors, with no interest in agriculture, laid the region waste.

It was the desert nomads, followed by the Crusaders, who struck the vital blow. They destroyed both the forests and the waterworks. Agriculture in Asia Minor had flourished up to that time. But after the fall of Rome, Mahomet's hordes wrought havoc. Despising agriculture, they strove to kill it. Next came the Crusaders, who cut down the olive trees for their engines of war, and ruthlessly destroyed the forests. After the Crusaders the Turkish powers, distinctly non-farm-minded, completed the destruction of the agricultural facilities. Rome had built a road into the heart of Asia Minor. Under the Turks it vanished and commerce virtually ceased. Rome had preserved the agriculture of the region, though she had other sources of supply. But the nomads wanted only pastures. The Crusaders were transients, and the Turks never dreamed of restoring irrigation works. The social motive, and with it the social power to maintain the agriculture, vanished; and the sands of the desert swirled in. There, as in China, nature demonstrated that she bows only to collective man.

V

Historically the civilizations of the Middle East were thriving only yester-

day, but they have scarcely left a trace. Antioch was at the height of its glory as late as A.D. 360. Now it is a ghost town, occupying only a corner of the original site. Where most of the ancient city stood, there is only rock or sand. In A.D. 360 an orator celebrated the city's glories at an Olympic festival. He said nature had poured out all her resources for the benefit of Antioch — earth, streams, a temperate climate, and so forth. He described the land as luxuriant with Athena's olive, and declared that even the mountain slopes could be fertile. Perhaps he was unaware of the dangers of erosion; for he rejoiced that farmers could be seen driving their ploughs almost to the summits. The heights afforded wood for the ovens of bakehouses, and for the furnaces that heated the baths. Around the city were vineyards. Vessels loaded with olive oil constantly passed down the Orontes. Ships were ever to be seen unloading the produce of the interior.

Tall trees flourished on plain and hillside, and crops sprang up under their shadow. Crop failure was rare. Sheep and goats pastured on the rich grass, kept fresh by the many rivers, some of which flowed always while others flowed only in the rainy season. People thronged the city streets continually. There were wide thoroughfares, handsome dwellings, busy shops, and parks, temples, and baths. Building was incessant. To the modern visitor, who sees only a tumble-down place with watercourses in the narrow streets, and desert all around, this sounds incredible. The change looks like the result of geologic or climatic influence. But had Rome endured, it probably would not have occurred.

Agriculture persisted throughout the Middle East for thousands of years with high productivity. When it suddenly declined, the cause was a change not in the climate or in the soil but in the social organization of the region.

We can see how agriculture must have been dependent on strong government. Without strong government there could have been no protection of the irrigation works. Without a controlled water supply there could have been no crops — in fact, little vegetation of any useful kind; and without vegetation the country would have been immediately subject to wind erosion. It was not merely necessary for the government to be strong, but equally important that it should be scientifically-minded and fair. It had to encourage research, and to prevent partiality in the distribution of the water; for that would have caused disaffection, and reduced production.

Then the state would have been weakened. Its revenues would have dried up and its power to maintain armies for the national defense would have declined. Successive governments did what was necessary prior to the decline of the Roman Empire. Ancient agriculture in the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris rested upon a social system which controlled the water and protected the soil, and which, therefore, commanded the loyalty and coöperation of the people. The civilizations of the Middle East could not have been continuously bloody and oppressive; for continuous bloodshed and oppression do not nourish the agricultural arts and do not encourage social coöperation.

That wind erosion supervened does not prove that wind erosion was the cause of the decline. Everything indicates a prior political or social cause. It was the destruction of organized society that promoted the destruction of agriculture. Agriculture in the Nile Valley survived political shocks and social changes. Why did Egyptian agriculture not succumb with the agriculture of Persia, Babylonia, and Assyria? The reason is simple. The two agricultural systems, though both very

old, were not alike in other respects. Agriculture east of the Mediterranean and of the Red Sea could not exist without irrigation. It depended absolutely on the control of the Euphrates and the Tigris. Agriculture in the Nile Valley did not depend upon irrigation.

It used irrigation, to be sure, but only in a primitive way before the British occupation. The sculpture and paintings of ancient Egypt simply show hand bailing to spread around the waters of the Nile farther than they would naturally go. Scientific irrigation in the Nile Valley is a modern innovation. Ancient irrigation in Egypt could not compare with the elaborate systems of Babylonia and Assyria. Nature, rather than man, provided the original basis for Egyptian agriculture; and nature resumed her function after every catastrophe. West of the Red Sea, agriculture could revive spontaneously; east of the Red Sea, it could not.

But there is only one Egypt in the world. The uninterrupted life of agriculture there is an exception to the rule that the preservation of agriculture and the care of the soil are normally a social function. Egyptian agriculture owes its unique advantage to two remarkable properties of the Nile. First, the rise and fall of the water occur each year about the same time, and the height of the annual flood varies little. It attains its highest point in September, diminishes rapidly until December, and then more slowly. Thereafter the farmer need only scatter seed to be sure of a crop. The lowest flood on record was only five and one-half feet below the average. Seriously low floods have occurred only four times in modern history. The second extraordinary property of the Nile is the way in which each year it deposits a rich alluvium, which makes fertilizer superfluous. Egypt benefits from soil erosion—erosion not within but be-

yond its borders. Erosion in Ethiopia and along the headwaters of the Nile carpets the Nile Valley annually with a rich soil.

Agriculture in the Nile Valley therefore has an indestructible core which distinguishes it uniquely from that of all other important agricultural areas. Irrigation may extend the cultivable area, but the lack thereof cannot totally obliterate it. Social organization is of course important, more so to-day than formerly, because modern irrigation has fostered an enormous population growth in Egypt. Even in ancient times it was necessary to protect the crops against marauders. Therefore it was necessary for husbandman and soldier to cooperate. In other words, it was necessary to have a state. But the decay or weakness of the state could not wipe out the agricultural system. With seed scattered within reach of the natural flood, nature could be depended on to do the rest. Agriculture survived wars, invasions, and revolutions in Egypt because nature rather than man was the guardian of the soil.

VI

Everywhere else, especially where he is numerous, man is the guardian of the soil; and he abuses the trust at his peril. He abuses it at his peril in the United States. Speculations about the soil problems of China, and of the ancient empires of the Middle East, have more than an academic interest for Americans. They emphasize the fact that soil conservation is never merely a physical problem, a mere question of educating individuals in the proper use of natural resources, but always in a paramount degree a social problem. It is a problem for the community. As the ratio of population to resources mounts, competition thrusts land into wrong uses. First the timber disappears from the hillsides, then the soil.

When the torrents fall unimpeded on the plains, agriculture becomes impossible where it seemed secure. Then it is necessary to control the water artificially, at an enormous social cost.

Obviously, if individuals are to be restrained from pursuing their interests destructively, those who profit from the restraint should pay for it. They should indemnify the individuals who forgo their objects. This is a problem in the distribution of costs and benefits. China strips the hillsides and devastates the plains, not primarily because she lacks the science, the machinery, and the labor with which to control erosion, but because she has not discovered how to compose the differences between those who want new soil and those who mainly wish to keep what they have. Hence advantage to a few becomes calamity for many. We make the same mistake. If we need not fear disaster from external pressure, we have need to fear it from internal weakness. Our *laissez-faire* tradition is strong, and threatens to do us heavy damage before we discover how to promote the use rather than the misuse of natural resources.

What we have done with our forest lands is a warning. These cover nearly a third of the continental area, and for the most part are privately owned. Fires ravage more than 40,000,000 acres annually. Axe and fire together have devastated or crippled more than 74,000,000 acres. Nearly everywhere, in the trail of the lumberman, we come upon forest empires destroyed, forest industries abandoned, towns deserted, hills and valleys eroded, and streams, dams, and harbors choked with silt. In many regions agriculture has become impossible, not only through soil erosion, but through the disappearance of forest industries which used to furnish near-by markets for farm crops.

Overgrazing and the unwise ploughing up of range land have created a

serious range problem. It is imperative to check overgrazing, to restore the range vegetation, and to prevent further unwise extensions of crop growing into range areas. Conflicts between public and private interests in the use of the range must be reconciled. It need scarcely be said that there are financial as well as agronomic difficulties. Each step in the control of grazing within the national forests has been won against stubborn opposition, and efforts to check further misuse of private range land will undoubtedly encounter still stronger resistance.

But we cannot deal with the soil problem piecemeal and deal with it effectively. The different malpractices interact with cumulative ill effect. Reckless lumbering leads to reckless cultivation of the denuded slopes. Reckless grazing drives out the livestock man, and tempts in the farmer to his ruin, and to the detriment of the soil. In an individualist economy, with little check upon self-interest, it cannot be otherwise. Unrestrained individualism is self-destructive, particularly in an expanding community whose resources and markets do not expand. Then the struggle for resources leads straight to their misuse. The result is diminishing returns.

In 1934, perhaps 10,000,000 in the United States who should have been gainfully employed were not. Among the consequences was the backing up of rural youth on farms. Probably 2,000,000 young people who under normal conditions would have got city jobs between 1930 and 1934 were still in the country. What was there for them to do? Broadly, just two things: cultivate the old area more intensively and break new land. They did both. They raised crops on fields that should have been returned to grass or trees, and created new farms. More than 500,000 new farms came into existence between 1930 and 1935, most of them

in regions of hilly surface and of poor soils. This was a move toward soil destruction.

Thus the soil problem is urban as well as rural. Were urban industry more active, the problem would be easier to solve; for, with unemployment dropping, rural youth would be less driven to intensive soil uses, and less prone to strip the slopes. There would be less reoccupation of abandoned farms, less clearing of forest land, less ploughing of range land. Among the factors that impel the expanding rural population to mine the soil, lack of other opportunities is the chief. Literally, as well as figuratively, unemployment undermines the national life. The evil, to be sure, can be mitigated. Public agencies can guide land uses, and cooperate with farmers in checking erosion. But, while unemployment lasts, such efforts will meet with resistance, because it is better for the poor man to farm badly than to rot in idleness. If the nation wishes to restrain him from slope cultivation, it must offer him a better choice.

Tied up with unemployment in its bearing on soil conservation is farm tenancy. Urban unemployment and farm tenancy are related evils. Between 1880 and 1930 the number of farm tenants in the United States more than doubled, and the number of tenants among each one thousand farmers increased 138 per cent. More and more people had to work the land on terms not compatible with good care for the soil. Without a stable, continuous association with the land, farm operators have no motive to check erosion. The average tenant stays on a farm only two or three years, whereas owner occupancy averages fourteen years. Short tenure and soil conservation do not harmonize. Another obstacle to soil conservation is farm debt, which leaves many farmers with only

nominal land ownership. In 1930 the total farm mortgage debt in the United States represented about 22 per cent of the value of all farms, as compared with only 10 per cent in 1910. Farmers with negligible equities cannot take care of the soil. Both unemployment and increasing farm tenancy betoken economic insecurity. Both conditions put a premium on soil mining. Unemployment forces people into the hills, where they must cultivate erodible slopes. Tenancy obliges them to rate immediate production above future productivity.

From a national standpoint, it is bad economy to deforest the mountains, to cultivate steep slopes, to cultivate even moderate slopes without precautions against erosion, to plough up grasslands not suited to farming, and to overgraze the range without giving the natural vegetation a chance to recuperate. All these practices tend toward soil bankruptcy. They cut into our soil capital, which, unlike monetary capital, can never be replaced. But on the other hand they allow certain persons temporarily to make a living, often much more than a living. It is not merely poverty farming that denudes the land. Wealthy lumbermen, cattlemen, and dry farmers are equally responsible. Greed, as well as want, may be improvident. And when we ask the individual to choose between his own advantage and the permanent good of the community, we know his answer in advance. In an individualist economy the answer will always favor the individual. Therefore if, collectively, we disapprove the answer, we must present an alternative. When the community asks the individual to restrain his exploitive impetuosity, somehow or other it must make it worth his while. Means must be found to create a present interest in the conservation of soil values for the future.

MR. PENNYFEATHER INDULGES IN PLATITUDE

BY DONALD MOFFAT

I

MR. PENNYFEATHER came into the club — hot, angry, breathing hard, visibly upset about something. He rang at once for beer, according to his custom, and when John the waiter brought it he downed it in two or three powerful gulps, before saying a word. I put his perturbation down to the warmth of the autumn's first real Indian-summer day. Pennyfeather hates hot weather with a direct personal venom. . . . I was mistaken.

'Damn all officialdom!' he burst out, setting down his glass and wiping his moustache with a large linen pocket handkerchief. 'And curse me for putting up with it. Do you know what's the matter with this country?' He glared at me.

'Yes,' I replied without hesitation, 'it's—'

'You think you know, but you don't,' he retorted, 'and I'll tell you: we're a nation of spineless, pap-fed, slack-bellied milksops. There's not an ounce of honest vitriol left in our veins. We yield, we swoon, we fold up, we—'

'Better tell me what happened,' I suggested, mildly.

'I'll tell you what happened!' he shouted, pounding the table. 'I'll—'

'And you might lower your voice. Old Mr. Blodgett's asleep in the reading room.'

Pennyfeather swallowed hard, nodded, mopped his brow, and smiled — a little sheepishly, I was glad to see. 'Thanks,' he said. 'What happened was I had a run-in with the law.' His voice was normal again.

'The law in what form?' I asked.

'In the form of a red-headed traffic cop,' he grinned. 'And if I had an ounce of gimp in me I'd see that he was suspended from the force.'

'Tell me what happened,' I patiently suggested again.

'Oh, nothing unusual.' He rang for more beer. 'I was driving down the avenue on my way here, and this red-headed lad held me up at a side street to let the cross traffic by. After they had passed, he motioned me ahead; I started up — and out of the side street came another car, a long black limousine, going like the devil, trying to make the crossing. I saw him just in time and jammed on my brakes; he swerved and missed me by inches, ran up over the sidewalk, and crashed a fender into a hydrant. I pulled up to the curb beyond the crossing and waited, while the cop started over toward the other chap, who was backing away from the hydrant. Suddenly the cop stopped short, noticing, apparently, what I had already observed: an official emblem on the other car's rear end, and a familiar official face looking

out the rear window. I saw a warning hand raised; then the other car turned and dashed away, crumpled fender and all. The whole thing took only a few seconds. There were n't many people about, and they had n't time to do more than open and shut their mouths. Then the cop remembered me, and what did he do but come over and give *me* a bawling out — me, who had n't done a thing but what he'd told me. He was frightened, of course, and so he lost his temper, and with it his head. I laughed at him — as ugly a laugh as I've ever given vent to. I said, "Do you know who was in that car? I do." He said, "Never mind that car; it's you I'm talking to," and he shoved his ugly mug in through the window. But it was all bluff — he could n't meet my eye; I laughed again, and told him he was as good as off the force right then. Then I drove away; and by the time I got here I had already carried the case to the Supreme Court, in my mind. I was mad, good and mad!

'And now I've cooled off, and of course I won't do a thing about it. No: I think of his family; I tell myself he was in a tough spot, and that he's probably learned a lesson. But what I'm really doing is to evade my ordinary duty. It should n't matter to me that nobody else would dream of going to so much trouble; but it should matter to me that on account of just such slackness we've lost the right to call ourselves free men.' He broke three matches, one after the other, so savagely did he strike them, and swore each time, before he noticed that I was laughing at him. 'All right,' he grumbled, after his pipe finally drew. 'I mean it, though.'

II

Such was the unpromising start which led Mr. Pennyfeather eventually to talk of politics — by way of a

preliminary tirade on the obligations of citizenship, all of which he cynically dismissed. Anyone, he said, with a little pull and a little shrewdness can escape his obligations with ease: the obvious ones, such as bearing arms, paying taxes, performing jury duty, and so on, as well as the good citizen's moral obligations to vote, help his neighbor, educate his children, keep out of debt. He expressed the opinion — startling, to me — that such evasions may be considered the natural and inevitable outcome of the fiction of equality on which we are fed from infancy. 'We're no more born equal,' he said, 'than the trees in the forest are born equal. Human equality is merely a wish in lamb's clothing; we learn how untrue it is by the time we're old enough to cut up our own meat. Thereafter we make it our business to equalize things for ourselves, and the natural tools with which to do it — they are almost forced into our hands — are drag, pull, the inside tip, the friend in court: all shabby expedients through which we do our best to overcome the handicaps we're born with.'

The average man, Mr. Pennyfeather continued, believes that laws are framed in the expectation of being disregarded, and therefore holds the view that no one but a fool would obey them voluntarily. From this admirable point a short step carries him to his indifference to every kind of civic responsibility, said Pennyfeather with bitterness; and this brought him back to his original theme: the laziness of the average man in standing up for his rights.

'A foot of snow falls during the night,' he said by way of illustration, 'impartially covering the sidewalks of Neighbors Just and Unjust. (In the South it would be a foot of orange blossoms; but the principle's the same.) By nine o'clock, Just's pavement has

been shoveled off, and he stands at his front window and observes the bumpy little path already trodden through the untouched drifts in front of Neighbor Unjust's house. He sees, perhaps, an aged charlady hobbling painfully over the treacherous footing, and an office-bound stenographer uttering naughty words as she feels the loose snow tumbling into her overshoes. He knows that neither of them could afford the expense of court action against Unjust unless they had something tangible, like a broken hip, to show the jury. And he knows that neither they nor any other casual pedestrian would dream of marching up to Unjust's front door, ringing his bell, and saying, "Damn your eyes, get a shovel and clear that snow before I have the law on you!"

"That's one thing about the British: they don't stand for any nonsense from the government. They know their rights, and take the trouble to get them. Old purple-nosed General Diehard, encastled in his house and sallying forth only to post indignant letters to *The Times*, may be a figure of fun; but he also personifies the kind of civic vigilance which has kept the average Briton a relatively free man. If we had done as well during the last hundred years we might not be in our present fix. Now it is almost too late. We've lost the will. We've gone flabby. We not only refuse to take the trouble to fight for our rights: when we're tagged for some innocent or deliberate violation of the law, we run to our nearest political friend and get it fixed.

"Fixed! We're a nation of fixers. Why? Because it works. We both know plenty of otherwise decent people who think it the most natural procedure in the world. We have the office boy fix the policeman who might tag our parked car; we slip the usher half a dollar to get us in by the side

door, ahead of the crowd; we think nothing of calling up an acquaintance in the district attorney's office to pull us out of a speeding jam; we have a friend who knows the city editor who can kill a story that might look bad to the stockholders; if we happen to be a contractor, we see nothing wrong in giving the city building inspector — just because we love him, of course — a substantial Christmas present. The gentleman who asks his roughneck but influential business acquaintance home to dinner; the canny schoolboy inviting his football coach to Florida for the vacation; flowers to teacher; a cigar to the janitor; even — too often — a necklace to the wife, are all examples of fixing, either before or after the event. Fixing is such standard practice we don't even know we're doing it, half the time, much less feel mean about it.

"Most cases of fixing don't do much actual harm to anyone else. Nevertheless, each time a man takes the easy short cut he's guilty of a crime against his own integrity; he issues one more invitation to tyranny to come in and take over. And if we wake up some day to find the Fylfot or the Bloody Shirt —"

"What's a fylfot?" I interrupted. Pennyfeather has a weakness for casually throwing in strange words. I never let him get away with it.

"Look it up — stop interrupting!" he exclaimed impatiently.

"Stop showing off, then," I retorted.

"All right, all right: it's the Swastika. If we wake up some morning and find the Swastika floating over the State House dome, we'll have only ourselves to blame."

"There's nothing to be said for fixing, certainly," I agreed. "But consider the alternative: if you or I as individuals try to buck that slippery, interwoven mass of entrenched political interest which governs us, we're

licked before we start. We're practically driven to the personal appeal, whether it's a question of getting out of a jam or of getting common justice. Besides, it's bad for business to keep stirring things up. Everyone says so.'

III

'Ah!' said Mr. Pennyfeather with satisfaction. 'Business! I'm glad you mentioned it. Look here! I'm supposed to be a liberal. A liberal has been defined as a person who wants freedom above all things, freedom from government interference as well as from domination by the more powerful elements in our commercial civilization. His idea of utopia is a balance of power between these and other forces which will leave him free to manage his own life in his own way — freedom as an end in itself. And what can he do? Damn little — except write books and articles that nobody reads but other liberals. He can hope, and he can kick like the devil when he himself feels the finger, and he can flatter himself that his vote is used intelligently. But it's so easy to lose the will to kick; it seems so hopeless. A small example: at the time of the last census, you remember, the canvassers were instructed to ask every householder whether he owned a radio. I refused to answer. I treated the poor devil of a census taker to a magnificent oration on the rights of the individual and the limits of state authority. I told him to bring on his machine guns — my house was my castle, and whether it sported a radio or not was none of the government's business. He said, "O.K., Jack," or words to that effect, and wrote down radio or no radio, I don't know which. (Naturally, he could n't be bothered about doing his duty.)'

'And what's going to liberate the liberal at last?' I asked.

'I don't know. Nobody knows. No-

body can see ahead. If the liberal ever gets what he wants — and it looks doubtful now — it won't be due to his own efforts. Perhaps he might get it as the result of the slow subterranean growth of public opinion. It is even more likely, however, that he will never be in a position to control his own destiny, much less the world's. The liberal is a dissenter. Dissenters make rotten demagogues; people prefer affirmers. At present liberalism is as outworn, as old-fashioned, as free trade, disarmament, mutual trust among nations, and other comforting illusions of the recent past. But that the liberal will ever be permanently extinguished is doubtful — certainly he will survive the much advertised conflict between the forces that we vaguely call communism and fascism, with their deafening but still dubious cries of alarm. No, the immediate danger to this country is less the triumph of extreme Right or extreme Left than the process of slow strangulation by political bureaucracy: job holders, spawn of bureaus, entrenched political and semicommercial interests fighting to keep their feet in the trough. (France knows what *that's* like!)

'The voice of the liberal goes unnoticed in the present din. The probability is that it will go unheard for a good many decades or even centuries. Or, say, till we have learned all over again that there are gods more appealing, or more potent, than the God of Business: Business enthroned, with Publicity sitting at his right hand, and at his left a blowzy blonde holding a sheaf of stock certificates, and Mars grinning in the background. You might say we have no other gods at present. You can't name a sacrifice which business does n't demand, and get. Take another small example: —

'The streets are supposed to be for the public use. Actually, they're for the use of the people who get down-

town first in the morning and hog a piece of pavement till evening. Elaborate tagging systems — frankly described as non-fixable, though you'd think we'd blush for shame at the admission — have been tried and failed. Why? Because we're not law-abiding unless it is to our interest to be; because we know we can fix it, somehow, if we get caught; because the penalties are n't severe enough; but chiefly because of the timidity of the very merchants whose shops line the streets where the cars are parked. They know as well as anyone else that the nuisance could be dealt with in no time if adequate penalties were imposed. But we don't want adequate penalties, *they* don't want them, nobody wants them — except the public. Why, again? It's bad for business. Business is such a tender, fragile little flower that the least disturbance is supposed to be fatal to it. It's inaccurate to say we're ruled by big business. We're not! We're ruled by business itself, because deep in our hearts we believe that buying and selling is the most important thing in the world, more important than the family, or the law, or honest government, or international peace.

"Talk to any motorcycle cop out on the state roads. They'll all tell you they could stop speeding in a month if they had a free hand. But they get no backing. The townspeople don't want their particular communities to get a bad name for strict enforcement. Steady pressure is brought to bear on the police to go easy. A town can't splash welcome signs all over its approaches with one hand, so to speak, and pinch all the visitors with the other: it might get a bad name. J. Edgar Hoover — G-man Hoover — has repeatedly said that the two greatest obstacles to the efficient administration of his department were, first, the crooked political machines in every community in the country, and second,

but more serious, the unwillingness of local business men to coöperate in any scheme of reform that might unsettle the blessed status quo. We are interested in good government only so long as it does n't interfere with business.

IV

"I spoke of politics. Sooner or later we all reach the age at which, on hearing the phrase "schoolboy honor," we smile uncomfortably — secretly wishing that we might still be governed by its strict and merciless code. We can't be, of course. Self-interest inevitably replaces *esprit de corps*. Little by little we forget the rules for "playing the game" — and take to solitaire, with the deuces wild for choice. We see the race going to the smart, forget the unwritten code that controlled our schoolboy relationships, and fall happily back on the shibboleths we were taught by those in authority: The Battle of Life; Success; Ambition.

"The schoolboy code overlooks a good many crimes, provided they are committed only against authority. But there are types of sinners who are never forgiven, and of these the sneak, the telltale, the teacher's pet, — in fact, all those who try to keep a foothold in both camps, — are the blackest. What name has the schoolboy picked out for these untouchables? You know: he calls them politicians. Most other hard names are forgivable. But for one boy to call another a politician, with or without qualifying adjectives, is an insult that can only be washed out in blood. Boys are never deceived in their slowly formed, instinctive estimates of character. If a boy gets a reputation as a politician, you may be sure he deserves it. Quaint, is n't it, that the very qualities which boys find intolerable should be rewarded in later life by election to positions of honor and trust. It is no coin-

cidence that boys should look to politics for the word to describe everything they find most loathsome in human conduct.

'A well-established item of the American credo holds that if a man is n't frankly in politics for what he can get out of it, at least he is governed in his official capacity by a very different set of principles from those which control his own private dealings. The credo includes another paragraph stating that the best men of a party, the men of real integrity, simply have n't a chance of reaching office except by luck. The stroke of luck may take the form of an emergency in which the candidate has the opportunity to shine; Calvin Coolidge's action at the time of the Boston police strike is an example. (Whether or not he deserved the credit does n't matter; he got the credit, and with it the vice presidential nomination.) Or he may inherit office through the death of the man ahead of him, as T. R. did; or he may be the beneficiary of a compromise between two irreconcilable elements of his party, or of a third-party movement, like Woodrow Wilson. Each of these men doubtless had distinguished qualities of his own. But only luck enabled them to use their talents in the White House.

'For the ordinary unlucky candidate, the pattern of political necessity almost requires the practice of the slippery arts for reaching and holding office. He must do whatever "the best interests of the party" demand — not the city, or the state, or the country. Oh, no: the Party. And the Party has a way of demanding some pretty unpleasant things, always in the high name of political expediency. Recent American history is crowded with the names of men who have "gone into politics" full of honor, — men of education, background, culture; one thinks offhand of Lodge, Blaine, Penrose, Theodore Roosevelt, Mellon, — and come

out of it, well, in slightly different form, to put it politely. Even if they start with a working sense of integrity, with high principles, with a determination to remain honest at least with themselves, they rarely find it possible to stick to their guns, and more rarely still will their parties stand behind them.

'Even the slightly ludicrous figure called the "gentleman in politics," from whose sense of *noblesse oblige* so much is always hoped, has soon enough to choose whether he wants to remain an honest man or become a successful politician. Some, to their great credit, remain honest men, and you and I can name them. But for most the system is just too strong; and it is n't very long before *noblesse oblige* — if they remember its meaning at all — is just the name of a cocktail. Or maybe a perfume.

'In almost any state primary campaign, for instance, you're sure to find at least one respectable candidate trying for the nomination against one or more regular streamlined politicians. He may be personally popular, a born leader, and distinguished in ability, humanity, character, and intellect. Well, a man like that is handicapped by his very virtues, and for an excellent reason: his party can never count on him to play ball with the boys after election.

'You remember the old story — I think it was Mark Twain's — of the reform candidate for Congress (he was new at the game) who said he did n't mind being called liar, thief, drunkard, but when his opponent hired a flock of pickaninnies to sit near the platform he was speaking from and call him "Daddy" he was done. There's nothing new about the whispering campaign. Anything goes, including the newspapers' self-righteous "denials" of the whispered scandals. It's all part of the time-honored tac-

tics of the "regulars" to discredit the character of a man who can't be counted on to be perfectly docile after election.

'If this same ideal candidate were willing to favor all the shoddy measures backed by his party, and promise the boys all the sugar they could eat, — the two chief constituents of "regularity," — he'd win in a walk. But by so doing he'd destroy the foundation of his reputation, and with it his real usefulness. The Teachers' Oath Bill here in Massachusetts — one of the most tragically stupid and dangerous measures, in its implications, ever to be presented to the legislature of any state — was supported by certain gentlemen who ought to have been thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Did their party scold them? Did their newspapers withdraw their support? They did not! Their friends said, "Oh, it's just politics." All right! You and I know another name for it. And so the potential statesmen go out, and the hacks go in.

'We have learned to take "playing politics" for granted. It's time we learned better. We won't learn better, of course, until we have found out all over again, from bitter and damned unpleasant experience, what the price of liberty is.'

V

Mr. Pennyfeather paused to get his breath.

'Have you seen any good plays lately?' I inquired, a little maliciously, I'm afraid.

'Plays? No. Of course not. Plays? Why?' He sounded testy.

'I thought you were getting a little hoarse.' I leaned over to look into his glass, and tilted my own suggestively.

'Don't interrupt me. Ring the bell. Cocktails. I'm hoarse, yes; naturally.'

I rang the bell. John came, and quietly did his duty.

'My ears —' I began, and paused. 'Well?'

'— are getting a little numb. Holding them in one position too long. I thought the theatre for a change —'

'Damn your ears!' he replied. 'Shut up, now. I'm just getting to the best part.' He gazed into the clear yellow liquid in his glass, looking there, it seemed, for his train of thought, and failing to find it. 'Where was I?' he presently demanded.

'The word that still rings in my ears,' I answered, 'is "liberty."'

'Of course — liberty. And the ballot. The ballot! Ha! Historic symbol of individual dignity and independence! Where is its old prestige? Gone! It's dirty behind the ears, that's what the ballot is. The founding fathers held the suffrage to be a privilege, if I'm not mistaken, which the voter might use after intelligent reflection on the state of the young Republic. (And this is still the theory.) A good many different factors have helped the ballot to "stain its name," as the old cockney song has it. I think one of the chief reasons is that party allegiance has deteriorated into a debased kind of attachment which the politicians call party loyalty. I use allegiance in the sense of a practical devotion to party interest — that is, self-interest; and loyalty as a devotion of faith. This loyalty has of course been encouraged by the politicians (and by the press, too, as the greatest sure-fire circulation builder ever devised) in every community.

'That is an additional reason for questioning the intelligence of the average vote to-day: the independent local newspaper, founded on the convictions of a man or group of men, has pretty well disappeared. Most newspapers actually deplore the independent vote. Like the politicians, they

want blind partisanship — or loyalty, as they prefer to call it. They know that once a man has declared himself he is half won over. A question commonly put by an attorney to a prospective juror is whether he has talked about the case before coming into court, the reason being that if a man has discussed it with his friends he is pretty sure to have expressed an opinion, and, having done so, he finds it just so much more difficult to listen to the evidence impartially and change his mind according to its weight. A man hates the taste of his words when he is forced to swallow them. The same is true of the prospective voter. He is urged to join a party to make him declare himself and thus force him out of the ranks of the independents. Partisanship, a blind vote for our side to win: that's what the boys want.

'It is a fact that the independent vote comes close to being the only intelligent vote left to-day. It usually holds the balance of power in a national election, and it is notoriously (and blessedly) hard to count on. More often than not it is an angry vote, a vote of disillusionment, a vote against rather than for men or measures; a registration of hopeless disgust. My great-uncle Willoughby used to tell me that I'd get along all right if I read my Bible and voted the straight Republican ticket. (If we'd been Southerners, he'd have said the straight Democratic ticket; but no matter.) That point of view has n't disappeared. His grandson, my second cousin, told me the other day — right here in this club — that he thought communism "in very poor taste." (So are earthquakes, I told him.) Of course, after listening to him, my first impulse was to rush out to the Common and find the nearest communist and implore him to accept my vote. And vice versa: five minutes of the communist would have sent me flying, in silk hat and

tails, to pray over the tomb of the late honored Warren Gamaliel Harding. As a matter of fact, I believe that since I've been old enough to think for myself — and that phenomenon occurred some years after I'd reached voting age (the age of dissent, you might call it; ha!) — I've consistently voted against rather than for a given candidate. And I shall probably retain the deplorable habit forever. Of course I've never gone in for politics —'

'Why not?' I interrupted.

'I have n't the qualifications.'

'You've got the first one, anyway.'

'Such as?'

'A loud voice,' I replied truthfully.

'Yes,' he agreed, after a pensive moment, 'a loud voice takes one a long way. But I've never wanted to lose my independent vote. I'd have to join a party. They take turns making asses of themselves and monkeys of the people. I'd have to jump from party to party as soon as it got licked, to be sure of belonging to the intelligent opposition, as the outs call themselves. Then where should I be?'

'Well, you'd be out, too. That's what you want, is n't it?'

'I do now. But if I once got elected to anything I'd surely want to stay elected. That's the way the germ works.'

'Everyone says you're just the type needed in politics: upright, intelligent, et cetera, et cetera — you know.'

'I know. My great-uncle Willoughby came across the dogcatcher, one day long ago, maltreating a little cur he'd just captured. He remonstrated. The dogcatcher told him where he could go. Great-uncle said he'd report him, and the threat had a remarkable effect on the dogcatcher's vocabulary. Great-uncle did report him, in person, at City Hall, and the city father in charge of such matters disarmed him completely by saying, "Sure, now, don't

be severe on the poor man; he does the best he can. You know, it's a queer thing how hard it is to get real gentlemen for the job — men like yourself, sir."

VI

'Great-uncle Willoughby used to say that political reform was a simple matter: it was just a question of the reformers learning to look after the poor as efficiently as the political machines do. There's no earthly use in people like you and me going into politics unless we're prepared to leave our front doors unlatched twenty-four hours a day. And even that would be no answer. In fact, there is no single answer, no easy way to decent government. We must simply go on learning by experience, through generation after generation of trial and error (the only way men ever learn anything), that it is better to be free than slaves, and that the only way to avoid slavery is by fighting like hell all day long. You've read *Rats, Lice and History*, by Hans Zinsser, of course?'

'Of course. I gave it to you, in fact.'

'So you did. Then you remember his comparison of rats and men. The earth's most successful animals of prey, he calls them: utterly destructive, and, while alive, of no value to any other species of living thing, they alone take everything that nature offers, and give nothing useful in return, except their dead bodies. Ferocious brutes! But the rat has an excuse for his ferocity: he has n't developed a soul; he is guided by pure instinct. Men ought to know better, by this time. Yet, says Zinsser, there is hope for the human race. The brief span of recorded history has already demonstrated the evolutionary possibilities of the human spirit in throwing off, in a mere two thousand years, — a negligible period in terms of evolutionary change, — a few men and

women of genius. Among others he mentions Shakespeare, Pascal, Newton, Copernicus, I think, and Galileo; and among the moderns, Goethe, Bach, Beethoven. (Why not Pasteur, I wonder?) The race has not only produced these and other superior men, but, a still more hopeful sign, it has somehow managed to breed in every generation a certain number of individuals sufficiently superior to the brutal masses to keep alive a reverence for supreme achievements, and make them a cumulative heritage. And humanity's sole chance of outdistancing the rat, he suggests, lies in the possibility of an increased velocity of this progressive accumulation with the passage of time. In another hundred thousand years — so he hopefully ends this particular chapter — "the comparison of the race of men with that of rats may be less humiliatingly obvious."

'So with politics. The impulse for better things must inevitably come from superior individuals, whence every impulse for good has always come: the individual willing to keep plugging without losing hope or the determination that he himself will never give up. Most of us are n't equipped to do more than watch our own steps, much less try to guide other people; and we can't even do that successfully unless we're let alone — unless we are free men, in other words. That is why liberty is important, and why extreme forms of government which nations fly to in emergencies can never be more than temporary expedients — useful though they may be in crises of hopelessness and fear. But they can't last, because they usurp for purposes of state that which belongs to man *because he is human*: the exercise of his free will. Of course, humanity is busily proving, over and over again, that it is n't yet ready for the exercise of individual free will in the ultimate sense. But if the idea of progress has any meaning

whatever, it must mean a groping toward this ideal in the administration of human affairs.'

VII

I think it was somewhere about this point in his discourse that Mr. Pennyfeather caught my hand moving toward my mouth. He pointed a finger. 'You're yawning,' he accused.

'That's because you're talking platitudes,' I retorted, getting in a good one. 'They always make me sleepy.'

'Well,' he replied, 'it's clear you're not one of Hans Zinsser's superior beings, or you could n't get enough of it. You're no better than a rat; probably *Mus decumanus*, the brown rat, worst of the lot! And as for platitudes, did you ever think of the impossibility of discussing politics in any other terms? It's a dull subject at best; there's nothing new to be said about it, and if there were it would still have to be expressed in the ghastly jargon of politics or no-

body would understand it. The best anyone can do is to translate his platitudes into epigrams, — and what is an epigram? I pause for a reply.' He smiled, smugly.

'An epigram,' I said quickly, but not quickly enough, 'is a —'

'An epigram,' he interrupted, 'as you may have been about to remark, though I doubt it, is a platitude with tartare sauce. Exactly! But the sauce only disguises the taste, it does n't change the dish. The dull flavor of fish still lurks underneath.'

'But that does n't make the sauce less desirable,' I objected.

'No; but there's no nourishment in it. Political talk is meant to be nourishing, not appetizing.'

'True,' I agreed.

'And that reminds me,' said Mr. Pennyfeather, getting up from the table and looking at his watch. And we went in to dinner, which, I was glad to see, Pennyfeather ate with his usual gusto.

BY TRAMP TO VANCOUVER

Unconventional Journey. III

BY ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

THE vessel that I boarded at Samoa has little to distinguish her from any respectable tramp steamer. An old steamboat man, however, would tell us that she has the lines of one of the crack ships out of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a graceful overhang aft, a bold sheer forward, a high fo'c'sle deck, a short waist, and a long poop. He would point out that her flying bridge is unusually high, that there is a row of cabins on her boat deck, that her 'monkeys' island,' the highest inhabitable spot aboard ship, stands on a horizontal plane with the top of her yellow and black funnel.

The creature comforts were more than satisfactory to me, a South Sea trader, but they could not be recommended to the traveler whose tastes have been modeled after civilized standards. I recall the meals as consisting of roast beef, puddings, and tea, with particular emphasis on the latter. Tea we had at 6 A.M., *sans façon*, in the pantry, seated on folding canvas stools, on the sideboard, the sink, the floor; and for those who felt the need of solidier nourishment there was always a round of cold roast beef, cheese, jam, bread and butter. It was a time of much conversation, loud laughter, and good fellowship. Tea we had at breakfast, at 11 A.M., at lunch, at 4 P.M., at dinner, at the nine o'clock supper. To

a fastidious man there was far too much meat; but to this first-class passenger, accustomed to the atoll diet of coconuts and fish, the great platters of roast beef, the breakfasts of chops and steaks, the dinners of beef, mutton, or pork, were far from monotonous. Albeit the meals would satisfy most people, the vegetarian should be warned against traveling on a 'lime juicer,' for these English sailors look upon vegetables as a garnish for meat, not as a food that one actually eats. A side helping of green peas with one's beef, a dab of apple sauce beside one's pork, is much the same as the sprig of parsley one finds ornamenting a steak.

The first morning aboard *Tramp Steamer* I was wakened by a metallic tapping sound, a *tap, tap-tap-tap, tap — tap, tap*, similar to the rubadub that drummer boys are supposed habitually to rattle off. It seemed to come from the small radiator fastened to the forward bulkhead. I had no more than time to wonder vaguely if it were a mealtime signal when I noticed, through the open doorway, the captain moving toward my cabin, soft-footed, furtively, I fancied. When he had passed through the doorway he stopped within a few feet of my berth, folded his arms, blinked his little gray eyes, and nodded his head thoughtfully, as though about

to exclaim: 'Hm! So this is the first-class passenger, is it?'

Partially bald, physically weak and ailing, his face sallow, his frame thin but supporting the usual waistline corpulence of an inactive man, the captain seemed to me to have something a trifle abject about him. Even when I learned that he knew how to exact obedience, I always felt that he was forcing himself to assume a stern attitude which was in opposition to his frail spirit; I fancied that he was about to break down when the necessity came to command; and it was with somewhat of a shock that I heard a sharp order or a severe reprimand from his thin lips.

'How are you?' he asked, studying me as a specialist might study the victim of a strange disease. When I replied that I was well he sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and, half turning to go, 'Can you take nourishment?' he asked.

'Certainly.'

He lifted his eyebrows in mild surprise, then, unfolding his arms, pointed with his left thumb over his right shoulder, through the doorway, and down the companionway stairs. 'Breakfast,' he said, and, completing the turn, he stumped down to the dining saloon.

On following him I found the other two passengers at the table. Mr. Barrister, an Australian, sat next to me. He was taking a Richard Henry Dana voyage, I was informed later, for his health, working every day with the sailors, but paying his passage and dining in the saloon. An excellent companion, I found him droll, somewhat of a wag, but capable of understanding and tact. We all liked Barrister, while we were both amused and bored by Stevins, the other passenger. The latter was an American lad, ingenuous, credulous, inclined to brag, or, to be more precise, to lie atrociously. Munchausenesque deeds were recounted

when Stevins and the chief engineer swapped stories.

We had not been seated long, and the captain had not had time to growl more than twice because of the tardiness of the steward, when the chief engineer himself blew in like a friendly thunderstorm.

'Well, well, well!' he cried heartily, his great ruddy face beaming, 'and how are we all this A.M.?''

'Very well, Chief,' Barrister and Stevins replied. The captain glared at the chief. He had heard this greeting, with only the 'A.M.' changed to 'noon' or 'P.M.' three times a day for the past two years.

The chief sat down heavily, glanced at me in a fatherly way, and, as I was not yet acquainted, introduced me to himself and the other two passengers, the captain having overlooked this detail. He was about to introduce me to the captain when a growl from that gentleman informed him that we were acquainted. Then, clearing his throat and taking a deep breath, he started to talk; nor did he stop, so far as I know, for the rest of the voyage, for I have no evidence that he did not talk in his sleep.

'He never lets me get a word in edgewise,' the captain told me that morning when we were smoking in his little sitting room. 'And he's a liar! Yes, sir; no other name fits him! Don't believe a word he says! It's all lies! And I got to listen to them every day!'

Tap, tap-tap-tap, tap — tap, tap — sounded from the captain's radiator.

'It's a mealtime signal, I suppose?'

Tap, tap-tap-tap, tap — tap, tap — came like a faint reply.

A vague smile started to play about the captain's lips. 'That's the steward signaling Sparks that it's dinnertime, and Sparks's reply,' he whispered. 'The steward taps on the heater pipe in the pantry and the sound is carried all over the saloon house, to every

radiator.' His smile had become impish with mischief; his eyes expressed a kind of shamefaced pride in his iniquity as he leaned forward to say, in a barely audible tone: 'I signal Sparks sometimes myself, by tapping on the radiator pipe. Sparks is an old woman, just like the steward. I tap on the radiator pipe all hours of the day and night, just to wake him up and make him mad!' Here the captain made a tapping gesture in the air with a crooked index finger. 'Nobody knows a thing about it but me. It's my little joke on Sparks. He knows somebody's playing a joke on him, but he can't tell who it is.'

Next day I learned that everybody on the ship knew about the captain's little joke. We were drinking our early morning tea in the pantry, and the cook was telling us of a wonderful dance programme he had heard over the radio the night before, when, abruptly, his panegyric was broken into by the tapping sound, coming this time from the heater on which, incidentally, I was sitting. I raised my eyes in a questioning glance toward Sparks.

'Oh, Lord,' the wireless man groaned, 'that's the captain playing his little joke again!' Then, noting my questioning glance: 'Have n't you heard about the captain's joke?'

'What joke?' I countered.

'Oh, he taps on the radiator pipe to wake me up, all hours of the day and night. He thinks I'm asleep in my cabin now.'

Suddenly jumping to his feet, Sparks strode up to the heater to tap off a series of dots and dashes. 'That'll shut him up!' he growled. 'I told him what I think of him!'

Later that same day the captain confided to me that his joke had been a great success that morning. 'Sparks got so mad he started pounding the radiator pipe,' he said. 'I think he was

cursing in Morse!' Then he whispered: 'Never say a word about it, will you? Nobody knows a thing about it but you and me!'

II

That evening at dinner Stevens told us a yarn about a swordfish that had wrecked a large vessel off Catalina Island. He had caught the fish later, he affirmed; it had weighed just over a thousand pounds.

'That makes you the world's champion,' said the chief engineer, clearing his throat and taking a deep precursory breath.

'World's champion what?' asked Bar-rister.

'Aye, aye, we won't go into that; but if you'd like to hear a *true* fish story . . .'

'What d' you mean, true?' Stevens growled.

'Just what I say, young man. Now, I have done a bit of angling myself in my day, and, though I have never caught a thousand-pound swordfish, I have hooked many a strange denizen of the deep. None, though, as strange as the one I fished up only the other night. I had wakened at 3 A.M., as is my habit, for a chief engineer must be up at all hours of the night, his duties being the most important of all those aboard ship.' Here the captain gave the chief a sour look. 'Well, my acutely trained ear had detected an unaccountable sound from the engine room. Ordinarily I can tell by the slightest click exactly what is wrong with the engines, but this time I was quite at a nonplus. As I hurriedly pulled on my trousers I heard it again and again, a kind of fluttering sound, a faintly audible purling. At times it would stop, but before long the strange sound would start again, to increase and diminish in a way that bewildered even *me*, a chief engineer! I was becoming alarmed. Pulling on my coat

and not even pausing to button it, I rushed out of my cabin to dash into the engine room; but there, young man, I stopped, frozen in my steps — aye, but not from terror.'

The chief paused dramatically. A smile wreathed his great florid face; his eyes seemed to have become a trifle misty. When he went on, a tender lyrical note came into his voice.

'Aye, young man; it was a sight to make the heartstrings tauten. A little flying fish had been blown down one of the ventilators; and there he was now, fluttering from grease cup to grease cup, from jet-injection pipe to escape valve. Tears sprang to my eyes. Aye, sir, I'm not ashamed to admit it: tears actually sprang from my eyes as I watched the beautiful silvery-blue flying fish, so unconscious of danger, fluttering here and there about my great roaring engines!'

I glanced at the captain to note a leer of disgust precisely the same as I had once seen on Heathen William's face when he had accidentally filled his mouth with vinegar. The chief, though, was smiling beatifically. His eyes certainly were a trifle misty when he muttered: 'Aye, lad; fluttering here and there about my great roaring engines, from grease cup to grease cup, from condenser to reversing wheel.'

Just then an ominous growl came from the captain. He bolted the last of his rice pudding, jumped to his feet, and stalked out of the dining saloon. I followed him a moment later.

'It's all lies, lies!' he shouted when we were in his sitting room. 'The chief never saw a flying fish in the engine room . . . fluttering from grease cup to grease cup. They don't flutter; they soar! Up at all hours of the night! His duties the most important aboard ship! Dashing into the engine room with his coat tail flying! I believe *that* part. He got in a blue funk and went dashing into the engine room with his coat tail

flying, and that's all there was to it! Don't believe a word he says; it's all lies!'

III

Twenty days out of Apia we entered the Strait of Juan de Fuca in the usual heavy fog. Not a glimpse of land; only the forlorn blare of the lightship diaphone, the distant bellow from Cape Flattery, and, as we proceeded up the strait, the foghorns of passing ships. When I left my cabin to climb to the navigating bridge, felt the damp fog creep beneath my clothes, listened to the mournful call of the foghorns, I wondered why it is that the tropics are not crowded with sun-hungry white men who have left these inhospitable latitudes to the gales, the gloomy skies, the sea gulls. Yet sailors out of northern ports will say, 'Pity the poor man who must sail in the tropics!'

I stood on the navigating bridge until two in the morning, trying to put myself in the captain's place, planning what I should do in each eventuality, realizing how hopelessly involved I should become. And little by little, as the night wore on and we felt our way up the fog-choked channel, the captain's pettiness seemed to fall away from him, leaving a man who was thorough master of both himself and his ship. It was well-nigh impossible to believe — and I made myself not believe — that this man, who controlled so unerringly the navigation of a great ship, should be the same one who played childish tricks on the wireless man, who spent days tinkering with an expertly designed radio, who nursed petty grudges against his crew.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we passed Race Rocks, a group of sunken dangers where the Strait of Juan de Fuca enters the Strait of Georgia. They are a great peril to shipping, for the tidal current flows past them at ten knots or better — as

fast as our vessel could steam. To-night I heard the Race Rocks diaphone blaring a raucous warning, anything but forlorn in this case, like a boss stevedore bellowing to his men. We seemed to be on top of it before the captain changed his course; then gradually the ship swung round to the northward, making for the seventeen-fathom patch that lies off the quarantine station.

'Tell Mr. Mate we're going to anchor!' the captain called from the flying bridge.

'Aye, sir!'

The stillness was broken by the clangor of anchor chain passing through its hawsepipe. The whole ship vibrated. Then the anchor was on the bottom; the chain passed out slowly for a time; again the ship was quiet.

From close by in the gray exanimate fog the Race Rocks diaphone bellowed. I turned toward my cabin, my heart heavy with nostalgia for the warm coral strands of the South Seas.

There are two ways of reaching Vancouver from the Strait of Juan de Fuca. One is roundabout and comparatively clear sailing; the other is direct and dangerous — the Active Pass route. We were taking the latter, and, in my way of thinking, thereby assuring the safety of the ship; for where the route is reasonably free of danger the navigator's vigilance relaxes, and his vessel is jeopardized, while where danger is very real he is alert, thus assuring his vessel's safety.

To-day we entered Active Pass in such dense fog that we had not a glimpse of the land, though often it was no more than fifty yards away. We heard the shore fog signal on entering, to be sure, but from then on we had to rely on navigating by echo. Only a skilled pilot who has an uncanny knowledge of local acoustics can do this. He must know, throughout the hundreds of miles of the Inside Pas-

sage, every spot from which a sound will reverberate; and he must be able to calculate instantly his position, his distance from the cliff or rock from which the echo came, by the length of time between the sounding of the ship's horn and the echo's reply. Moreover, most important of all, he must be able to judge accurately from whence the echo came. To an untrained ear the deep-mouthed reboation of a ship's horn seems to have lost itself in the fog, to have wandered by devious bypaths and crooked ways until at last it has reached the ship as a circumambient bellowing rather than as a sound from an ascertainable direction.

I expressed my wonder to the pilot when, on entering the clear water beyond Active Pass, he had come to the chartroom for a cup of tea and a sandwich.

'Hm!' the pilot muttered when he had devoured his sandwich in two bites and emptied his cup of tea in a gulp. 'Hm! It's a little confusin', all right, when there's logs a-floatin' about.' Like most West Coast Canadians, he spoke with more of a twang than do the Down East Yankees.

I expressed my surprise that a log should endanger a large steel vessel.

'It ain't that,' he replied. 'A log floatin' on calm water makes an echo, and it takes a lot of experience to tell the diff'rence between the echo a log makes and the regular echo. But I can gener'ly tell, though sometimes it's confusin'.'

When we had docked at Vancouver, the cook was waiting for me at the gangplank. He had promised to take me ashore. He was a changed man. No more the man of doughy hands, of greasy checkerboard pants, of perspiring face, he was now figged out in a tailor-made tweed suit; his hair was slick, his boots polished; a pair of pince-nez eyeglasses, with a black cord to his vest, gave him a distinctly in-

tellectual look. I was proud to be walking down the gangplank with him.

There was a stevedores' strike going on, and we found the dock guarded by three policemen, one from the local force, one from the Territorial Constabulary, one from the Northwest Mounted, each armed with a rifle and an automatic. Fifty yards away, across the No Man's Land of railway tracks, the streets were lined with pickets; but we found these last, as well as the police, blessed with the courtesy seemingly so congenial to the Canadians.

'What ship you off, mates?' one of the pickets asked.

'I'm a passenger on *Tramp Steamer*,' I replied.

'So am I,' lied the cook, removing his eyeglasses and holding them upright in a manner that suggested a country photographer attracting, with an upraised lead pencil, the attention of a small boy.

'O.K., mates.' Then, in a tone almost apologetic: 'How about a donation for the strike fund?'

'Certainly,' said the cook, and, producing a half dollar, he handed it to one of the men. I having done likewise, we passed on.

IV

The first impression of Vancouver is not pleasing, but the second and succeeding impressions are wholly delightful. The waterfront streets are grimy; they are crowded with thousands of men who, from morning to evening, from evening to morning, stand listlessly on the sidewalks, lean against the buildings, stare blankly at the gray stone walls across the streets. They seem as utterly depressed as the little nasturtium plants that decorate the window sills of many of the office buildings; they seem sunk in that form of depression in which the victim no

longer suffers but merely continues to exist, without hunger, without pain, without pleasure, all but exanimate. Their clothes are drab colorless things that hang about their bodies like wilted leaves; their hats slouch over their eyes; their boots are unpolished; and, most disconcerting of all, one senses an inadequacy of soap and water. This last was particularly noticeable to me, having just come from the tropics, where one visits the shower bath at least twice a day. Within a few hours, however, I learned that these men belong to a far different, and a far more picturesque, class than that of the chronically unemployed of other cities.

'Here we are,' the cook said when we came to a café on the ground floor of one of the hotels.

Presently I found myself being pulled by the arm as the cook led me to a table where two young men had risen to meet us. I was introduced first to a youth of no particular character, but with the odd name of Swivins; then to a man somewhat older, of outstanding personality, but with the common name of Jones. The latter was tall, sallow, gloomy, probably introverted, with a dry sense of humor which struck me as being entirely unconscious.

After shaking my hand limply, he turned to the cook. 'I came, you will have noticed,' he said in a dull tone.

'He should n't have come, though,' Swivins piped. 'He's going to get married to-morrow.'

'Yes?' exclaimed the cook. 'Congratulations!'

'There's no point in congratulating me,' Jones muttered. 'It's simply my fate; it could n't have been otherwise.' He sighed; then, turning to the waiter, 'Export,' he said, ordering, as I found when the waiter had returned, an 8 per cent Pilsener which is made for export but is consumed locally. The cook and I added sandwiches to the order.

For some time conversation was desultory. Swivins dropped a few *bons mots*, each of which, I decided, had been prepared for the occasion. In remarkably few words he told a great deal about himself, and, having done so, he fell silent, as though to intimate that he had made his little speech and now no more should be expected from him. The cook, mellowing under the Export, clapped me on the shoulder. 'Fellow,' he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling behind the clear crystal of his pince-nez, 'you're only a passenger, and after this voyage I'll never see you again, but I like you just the same!'

'Thank you, Doctor,' I replied; 'and I like you, too.'

'I wish I could say that about my future wife,' Jones muttered gloomily; then: 'What do you think of Vancouver?' he asked, evidently wishing to change the subject.

I made a noncommittal reply.

A faint smile appeared on Jones's lips. 'Say what you think,' he said. 'It's terrible, of course.'

'It was rather depressing to see so many unemployed down on the waterfront,' I admitted, but added that I supposed they were stevedores who would be back to work before long. 'You see, where I live, on a primitive island, there has never been a case of forced idleness.' I had laid stress on the word 'forced,' remembering how old Bones and William spent their days resting, and even my store boy, Benny, did most of his trading while asleep on the station counter.

'Well, your island has little on Vancouver,' Jones said. 'The men you mentioned are not stevedores and they are not unemployed. Strictly speaking, they are only on vacation.'

The cook and I smiled.

'You think I'm joking,' Jones muttered dryly, 'but I'm not. These men are on vacation. They are fishermen, paper makers, loggers, high-riggers,

and the like. They work for the canneries or in the forests until they have saved a few hundred dollars; then they come to Vancouver to enjoy themselves. When their money is gone they have little trouble returning to their jobs.'

'They don't choose a happy way of enjoying themselves.'

'They know no other life — that's the blessing of it,' Jones said. 'They are fated to this existence as surely as I am fated to marry a woman I dislike.' He raised his eyes to stare vaguely at a spot on my forehead.

'Take the lumbermen,' he was saying. 'Whistle punks and high-riggers, line-horsemen and plain lumberjacks. They work in the fine clean forests for a few months; they feel their axes biting deep in the live wood; they have the smell of pine trees in their nostrils, the vigor of fresh air in their blood! Think of it: up every morning at daylight; the aroma of coffee and bacon from the cook shack; hard work and healthy appetites; smoke-oh and a pipe of tobacco; long yarns in the bunkhouse at night; sound sleep while the wind is stirring in the hemlocks and they are breathing deeply of the resinous air! But are they satisfied? Not a bit of it. Before they're in camp a week they hanker for Vancouver. After a month they start counting the days. Every waking moment, even in their dreams they are obsessed with the idea of hurrying back to the city; and when they have saved a hundred dollars or so, iron bars could n't keep them in the camp any longer. "Hurrah, boys!" they shout as they throw down their axes and line up for the pay shack. "A couple of days more and we'll be in Vancouver! Hurrah, hurrah!"'

'In Vancouver,' he went on, 'they have a bout in the beer parlors, but not for long, for you'll find that the Canadians are not intemperate; then they choose nice soft squares of pave-

ment; they slip their hands in their pockets, lean against the buildings or the lampposts, and just stand there, for days, for weeks, sometimes for months. And during this nonvegetative period, I imagine, they are thinking about the fine life out in the forest, the line-up for the mess shack, the luxury of a pipe of tobacco in the bunkhouse. Yes; that's what they are thinking about: they are wishing themselves back in camp, but at the same time they are psychologically unable to leave their little squares of pavement until the last of their money is gone. Then, with the first pangs of hunger, the idea suddenly comes to them: "Why not go back to camp?" They smile, straighten up, take their hands out of their pockets. "Believe I will go back!" they think. "By Jiminy, I'm going!" and off they tramp to the employment bureau, shouting: "Hurrah, boys! A couple of days more and we'll be back in camp! Hurrah, hurrah!"

'So it goes: "Hurrah, boys! We'll soon be back in camp!" "Hurrah, boys! We'll soon be back in Vancouver!" Could there be better evidence of the inevitability of fate?'

V

The gold digger came aboard bright and early the next morning, particularly to see me. Tall, of handsome physique, bareheaded, coatless, wearing a blue silk shirt with a monogram embroidered on the left breast, he had the frank open face of a crook.

'I've just been down to Cocos Island,' he told me. 'Gold diggin'! I found it!' he whispered tensely. 'The real stuff! Spanish gold! Half of it's yours' — and here he spoiled the effect — 'if you'll sail to Cocos Island with me! Three million, five-hundred thousand dollars! Think of it! All you got to do is buy a vessel, provision

it, and we sail. What do you say? Do we go? There's a cold three and a half million in it for you!'

Just then he jerked up his right hand to squeeze his nostrils with his thumb and index finger as though to alleviate an itching. The motion drew back his shirt sleeve, exposing a number of red spots on his wrist. They completed the case against him.

'What kind of coins did you find?' I asked.

He hesitated for a little; then, in an offhand tone, 'Oh,' said he, 'doubloons and pieces of eight!'

VI

A vessel bound up the Inside Passage leaves Vancouver at a predetermined hour and minute so as to reach the difficult narrows above at the turn of the tide. Navigation through these narrows, the pilot told me, would at any other time be like navigation in the rapids below Niagara Falls, for the current runs through this strait at from fourteen to seventeen knots. We sailed at 4.15 A.M., as I knew, for the foghorn started bellowing the moment we had left the dock, and I, rolling over, looked at my watch.

I find myself at a loss to describe effectively the cold, austere, objective beauty of the Inside Passage. Perhaps an impression of it can best be had from the captain's words when, during the voyage north, he had summed up the impression made on him by the Strait of Magellan. 'It was grand and magnificent,' he had said, rolling off his syllables, 'but it made me go cold in the backbone to look at it. Awful grandeur, that's what it was.' Awful grandeur — and, to me, scarred, humiliated grandeur — describes the Inside Passage; for, wherever the great secular forests have grown to profitable dimensions, enterprising lumbermen have appeared to slash scars down the

mountain sides. These abrasions are without a single sapling, bush, or weed — yellow gaping wounds that are scarred deeper every year when the rain freshets gouge furrows, then gullies, down them.

On deck the next morning I found that the fog had lifted, the air was crystal clear. We were steaming up a fiord, apparently into the heart of the Canadian Rockies. Off the port bow an arm of steely-black water broke from the main channel to lose itself among the purple snowcapped peaks. All about us the mountains rose from water as sombre, smooth, and fathomless as that of a crater lake. I sensed an indwelling quality of pristine stillness in the forests that stretched upward on either side in two indivisible robes of silver-green; and it was with vexation that I heard *Tramp Steamer's* horn reverberating across the quiet water, intruding into the mountain forests, echoing back in an awed, tremulous note.

We had steamed close to a point where a few acres of heavily wooded and comparatively level land jutted into the fiord. Above us, on the starboard side of the flying bridge, we could see the captain and the pilot, unaccountably excited. The former had his binoculars focused on a log house of the kind city people build, with verandahs, glass windows, and modern conveniences, standing on the extreme end of the point, within a foot or two of the water. Turning aft, at a nudge from Barrister, I noticed the chief and second engineers on the boat deck, both with binoculars, while the cook, the mess boy, and the bosun stood by the galley door, their eyes glued on the point.

We were now not more than fifty yards away, so there was no mistaking the nature of the apparition when, prancing from the forest like an etiolated Pan, came a naked man! A few

seconds later as many as a dozen men and women, *in puris naturalibus*, appeared on the front verandah of the log house. They waved to us, as free from embarrassment as though they had been properly clothed.

What a strange and exotic sight! In the midst of the lonely forest, a group of neurotic men and women, unclothed, naked! There is something obscene about naked white people. Yet I am accustomed to looking, unmoved, on naked and semi-naked people. On my island of Puka-Puka men and women think nothing of disrobing in their homes to walk quite naked to the beach for their evening swim. Nowawi, the king of the island, walks past my trading station every day at sundown on his way to the lagoon, gray-headed, bent, his clothes left at home, his hands, like fig leaves, modestly setting an example to the less modest neighbors. Or again, if I were to visit a whole family at the moment when they were starting to dress for church, they would change their clothes in my presence without self-consciousness. Nor should I feel any, for I have lived among these people so long, seen so much of nakedness, that I have lost interest in the physical characteristics of the unclothed Polynesians. But when the pantless apparition, pallid, hirsute, pranced from the forest to stand with one arm outstretched to lean against a tree, like a young man supporting himself against a mantelpiece, I, a hard-boiled South Sea trader, was genuinely shocked.

VII

'I've made arrangements for us to go through the paper mill this afternoon,' Barrister said next morning.

'That's fine; how did you manage it?'

'I sent the manager my card. When he had admitted me I explained that I

am an Australian barrister and that I wished to visit the mill with my acquaintance, a wealthy South Sea trader and author.'

'Thank you.'

'Oh, it's nothing. The mill manager is going to escort us through personally.'

And so it turned out. On meeting the mill manager, a hatchet-faced, affable person whose æsthetic, religious, and material life was centred about the mechanics of newsprint manufacture, he said he had enjoyed my stories in two of the most popular magazines in America; also, he hoped I should have something nice to say about Paper-town in one of my forthcoming articles. I then realized that Barrister had been fibbing about me so as to obtain a technically expert guide, while the manager had merely told a polite lie. However, never having obtained a check from either of the magazines he had named, I assured him that anything I wrote for those publications would be highly complimentary; and thus, incidentally, I made myself as polite a fraud as were they.

The mill manager flushed with pleasure; he started to repeat his first statement, but his words were drowned, for we had just entered the sawmill. From where we stood I could see, through a large opening in the side of the building, a flume-like structure slanting at twenty degrees down to the booming grounds where floated rafts of spruce, hemlock, and balsam, waiting to be mangled into newsprint. Along the bottom of the flume an endless chain, fitted with steel snags, caught the logs and carried them to the mill. There they were handled with brutal efficiency: steel against wood; active power against passive beauty. Logs weighing tons were grasped and thrown about by immense steel arms; logs were bashed, punched, tossed this way and that, gripped by claws to be lifted bod-

ily, placed with marvelous precision exactly in place on the carriage that took them to the band saw. This last, with a high-pitched sustained scream, slashed through the wood at the rate of 8600 feet a minute, cutting 500,000 board feet a day. I believe I have this correct, but the noise was so terrible when the manager shouted it in my ear that I may have got too many or too few ciphers.

'Now we'll look at the barker,' the manager said, leading us to the next section, the wood room. 'Here the wood is suitably prepared for subsequent conversion into pulp,' he added, as though delivering a technical lecture, pointing at the same time to four revolving drums, each twelve feet across by thirty-five feet long, their inner surfaces covered with steel spikes that tore the bark from the blocks. Not a soul was to be seen in the wood-room; and, as we proceeded through the mill, only an occasional figure was to be noted, wandering about the great roaring machines in a state of uncertainty, like a lost child in a forest. Perhaps the machines were too formidable, too intricate for human laborers to manipulate; perhaps they were controlled by the higher mind of abstract theory.

In one room there were rows of smoking 'trench mortars' that ground the wood to a pulp; in another room we saw chipping machines that in a few seconds reduced blocks of wood to shavings. And later we visited a building full of huge steel digesters, where, in a solution of sulphur dioxide, under high pressure, the so-called ligneous portions of the shavings were assimilated, leaving a long-fibred pulp. This last is the base of newsprint, while the ground pulp from the trench mortars is used as a matting over the interlaced fibres, 'one-quarter Sulphite, three-quarters Mechanical,' the manager told us, using trade terminology.

When the digesters have thoroughly mangled the shavings, and the trench mortars have ground the blocks to a porridge, the two forms of pulp pass through an elaborate purifying, mixing, and dyeing process. There are great vats scattered here and there, seemingly at random, on the floor, under the floor, suspended in midair, with pipes coiling, inosculating, winding from one vat to another, each one vying to twist itself in more contortions than its neighbor. The visitor comes upon an open trap doorway, and peering through it he sees an immense cauldron of steaming porridge, a twelve-foot spoon stirring it with the unconscious deliberation of a preoccupied housewife stirring the morning's oatmeal. Elsewhere the porridge gurgles through troughs and pipes, spills into other vats, more spoons stir it; it is strained, dyed, thinned to a gruel; there are more vats, more spoons, until finally it gurgles down a gaping conduit, and we, the visitors, move on to the paper machines.

Though there was literally millions of dollars' worth of machinery in the paper room, save only for ourselves not a soul was in sight. My first impression was of strange stillness which seemed intensified by the distant and now all but inaudible scream of the sawmill, the faint din from the chipping machines. In the paper room itself I could hear a high-pitched musical note that was euphonic in contrast to the cacophony in the other sections of the mill. Like a mountain torrent that, having thundered through its youth, on reaching the urbane lowlands demurely regulates itself to the conventional channel of well-mannered society, hums gently, disavows its turbulent youth, so the paper pulp spilled genteelly in-

to the well-regulated machines. From one came a high, evenly sustained humming; from the other a note I believed to be one-fifth lower. They harmonized perfectly, and I was grateful for this. I mentioned it to the manager, but he responded only with a startled expression.

'Well, what are your impressions?' he said as we walked away from the mill.

'It is very wonderful,' I replied truthfully, Barrister having intimated, by a glance, that I should speak. I wanted to add: 'It is also very futile,' and continue: 'Why do you make newsprint at all? You are destroying the forests, employing nearly two thousand men — though I did n't see thirty in the mill — who produce nothing but seven hundred tons of newsprint a day. On my island of Puka-Puka, William, Benny, Bones, and I never see a newspaper: we have struggled along for years without seeing a newspaper or visiting a motion-picture theatre or listening to a radio, — three of the most subversive influences in modern society, — yet we have found that life continues satisfactorily. Here at Papertown you are wasting resources as well as human life to create a reading habit that the public would be better off without.'

'The whistle toots,' I went on, figuratively raising my voice, a wild look, I fancy, coming into my eyes, 'and all the hatchet-faced paper makers prance off to work; it toots again and they stop to eat; again, and they go back to work; again, and they slouch home.'

'Result: \$8.48 per worker; \$1,000,000 for the owners; tabloids for the public; death for the forests of British Columbia.'

Within a fortnight, nostalgia has so possessed Mr. Frisbie that he engaged passage on the first ship returning to the South Seas. — THE EDITORS

GREECE IN EGYPT

BY GEORGE ALLEN

I

IN the year 1778 a number of boxes were discovered in Egypt. They were filled with papyri — that is, with rolls of ancient reed paper inscribed with writing. Nobody was interested in the discovery, and only one survived, this being written in Greek. The rest were burned, because, it is said, they smelled good.

During the nineteenth century more of these papyri were unearthed, and first the scholars and then the dealers became interested. The workmen too showed their interest by digging ruthlessly on their own, and destroying an immense amount of what remained. But gradually the discovery of papyri has become a science, and many have been preserved and deciphered. That they have survived is a miracle, the best finds coming from the Fayum valley, which was elaborately irrigated in classical times. When the irrigation broke down in the decay of the third and fourth centuries after Christ, the villages were promptly deserted, and the papyri survived untouched in a climate as dry as that of Northern Arizona, with its intact remains of the cliff dwellers' civilization.

The bulk of our papyri came from ancient rubbish heaps, which of course are now covered over with dirt. Others were occasionally buried lovingly with their owners; yet others have been found in a sort of papier-mâché used for masking the faces of mummies, and for

some strange reason the mummies of crocodiles were particularly fruitful of good papyri.

These manuscripts begin about 300 B. C., the first we have being a marriage contract of 311; and they last until well on into the Christian era, though vellum books begin to replace them in the fourth century after Christ. As civilization became more theological it also diminished, and vellum became scarcer. But the output of theological works did not diminish; and in the consequent paper shortage we find many papyri and much vellum being used as palimpsests: that is, the original writing has been washed out, and the material written on all over again. But the underlying writing can usually be read, and is generally the more interesting of the two.

II

Taken in bulk, these documents give a strange and modern impression of what was the richest country in the ancient world. It was under a Greek civil service. Herodotus, in the fifth century B. C., had already been there as a tourist; and, beginning with a treaty port, the Greeks had been peacefully penetrating Egypt until, after the death of Alexander the Great in B. C. 323, his general Ptolemy settled down there as king. His successors improved on this by becoming gods in their own life-

times, being dependent largely on the revenues collected by their Greek officials. These soon made a governing caste not unlike that in modern India, except that they did not return to their native land on retirement and were also much more literary. Alexandria became the centre of a rather conservative and moneyed Greek culture, which enjoyed the stylistic complications of literature and would have worshiped Mr. T. S. Eliot while it deciphered.

Because of the security of the country this culture lasted far longer than in European Greece; indeed it was only ended by the Arabs in the middle of the seventh century. It is vividly illuminated by the papyri, both public and private. We have public-works contracts, business agreements, marriage and divorce agreements, letters from schoolboys and fathers of schoolboys, letters from soldiers, prospective hosts (in the third person), lovers, and many others. We hear of dance orchestras being engaged, also of wet nurses and mouse catchers, of perfumery businesses and lubricating oil for water wheels.

There are, lastly, the literary papyri, the most important of all from the textual point of view; they have done great service in upsetting the complacency of scholars, for they suggest that the mediæval manuscripts are not as corrupt as was thought and that editors cannot emend at random, for fear of being caught napping by the next fragment that turns up. But the state of a text is not everything, and much more important is the discovery of long-lost works. There are the *Logia* or Sayings of Christ, which include the words 'Raise the stone and thou shalt find me, cleave the wood and there am I.' There are also many secular discoveries, among them the Alexandrian mimes (which are really variety 'sketches'), an epitome of some lost books of

Livy, the poems of Bacchylides, Aristotle's famous *Constitution of Athens*, and lastly new poems of Alcæus and Sappho.

In 1898 we had only two poems of Sappho which were anything like complete; and, after discovering a third, Grenfell and Hunt could then write in a preface: 'It is not very likely that we shall find another poem of Sappho.' But thanks to the discoveries of Grenfell and Hunt at Oxyrhynchus in 1903, we now have five, besides many interesting fragments.

One of the new poems, which I have translated, is reproduced on the following page. It describes Hector's return to Troy with his new bride, and was perhaps written for Sappho's class. After the death of her rich husband she apparently conducted a course for girls and young women who wanted to take a more professional part in singing ritual processions and marriage feasts, and probably 'Andromache's Wedding' was written for a specific performance at one of these last.

As a rule Sappho wrote in an easy style not very far removed from the ordinary usage of Lesbos; but this poem has a few reminiscences of Homeric epic which have led some scholars to doubt its authenticity. But if it is not the work of Sappho, it is evidently the work of someone very close to her, some admirer or pupil; and the poem is beautiful enough in the original to be of Sappho's own composing. It is written in a light dancing metre; the two breaks in the English text correspond to places where the Greek text has become illegible for a few lines. As a poem it is quick and visualized; if Keats's 'Ode on a Grecian Urn' shows a procession remembered upon the tranquil urn, Sappho shows the procession as it went, full of music and moving, and until 1903 quite happy without benefit of a posterity which it could not imagine and did not need.

ANDROMACHE'S WEDDING

'HECTOR and his men bring the girl, her eyes gleaming,
From Thebe the Holy, from Placia fount unfailing,
Andromache the beautiful over the salt sea sailing,
With whorls and roundlets golden, with treasure of arraying,
Purple, of fine embroidering, away on the wind streaming,
With silver cups uncountable and carven ivory.'

This was the herald's story.

And Hector's father heard it, and gay he rose, and the saying
Went the round of Troy town for all friends' knowing.

Then the men of Troy put their mules into harnessing
Under the wheeling chariots, and then mounted pressing
The rout of young women and of light-foot girls going;
Then Priam's daughters apart, and then the soldiers
Were harnessing their horses under the chariot rim,
The young men in their prime. . . .

And then sweet piping with lyre play was blending,
With castanets clashing, and the maidens high singing
Sang the holy song to Heaven ascending
With strange din ringing. . . .

There were myrrh and cassia with frankincense smoking;
There the older women their chant were choiring,
There all the men sang their high song invoking
The God far darting, Pæan of the lyring,
Singing for Hector and Andromache divine.

PIECEMEAL COLLECTIVISM

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

IN countries like Great Britain or the United States there is no manifest disposition to establish a totalitarian order with a regimented population under a militarized autocracy, but for some sixty years these democracies have tended increasingly to seek relief from poverty and disorder by the use of collectivist measures. In fact it may be said that contemporary progressives are gradual collectivists and that they hope by the gradualness of their methods to establish a collectivist order piecemeal, and thus avoid the violence of dictatorship.

Those who hold this view are at present the overwhelming majority of public-spirited and well-disposed persons in the democratic countries. They are not fanatics who, in order to achieve a planned society, would be willing to sweep away the guaranties of liberty and the responsibility of rulers to the people. Their goal is the public administration of the economy, but they believe that no step must be taken to that goal without popular consent obtained by persuasion in open debate. They hold that in this way the advance into collectivism can be made without class struggle, dictatorship, or the militarization of society.

For approximately three generations a gradual democratic advance into collectivism has been under way. This movement also has its ideology. But here again, as with the fascists and the communists, theory is very unlike prac-

tice and the results are very different from the promises.

The Theory

The theory of gradual collectivism rests upon the assumption that majorities express the will and represent the interests of society, and that they have inherited from the king the prerogatives of his sovereignty. The gradual collectivist believes in the absolutism of the majority, having by a fiction identified the mandates of transient majorities with the enduring and diverse purposes of the members of a community. He thinks it absurd that a few oligarchs in the Kremlin or demagogic dictators in Berlin or Rome should pretend that their personal decisions are the comprehensive purposes of great nations. Yet the gradual collectivist, under the banner of popular sovereignty, believes in the dictatorship of random aggregations of voters. In this theory the individual has no rights as against the majority — constitutional checks and bills of rights exist only by consent of the majority. Even the right of the majority to rule is at the mercy of any passing majority. There is nothing in the doctrine of the sovereignty of the majority to preclude the abolition of majority rule by vote of a majority. In fact it was under the ægis of this doctrine that Napoleon III and Hitler came to power.

Thus by one fiction the gradual col-

lectivist identifies passing majorities with the nation. By another fiction he treats the legislators as representative of the majorities which elected them. And finally, by a third fiction he pretends that the executive and administrative machine represents the wills of a majority of the legislators. The nation is supposed to have delegated its unlimited authority to a majority of the enfranchised voters. They are supposed to have delegated their unlimited authority to a majority in the legislative assembly. The assembly is supposed to have delegated its unlimited authority to the executive and the bureaucracy. To this central authority the gradual collectivist then proposes to entrust increasingly the administration of the social system.

It is evident that a régime of this sort is afflicted with an insoluble contradiction. In so far as it seeks to administer the economy under a rational and coherent plan, it must somehow prevent one majority from overriding the decisions of a previous majority. For if a plan is to be carried out, it must be adopted and the people must thereafter conform. If they do not conform, if they are free at any time to agitate for amendments, the plan ceases to be a plan. It would not be a plan if its parts were not closely interrelated; if it is subject to continual change at vital points, the whole design has to be remade continually. Suppose, for example, that the Russian people had had democratic control over the Five-Year Plan, and that, having assented at the outset to the proposal that they should manufacture steel before they manufactured clothing, they had changed their minds. In making this change they would not have amended the plan: they would have abolished it. It would then have been necessary to draft a wholly different plan, and two years after the new plan had been put into effect the people might again have

changed their minds. This would have called for still a different plan. But a series of different plans is no plan at all.

The very essence of the democratic process is that the rulers are continually responsible to popular opinion, and unless that opinion is free to change, and in changing to alter the policy of the state, there is no democracy. The very essence of the conception of planning is that a design can be adopted to which the people will thereafter conform. This is equivalent to saying that a democratic people cannot have a planned economy, and that in so far as they desire planned economy they must suspend responsible government.

The Polity of Pressure Groups

In the real world the historic advance of democratic collectivism has not been directed by the rationalized vision of a new society. It is true these visions have influenced the argument over specific measures, rousing many to action and breaking down resistance, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the practical influence on western society of these collectivists who call themselves social democrats, Fabian socialists, evolutionary or revisionist socialists, or merely progressives. The collectivists have conquered the intellectual world, to borrow a phrase from Mr. Keynes, as thoroughly as the Holy Inquisition conquered Spain. They have made it seem rather ridiculous and contemptible to hold that mankind can advance by proceeding with the process of liberation; they have persuaded the intellectual world that social improvement must come by magnifying the dominion of the state. But though collectivists exercise a kind of intellectual monopoly and absolute authority over the assumptions of modern political thought, they have not imbued the mass of the people with their own general conception of society as a whole. The doc-

trines remain the possession of an élite. Electorates and parliaments, though they have been moving rapidly in the collectivist direction, have not consciously been shaping society according to a new design.

Though the movement has been under way for more than sixty years, up to the present time no socialist party in any of the large western democracies has obtained the support of an effective majority of the electorate. It is a matter of common knowledge that even when the socialist vote has been considerable it is no measure of the number of genuinely convinced and indoctrinated socialists. There are many more socialist voters than there are convinced socialists. Thus it is fair to say that the advance of collectivism has not been determined by the image of a collectivist society. The advance has consisted of a series of definite measures, all more or less within the same general category, to be sure. But these measures have come not from a general theory but from a series of efforts to deal with specific grievances and to provide particular benefits.

Such has been the inner principle of the gradual and democratic collectivist movement. It is, I believe, its only possible principle. Because a democracy cannot adopt a collectivist plan, the practical initiative in each measure of its gradual advance comes not from the energy of a general ideal but from organized interests seeking protection and privileges. In practice, gradual collectivism is not an ordered scheme of social reconstruction. It is the polity of pressure groups.

The movement advances by measures adopted from time to time at the instigation of aggrieved or aspiring groups of voters. Through their leaders and lobbyists they persuade, cajole, coerce, and occasionally corrupt the electorate or the parliament; often they conspire with other organized interests

to form majorities by coalition. Though exceptions could be cited, it is substantially true that, while the moral and intellectual justification for each measure is derived from the general ideology of collectivism, the initiative comes from organized interests. There has been some legislation for the welfare of the weak and the dependent which may be said to be the work of humane and disinterested men. But these measures do not deeply affect the conduct of business and government. Though they are humanly important, they are peripheral and superficial, and by all thoroughgoing collectivists are recognized as such.

The measures which have profoundly affected the social order because they have meant the shift of important social benefits from one group to another, from one region or occupation to another, from individuals to great corporations, or from individuals to the government — all such decisive measures have proceeded from the pressure of interested groups upon the electorate and upon the politicians. The particular measures would not have been adopted when they were adopted but for the organized agitation, the lobbying, and the exercise of influence by these interested groups. Thus no serious historian of politics would imagine that he had accounted for the protective tariff or the system of bounties or subsidies, for the monetary and the banking laws, for the state of the law in regard to corporate privileges and immunities, for the actual status of property rights, for agricultural or for labor policies, until he had gone behind the general claims and the abstract justifications and had identified the specifically interested groups which promoted the specific law.

Such an understanding of the actual history should not be confused with the arbitrary classification of society into a capitalist class and a proletarian class.

For while it may serve the purposes of a revolutionary propaganda to say with Marx that the modern state is 'nothing more than a committee for the administration of the consolidated affairs of the bourgeois class as a whole,' the specific measures taken by modern states are unintelligible on the hypothesis that there is a 'bourgeois class' which has 'consolidated affairs.' Consider, for example, the American tariff as it existed when President Hoover signed the Hawley-Smoot bill in 1930. It would be admitted by all, I suppose, that with negligible exceptions each item in each schedule originated with at least some of the producers of the commodity protected by the duty, and that the rate was either a grant of their demands or a compromise between their demands and the objections raised by representatives of some other interest. No one would pretend that this tariff which profoundly affected the whole American economy, not to speak of the economy of the world, was in any sense of the term conceived by the 'bourgeois class' as a whole. The very essence of that tariff, and of all its predecessors, was that, far from representing the 'consolidated' interests of business men as a class, it represented the special interests of some of them.

Under gradual collectivism, precisely because it is gradual, the measures of state interference are almost invariably promoted by particular groups. Invariably they claim that their particular interest is identical with the national interest. But it is the particular interest which moves them to raise the issue. The legislature may reject the claim if someone is able to expose its fallacy. But in so far as the legislature acts, it must listen to some petition. It does not move unless it has been provoked by the claim of some group. For it has no other criterion by means of which it can decide where and when and to what end it should intervene.

Particularity, both of origin and of incidence, is the essence of the specific measures whereby gradual collectivism develops. The protective tariff does not stand alone. The same principle is no less evident in the collectivist measures designed to assist farmers or workers. The very fact that they are generally proposed on the ground that something must be done to equalize burdens, privileges, and bargaining power is in itself a most significant indication of the real nature of the process. If we examine such measures in detail we shall rarely fail to observe that in fact they are promoted not by 'the farmers' or by 'labor' as a whole but by particular interests among farmers and workmen.

The Agricultural Adjustment Act, for example, in its dealings with cotton, paid little attention to the tenant farmers, the share-croppers, not to speak of the agricultural laborers who were displaced by the curtailment of cotton production. Moreover, the curtailment of cotton production by the method of acreage reduction paid scant attention to the claims of the efficient producer as against those of the less efficient. Furthermore, the act itself selected nine 'basic' commodities which were entitled to benefit payments. All the other farmers had to contribute to these benefits by paying the processing taxes. Thus a dairyman paid a tax on cotton, wheat, hogs, and corn, but received no benefit payments. I do not mean to argue that, in the critical conditions which prevailed in the year 1933, special legislation of this sort may not have been temporarily in the general interest. My concern is merely to illustrate the underlying principle of gradual collectivism, which is that its specific measures owe their origin to particular interests and that its design follows the pattern of the influences exerted by pressure groups.

The same principle tends to control

labor legislation. Anyone who will analyze the laws passed to benefit labor will find that, apart from some few of a humanitarian character, they reflect with fair accuracy the strategic advantages of certain groups of workers. Thus railroad employees are more highly protected by special laws than any other group, and among railroad employees the members of the brotherhoods are more carefully protected than the shopmen or the unskilled workers who maintain the tracks. The social security laws providing for insurance against unemployment, for example, and the laws to promote collective bargaining give protection to well-established, strategically placed, and highly organized groups. They are quite unable to give the same degree of protection, let us say, to domestic servants, to clerks, or to casual workers.

*The Vicious Paradox in the Polity
of Pressure Groups*

It appears to make no difference where collectivism of this sort begins. Whether it begins with tariffs for some manufacturers, special laws for certain groups of workingmen, or bounties for farmers, the one certain thing is that in a democratic society the granting of some privileges must be followed by the granting of more privileges. In fact it might be said that when modern states abandoned the Jeffersonian principle of special privileges to none they became committed, by the sentiment for equal rights, to the principle of special privileges for all.

Thus a tariff for one industry will make irresistible the demands of other industries for equal protection. At the end of the process, very nearly reached by the United States in 1930, tariffs become universal and well-nigh exclusive against all foreign products that can be made domestically. But such tariffs only mark the beginning. The agri-

cultural interests will demand protection and bounties in order to achieve 'parity.' An advanced system of labor legislation always demands the support of an exclusive tariff. Thus under the National Industrial Recovery Act, which sought by federal laws, called codes, to elevate wages and working conditions, it was provided that if 'substantial quantities' of any article were imported, and might 'render ineffective' the 'maintenance of any code,' such imports could be prohibited.

Now the effect of attempting to give protection to all the interests capable of bringing influence to bear upon the government is to cancel many of their special advantages. One tariff-protected manufacturer in an economy otherwise committed to free trade will, of course, obtain a substantial advantage. But, if the producer from whom he buys his raw materials is also given protection, some of that benefit is canceled, for the costs of production are increased. If, then, bounties and tariffs have to be given to the farmers in order to protect them also, the first lobbyist not only has to contribute to the benefits out of his profits, but finds that the cost of living has risen for his employees. When they organize to increase their real wages, more of his benefits are canceled.

If the sole effect of this cumulative collectivism were to cancel the special advantages of the various pressure groups, it might be regarded as a harmless method of letting them enjoy the appearance of special privileges while the community escaped the consequences. If, by making privilege universal, special advantages were neutralized; if, by giving one interest after another a special favor, all the interests came to be on an equal footing, the process might be silly, but it would not be dangerous. The believers in gradual collectivism seem to have some such

comforting thought in the backs of their minds.

The notion of equal privileges for every interest has, as it happens, been elaborated into a scheme of social organization. It is known in Italy as the Corporative State. In Russia it is partially embodied in the Soviet system of government. And long before that the idea was adopted by several schools of social reconstruction, among them the guild socialists and syndicalists of many sorts.

The theory of these schemes is that government should be 'functional' rather than geographical — that is to say, in the state each person should be represented as a worker rather than as a citizen. Many democrats have been attracted by the idea, thinking that the avowed representation of particular interests would be better than the lobbying of pressure groups pretending to be disinterested patriots. They have been tempted to hope that the open avowal of all special interests would neutralize their self-regarding purposes into a realistic but harmonious conception of the general interest. The trouble with the scheme is that it sanctifies the self-regarding purposes of special interests and does nothing to subdue them. For many particular interests do not in any conceivable combination constitute the general interest; to entrust the government of a nation to such a body would be to turn the sovereign power over to a coalition of its most powerful interests. As a matter of fact, though the semblance of such a political organization exists in Italy, in Russia, and even in Germany, no real power is entrusted to it in any of these states. The sovereign power resides in the dictatorship, and in fact only a dictatorship could hope to keep a chamber of special interests from conspiring continually against the national welfare.

There is no reason to think that the self-regarding activities of special groups

can be compensated or regulated by organizing more and more of them. In the historical period during which organized interests have been increasingly active and their activities treated as more and more reputable, there have been two momentous developments. By organized restrictions of many sorts the production of wealth has been retarded, the method of monopoly being employed to enrich the favored interests. The imprimatur of respectability having been put upon organized privilege, the whole population has become imbued with the idea that as a matter of right everyone is entitled to invoke the law to increase his income.

This is the vicious paradox of the gradual collectivism which has developed in western society during the past sixty years: it has provoked the *expectation* of universal plenty provided by action of the state while, through almost every action undertaken or tolerated by the state, the production of wealth is *restricted*. By these measures modern states have frustrated the hopes which their policies have aroused. They have put into effect measures of scarcity, and all the while they have taught the people that the effect of the policy would be to give them abundance. To that paradox no small part of the dangerous tension in modern society is due.

The Restriction of Wealth

That a system of gradual collectivism, operating through tariffs and bounties, price fixing and wage fixing, must reduce the wealth of nations has seemed so self-evident to a long line of economists that one of them has been moved to say that 'only the feeble-minded and the paid agents of vested interests will be found to deny such propositions' (Lionel Robbins, in *The Great Depression*). Yet the proposition is denied in the practice of all modern

states, and among the great mass of their inhabitants it is regarded as far from self-evident that to restrict production is to become deliberately poorer.

It is curious and significant, however, that while almost every interest favors collectivist measures, no one defends them all. Thus, for example, the processing tax on cotton — levied in order to pay cotton planters to restrict their output and raise the price — was invalidated in the Supreme Court as the result of a lawsuit brought by a textile mill corporation which enjoys high tariff protection. Manufacturers, who have the legal privilege of exclusive possession of the domestic market at more than a competitive price, have no difficulty in understanding the objections to laws which create artificially high prices for their raw materials. They can see no less easily the fallacy of monopolistic union wage rates. All the reasons for respecting the law of supply and demand, all the arguments against monopoly, restriction, and scarcity, are self-evident to them except in the field where they themselves have an exclusive market under government protection.

The managers of the great corporations are fully aware that the production of wealth is restricted by labor laws and labor contracts which enable their employees to do less work for more pay. But it is not so easy for them to see that when, by means of tariffs or a monopolistic control of prices, they restrict production and raise their prices above the competitive level they too are practising a policy of scarcity. Though they will shut down their own plant rather than sell at a lower price, and will invoke tariff protection to prevent foreigners from selling at the lower price, they nevertheless understand that the soundest principles of economics have been violated when farmers are assisted by the government to plough under cotton and

slaughter little pigs, when wage earners insist on shorter hours at a high 'prevailing wage.' These same farmers, however, relying upon the full power of the government to raise their prices by restricting production, will in the same breath denounce the railroads and utilities for not expanding production by reducing the rates.¹

Thus, in the debate which accompanies the advance of gradual collectivism, particular interests will be found advocating protection for themselves and free trade for those with whom they transact their affairs. If the student is looking for a defense of the system, he can find it by assembling the arguments used by each interest in defending its special privilege. But an equally impressive collection of separate briefs could be assembled, written by spokesmen for the same interests, denouncing as uneconomic, as immoral, as unconstitutional, often as treasonable and subversive, the same practices when carried on by other interests.

These self-contradictory pleadings are such glaring instances of man's ability to see the mote in his neighbor's eye and to overlook the beam in his own that one is led to ask how the disinterested exponents of gradual collectivism can persuade themselves that they have a rational political philosophy. At the level of practical politics there are the pulling and pushing of interested groups contending for the assistance of the sovereign power. At the level of popular debate there are the special pleas of interests, each insisting that the general interest will be served if the coercive authority of the state is placed at its disposal. The gradual collectivist has to suppose that over and above these special groups and their special pleadings there exists a sover-

¹ Compare, for example, the price policy of the Tennessee Valley Authority, which has the backing of the farm bloc, with that of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. — AUTHOR

eign power able to discern the universal in the particular, and to assert it with the force of law. He has to suppose that the electorate and its parliament have a criterion, presumably a body of principles, by which, after they have felt all the pressures and heard all the arguments, they can determine which imports to restrict, which industries and regions and occupations to favor, which prices and wages to fix and at what rate to fix them.

It is important that we make clear to ourselves the real character of the judgments which the method of gradual collectivism requires the voters and their representatives to make. They are not expected merely to interpret and enforce a system of established rights among vested interests. On the contrary, they are asked to create a series of new rights, some to replace old ones, most of them, however, in addition to the old ones. Thus they destroy some vested rights and call into being others. The arbitrament required of a democracy under gradual collectivism is, therefore, a peculiarly difficult one. It calls for the continual creation of new special privileges; it has to be assumed that the people and their parliaments can judge correctly which special privileges will be, and which will not be, for the general welfare. For under gradual collectivism the state does not merely enforce existing rights. Nor does it repeal privileges and liquidate vested interests. It establishes partnerships in more and more fields between the government and certain selected interests. The government has, therefore, to decide continually with which interests it will go into partnership and on what terms.

The real nature of gradual collectivism was made extraordinarily clear in the New Deal, as it existed before the Supreme Court of the United States invalidated it. Under the National Industrial Recovery Act, industries were

encouraged to organize themselves as agents of the state. To each of these groups there was then delegated the power to legislate not only for all who were then engaged in that line of business but for all who might wish to engage in it. No clearer, no more naked, illustration could be offered of what is meant by the statement that gradual collectivism means the conferring of privileges upon selected interests. For the right to make laws and to enforce them by fines and imprisonment is the basic attribute of sovereignty, and the delegation of sovereignty to selected interests is exactly what the word 'privilege' means. In the case of the NRA, privilege was conferred upon certain trade organizations and theoretically at least upon industrial employees also. The industrial codes were in effect charters — like those once granted to the East India Company, like those now granted to municipal corporations — to exercise the sovereign power within a certain jurisdiction.

Under the Agricultural Adjustment Act, and under such ancillary laws as the Bankhead Cotton and the Kerr Tobacco Act, the conferring of privilege and the delegation of the state's authority to particular groups were not quite so nakedly evident. Nevertheless, that was the essence of the matter. Out of all the farmers of America and among all the crops they produce, Congress selected eight staples, and authorized the Secretary of Agriculture to levy taxes and to apply the proceeds in a subsidy to the producers of those eight staples. The producers of these selected commodities were established as a vested interest, protected by laws and by a subsidy in their right to produce their crop as against anyone who might wish to trespass upon their right to produce and sell cotton. It is significant that the established growers of the basic commodities were not only given

a privileged position as against all other farmers, but that among them the cotton and tobacco growers had a specially favored position. Whether that was due to the fact that cotton and tobacco were peculiarly hard hit, or to the fact that they occupy a strategic position in the political composition of the Democratic Party, is perhaps a matter of opinion. But it is undeniably clear that the privileges were conferred approximately in proportion to the influence of particular pressure groups.

The gradual collectivist has to believe that a mass of special privileges can be distributed among interested groups in such a way as to raise the general standard of life. He has to believe that an elected parliament will distribute its privileges according to some general conception of the public welfare and not according to the pull and push of organized interests. Is this conceivable in a democracy? It is conceivable, of course, under a dictatorship if it be granted that the dictator knows in general and in particular what is for the public welfare. It does not seem likely that an electorate, listening to the babel of special pleadings, would be able to detect the universal interest in the particular, except occasionally and by good luck. There is, as Professor Carver has said, 'at least a theoretical possibility for improvement through restrictive regulation. A system of privileges is imaginable which would be so nicely designed and so delicately adjusted that it would raise the standard of life by increasing the production of wealth and improving its distribution.' But no economist has ever designed such a system and the chances are small that a democracy could see through the special pleadings, would be able to resist the pressures, and could know even with approximate accuracy which interests to favor and in what degree. If the experiment could be repeated often enough, under the

law of chances a democracy might hit upon the right system of privileges. But so, as an eminent philosopher once remarked, could a band of monkeys who had learned to hit the keys of a typewriter turn out a play of Shakespeare's — if they kept at it through all eternity.

For while a system of privileges *might* theoretically augment wealth, the chances are overwhelming that most of the privileges granted will be reducible to a common denominator. With few exceptions they will be a guarantee, backed by the authority of the state, that the beneficiaries will receive a larger private income for less effort. This means that those who are not beneficiaries will have a smaller income in return for more effort. On the whole and in the ordinary run of human affairs, tariffs, subsidies, regulated prices and wages, are promoted by men seeking to obtain a larger income, not by producing more wealth but by obtaining a larger share of the wealth produced.

Thus, when a tariff duty prevents the domestic consumer from purchasing the most inexpensive steel that can be produced in the world, the state has said that the nation either must use less steel or, if it insists on the same amount of steel, must be content with less goods of other kinds. The capital and labor and managerial skill devoted to making the more expensive steel are no longer available to make other goods. The same principle applies to the regulation of particular prices and particular wages. If they are set high, and are effective, they exact a subsidy from others; if they are set low, the victims are sweated to subsidize others. Those who receive the subsidy obtain more income for less effort; those who pay the subsidy have less income for more effort. But since a system of gradual collectivism will always tend to favor the interests that are organized, are

identified, and are insistent, since they will not be insistent because they wish to work harder but only because they wish to receive more by not working harder, the grand effect of the system is to diminish the production of wealth.

Rising Expectations

Even if it could not be demonstrated that mankind is poorer because it has embraced collectivism, it is undeniable that the people have been taught by the collectivists to believe that the government can and should make them richer. The farmers and wage earners who come asking for tariffs, bounties, monopoly in their markets, fixed prices for their goods and services, are merely following the example of the manufacturers who told them that protection produces prosperity and that concentrated corporate control produces stability and security. In a society which has adopted the collectivist view, there is a standing invitation to everyone to devise some method by which the authority of the government can be used to improve his income. For that reason the great teacher of collectivism has not been Karl Marx; it has been the example set by the men who, in the course of more than sixty years, have successfully invoked for their own profit the assistance of the state. It is not the socialist propaganda which has converted the nations; it is the practice of gradual collectivism which has caused the people to think that if some can be enriched by the action of the state, then all might be enriched by it.

The older doctrine was that wealth is increased by labor, enterprise, and thrift, and that the way to a just distribution of income is through the repeal of privileges. It has been overwhelmed by the practical demonstration that some men prosper greatly when the government assists them. So the people have had it fixed in their minds that the

state possesses a magical power to provide an abundant life. They have come gradually to think that their expectations may be as great as their government is powerful; that the stronger the government, the more certainly it can satisfy their heart's desires. After a while, when the doctrine is completely dominant in the popular mind, a point is reached where men cease to feel that there is any vital connection between production and consumption, between work and wealth. They believe instead that the vital connection is between wealth and the power of the state. It is no longer labor but the law, the force of the state, the might of the government, that is looked upon as the source of material well-being.

The belief in this miracle is due to an optical illusion. The power of the state, as such, produces nothing: it can only redistribute that which has been produced. Even if the state runs a farm as in Russia or a hydroelectric plant as at Muscle Shoals, the wealth created comes not from the government's power to command and coerce, forbid and defend, but from labor, invention, and the resources of nature. The reason why the state *appears* by exercising power to create wealth is that it can enrich some members of the community.

It is an old illusion. On the River Rhine, the most important trade route of Central Europe, there were, in the twelfth century, nineteen stations at which tolls had to be paid. They were collected by armed forces from the castles whose ruins still delight the tourist. Twenty-five more tolls were added in the thirteenth century, and by the end of the fourteenth century their number had grown to approximately sixty-two or sixty-four.

Many of these stations belonged to the Duchy of Cleves and they were known as the 'treasure.' Now these tolls added nothing, of course, to the

wealth of Europe, but they greatly enriched those who took the tolls. In this example, which is typical of all privileges, political force did not produce the 'treasure.' It exacted treasure from those who had produced it. The optical illusion arises because men mistake for the production of wealth the enrichment of those who take the tolls.

The popular belief in the efficacy of the state has its empirical support in the fact that under various forms of protection and privilege, such as tariffs, bounties, franchises, patent monopolies, concentrated corporate control, many have undoubtedly been enriched. If they, why not others? Thus the unprivileged come forward demanding privileges too — privileges to compensate them, to give them parity with, to give them equality of bargaining power with, to give them protection from, those who enjoy the favors that the state bestows. For the inner principle of gradual collectivism — and its radical fallacy — is that it does not dismantle the castles on the Rhine and abolish the privileged toll stations; it

attempts— vainly — to turn every cottage into a castle with a toll station of its own.

The Struggle for Power

Thus it has come about that under gradual collectivism the struggle for power has become ever more intense. As men learn that their fortunes depend increasingly upon their political position, the control of the authority of the state becomes a prize of infinite value. But because the multiplication of the privileges restricts the production of wealth and perverts its distribution, the standard of living does not rise in proportion to the expectations which have been aroused by the example of those who are enriched by privileges. Thus, as gradual collectivism advances, the competitive struggle for privileges is exacerbated, and it culminates in the condition now prevailing where the internal conflict is transformed into an international conflict for the redistribution of national power and privilege throughout the world.

*In the following issue Mr. Lippmann will discuss the problem of
War in a Collectivist World. — THE EDITORS*

HITLER LOOKS EASTWARD

BY HENRY C. WOLFE

I

'To-day Germany belongs to us; tomorrow the whole world!' Nazi Storm Troopers parading along Danzig's ancient cobbled streets sing out National Socialism's challenge to the nations across the 'bleeding frontiers' of the Third Reich. The echoes of this marching song reverberate in Bohemia, in Memelland, in Upper Silesia, in Transylvania. They inspire irredentist ambitions among the German minorities which dot Central Europe. Their implications cause Czechs, Lithuanians, and Poles to take counter measures against the threat of the new *Drang nach Osten* which Adolf Hitler and his propaganda and military machines have set in motion.

The Führer's promises of new lands, vast natural resources, and employment for everybody are calculated to stir the imagination of the hard-pressed German people. The bait of the Urals' minerals, the Ukraine's grain, and Siberia's forests makes the citizens of the Reich willing to live up to the war cry, 'Cannon instead of butter,' to endure the dearth of fats and pork, and the scarcity of eggs. It is not so painful to tighten the belt of hunger another notch this year, when Nazi propaganda assures you that in the future you will 'swim in plenty.' Has not the Führer himself used those very words? The German press, the radio, and countless speeches delivered in factories, schools, and other places where people assemble,

point to territorial expansion as the Reich's way out of internal difficulties. 'Colonies to absorb our surplus population and provide us with the raw materials we lack will solve our economic and social problems,' a Nazi official in Königsberg told me last June. By the term 'colonies' National Socialists do not necessarily mean overseas possessions. In the opinion of many they have in mind the acquisition of Polish, Lithuanian, Czechoslovak, or Russian territory.

There is little doubt that Germans are looking to the East and South for opportunities that are denied them at home. They remember with regret the vast territory in eastern Europe held by their armies at the beginning of 1918, an empire that stretched from the Gulf of Riga to the Black Sea and contained the raw materials and resources of Poland, Galicia, the Ukraine, much of Rumania, all of Lithuania, and part of Latvia. Looking back through the nostalgic vista of almost two decades, German strategists believe that the German army won the war in the East, then lost it through the mistake of Ludendorff's costly offensives in the West. That is why Alfred Rosenberg and other Nazi leaders who are advocating the new push to the East preach that the Reich must take a defensive position on the Rhine, and an offensive position on the Niemen, the Danube, the Vistula.

The remilitarization of the Rhineland last March was part of the Reich's new policy of Eastern orientation. It was perhaps the most important single event since the Armistice, for it changed the European political and military situation overnight. By this *coup de main*, Hitler placed his 'symbolic' battalions in a position where they could protect his back from attack by France, so that he might devote the major portion of his offensive energies to expansion toward the East and South. Every month lessens the likelihood that the French will attempt to invade the Reich to aid any small nation in Central Europe attacked by Germany. Because of the parallel lines of the French and German fortifications along their common frontier, it is doubtful if either neighbor could penetrate the territory of the other by direct invasion. This situation works to the advantage of Hitler's Eastern ambitions. But it by no means forecasts perpetual peace along the vineyard-covered slopes of the Rhine.

And what of the little nations that lie in the path of these Eastern ambitions? The startling growth of the Nazi military machine, the destructive course of French internal strife, the League of Nations' reverse over the Ethiopian affair, and the bloody course of events in Spain have all combined to frighten some of them. States like Rumania, Bulgaria, Lithuania, and Greece are afraid of being caught on the losing side. The realization that a lost war could mean the end of their national existence has spurred certain of the minor nations in the East to try to disentangle themselves from the French alignment, as Belgium appears to be doing in the West, and to make peace with the German colossus. Every mistake on the part of the Quai d'Orsay, every defeat suffered by Geneva, increases the desire among the lesser powers to come to terms with Hitler.

The strength of the Reich's defensive position lies in the fact that it is screened on the East by Poland and the Baltic States. From this position the Nazis can exert pressure against their small neighbors, the little buffer states which are isolated from France and the Soviet, their possible protectors. The sensational challenge to Moscow delivered in September by Hitler against the theatrical background of the Nürnberg Congress was heard from the Gulf of Bothnia to the Ægean. His words aroused hopes or fears, as the case might be, among the peoples along the Danube from the Black Forest to the Black Sea; they penetrated the Near East. They were followed by anti-Semitic riots in Rumania, and by political reorientations in the Balkans.

When Herr Hitler was named Chancellor by President von Hindenburg, the Nazis already had a smoothly functioning propaganda organization. During the previous decade, when their struggle for power was concentrated on the Reich itself, they had been able to pay only limited attention to neighboring states. But, once in control of the German government, the National Socialists immediately started a powerful propaganda offensive to enlist the aid of the Teutonic minorities in building in the heart of the Continent a great empire that would include all European members of the German race. The triumphant swastika would wave over areas remote from the Fatherland. A victorious Fascist Internationale extending from Burgos to Tokio would leave Geneva nothing but the late meeting place of a defunct debating society.

II

Born in Austria, the Reichsführer is inspired both by sentimental motives and by reasons of *Realpolitik* to make his native land part of a great German empire. That his earlier violent tactics

actually harmed his cause in Austria seems at last to have made an impression on him. It may be a convincing exhibition of *Schrecklichkeit* to send patrons of a Viennese cinema gasping into the open air to escape the fumes of a stench bomb, but such Nazi rowdyism is a dubious means of convincing the victims that National Socialism has the key to Utopia.

Probably the crown of post-war political folly goes to the German Nazis who put their stamp of approval on the murder of Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss in Vienna, in July 1934. Nothing could have hurt the Nazi campaign in Austria more than this stupid and brutal assassination. Though the Nazis' tactics have changed in the meantime, their long-range policies toward Austria remain the same. Political and diplomatic strategy has replaced the armed *Putsch*. *Reculer pour mieux sauter* is the order of the day. An important move in this strategy was the Austro-German accord of last July.

This pact, according to informed observers in Vienna, gave Mussolini the glory, and Austria the near-term advantages, yet prepares the way for German control of Austria by means of so-called 'parliamentary' methods. One of the most competent of these observers puts the case this way: 'If you had a fat Austrian hen, would you guard her by placing a hungry Italian fox on one side and a larger and even hungrier German fox on the other?'

The National Socialists are fond of talking about 'peaceful penetration' in Austria. Addressing the German Peasants Congress at Goslar on November 29, Air Minister Goering had these significant words to say about the Reich's relations with Austria: 'Let us not speak of *Anschluss*, but rather of unity of spirit and blood. We hope that this understanding will develop so that the cry "Heil Hitler!" will be understood in Austria no longer as a

demonstration against the government there but as a demonstration for the government.'

And so the soft word has come to replace the Nazi mailed fist in Vienna. National Socialist speeches dealing with Austria drip with sentiments of brotherhood and dwell on the bonds of 'blood community,' 'Pan-German solidarity,' and 'one people, one Reich, and one Führer.' As an indication that this strategy is winning objectives, the pronounced Pan-German, Dr. Edmund Glaise von Horstenau, was recently appointed Austrian Minister of the Interior. Thus do Nazi 'parliamentary' methods bring unofficial *Anschluss* nearer.

The democratic and social-minded little Republic of Czechoslovakia is seriously threatened by the Reich's drive to gain control of Austria. This drive is actually only part of a far more ambitious plan which includes conquering Czechoslovakia and partitioning its territory among Germany, Hungary, and Poland. The Nazis would enthusiastically 'solve' the problem of the Polish Corridor by giving the Poles land that belongs to somebody else in exchange for it. That is part of the 'dynamic' diplomacy of Adolf Hitler. Certainly in case of *Anschluss* Bohemia would be in the jaws of the Nazi pincers. The Führer would be able to close in on the Czechoslovak state with increasingly powerful propaganda and economic and political penetration.

III

Rumania is another of the key objectives of German foreign policy. For some months this colorful little kingdom has been a battleground on which Nazis have waged violent warfare against their enemies who support Rumanian ties with France and the Little Entente and coöperation with the Soviet. As in other countries where

there is a German minority, Hitler is using the Teutons in Rumania as shock troops to prepare the way for Nazi domination. His agents, abetted by such Rumanian anti-Semitic fanatics as Cuza, Goga, and Ionescu, have subsidized newspapers, organized riots, and have not stopped at assassination to remove troublesome enemies. General Cantacuzino, a boisterous Iron Guardist, brandishes a revolver at public meetings to demonstrate his idea as to how 'the Jewish problem should be solved.'

On a hot evening last summer I was sitting on the terrace of the Café Corso in Bucharest, when three young Rumanian Nazis (so-called 'students'), wearing chocolate-colored shirts and the familiar swastika armbands, swaggered up. Conversation in the café suddenly stopped, as apprehensive patrons watched the unwelcome guests. The latter lost no time in getting down to business. Apparently looking for people reading the *Dimineata* or the *Adeverul*, liberal daily newspapers, they went from table to table, seizing these publications and tearing them to bits in front of the owners' eyes. Approaching a group of Jews, the trio of terrorists cuffed one man, kicked the chair from under another, and spat in the beer of a third, reviling them as they staged their act of violence. The presence of two policemen at the corner only a few yards away had no effect on the three bullies. Unimpressive-looking specimens they were, at that, undersized, sallow, and rat-faced. But the crowds clustered about the café tables were thoroughly cowed, because no one was willing to invite the lethal vengeance of these youthful killers and their gangs.

The high spot of the pro-Nazi campaign in Rumania was the late August political *coup* engineered by Fascist influences which removed Francophile Nicolas Titulescu from his post as

Foreign Minister. His defeat was a damaging body blow to the Little Entente and to French interests in Central Europe and the Balkans. Nothing could better illustrate the effectiveness of Nazi activity in Rumania than Titulescu's sudden eclipse.

With Titulescu out of the way, temporarily at least, Ion Mihalache, president of the National Peasant Party, remains the principal obstacle to Nazi control of Rumanian affairs. As a general election should be held early in 1937, all Rumanian political parties have been engaged in a skirmishing campaign preliminary to the national poll. 'If the National Peasant Party comes to power,' Mihalache told the writer, 'we shall drive the Nazis out of Rumania.' But his frank and naïve face inevitably inspires the question, Can this simple man cope with the resourcefulness and political cleverness of his Nazi opponents? Bucharest's estimate of him is summed up in the cynical remark: 'Mihalache is too honest to succeed in Rumanian politics.'

Idealism is not playing a major rôle in Rumania's attitude toward the contenders for her favor. Many in Bucharest are influenced by the Nazi argument that to be Germany's ally is to be in on the spoils, to be Germany's enemy is to be despoiled. A prominent member of the Rumanian Parliament and a former Cabinet Minister had this to say: 'If we coöperate with Hitler we can do a profitable business selling the Germans grain and oil. But if we oppose him the German army will come here, either through Czechoslovakia or by way of Austria and Hungary, and will take everything. Furthermore, if we are stupid enough to oppose the Reich, Germany will hand Transylvania over to Hungary and the Dobrudja over to Bulgaria.' A far cry from Titulescu's pro-French policies, this postulate of German triumph in the East.

IV

Hungary is watching this Nazi campaign closely, hoping that Rumania will oppose the Germans. In that event, the Magyars believe, it would be only a question of time till Germany's new army, sweeping through Czechoslovakia, would help the Hungarians reclaim their 'lost provinces.' What Hungary fears is that the Nazis will be able to win complete control of Rumania, thereby lessening for Germany the value of her Hungarian support. Such a development would make territorial revision at the expense of Rumania more difficult for the Magyars to achieve.

Though a member of the German alignment, Hungary is quietly trying to discourage manifestations of Nazi activity within her borders. It is one thing for the Magyars to line up with Germany against Czechoslovakia, but it is quite another matter for young men to strut along the Danube bank past the crowded terraces of Budapest's fashionable coffee houses wearing green shirts and black uniforms resembling those of Hitler's Schutzstaffeln. This is the outfit that denotes membership in the 'Arrow and Cross,' a Hungarian Nazi movement. Last summer Dr. Tibor Eckhardt's remark that 'green shirts mean green thoughts' almost involved him in a duel with the Party's leader, Count Festetics. It is, of course, rather confusing to many who are unable to distinguish between Hungary's whole-hearted support of Nazi policies in the international field and her frowning attitude toward the Magyar or Swabian parties with National Socialist policies.

At this stage, however, the Reich is far more concerned with influencing Hungary's foreign policies than with building up a private army in the land of Arpad's descendants. Berlin wants to guide Budapest's foreign policies and

'coördinate' them with those of the Wilhelmstrasse. That the Germans have had no little success in this effort has been demonstrated by the change of tactics in the Hungarian revisionist campaign against the Little Entente. 'Make peace with Belgrade,' is the advice from Berlin, 'and disrupt the unity of the Little Entente.'

It is on the anti-Soviet forces in Yugoslavia that Rosenberg's men are depending to weaken the bonds between Belgrade and Prague. The similarity of anti-Communist views in Hungary and Yugoslavia has undoubtedly been helping along the *pourparlers* encouraged by Berlin. Moreover, the Spanish civil war has provided a powerful impetus toward solidarity of the Central European enemies of Bolshevism.

How far the Yugoslav-Hungarian relations have progressed from a *détente* to a *rapprochement* is not known, but it is significant that the Hungarians are no longer hurling bitter recriminations across the frontier. The much publicized Hungarian revisionist slogan '*Nem! Nem! Soha!*' has been quietly withdrawn from public view, the reason assigned privately by Budapest officials being their fear that it might give offense to Yugoslavs. This revolutionary change in Hungarian diplomacy does not mean a diminution of the Magyars' determination to regain their lost territories. It merely indicates that they have listened to the advice from Berlin. Again it is a triumph of the realism implicit in the policy of *reculer pour mieux sauter*.

Inasmuch as the Nazi *Weg zur Weltmacht* passes through Yugoslavia on its way toward Istamboul, it is important to German strategy to win Serbian good will. German officers have told the writer on numerous occasions that, of all the soldiers they fought on the various fronts during the war, the Serbian infantry were the best.

Serbian officers have expressed a similar admiration for German military prowess. This mutual respect leads the Germans and Serbs to desire each other's support in any future war. But unlike the Rumanians, Hungarians, Bulgarians, Greeks, and some other peoples in the *Zwischenland*, the Serbs are participating in no scramble to join the strongest battalions. Their foreign policy is not dominated by fear of being caught on the losing side. Their history from Kosovo to Sarajevo has shown them to be consistently willing to fight for a cause in which they believed, no matter how hopeless it seemed.

It is one thing for a nation to try to join the winning coalition, but it is quite another matter for a state to strive to avoid isolation. Every foreign ministry endeavors to escape national isolation. Because they face a traditionally hostile Italy on their western frontier, the Yugoslavs must always be on guard against any development that might pit them alone against a field of enemies headed by Mussolini. Here, too, the Serbs are not actuated solely by fear of playing David to the Duce's Goliath. A year ago they demonstrated their readiness to take risks and make sacrifices in an unselfish cause when they joined the sanctionist campaign against Italy and stopped selling goods to their best customer. This same largeness of spirit was demonstrated again by the South Slavs. They joined the mutual assistance Mediterranean pact sponsored by Britain which provided that the other member states would go to the aid of any member attacked by Italy.

After assuming these risks, Belgrade was disillusioned at the League's failure to curb the Duce, and there ensued a perceptible cooling of Serbian ardor for France. Yugoslavs asked themselves whether they could count on French assistance in case of Italian aggression

along the eastern shores of the Adriatic. German agents were quick to perceive the opportunity which this situation offered them, and they lost no time in assuring Belgrade that Berlin is the one capital in Europe on which Yugoslavia can depend for assistance.

The Teutonic minority in Yugoslavia is the largest and, by reason of its comparatively high cultural and economic level, the most important in the country. Unlike German minorities elsewhere, however, this group makes little trouble for the government under which it lives. On the contrary, it supports the present régime in Belgrade and profits politically thereby. Germany realizes that it has far more to gain by a policy of conciliation toward the Serbs than by making trouble for the Slavic majority. Consequently Dr. Kraft, leader of the German minority in the Yugoslav Parliament, last January joined the Yugoslav Radical Union, the government party in the kingdom, whence he can exert vastly greater influence on national policies than if he were identified with the opposition.

But it is in the economic field that the Reich is making its greatest effort to win Yugoslav favor. Sanctions against Italy deflected a considerable portion of South Slav agricultural export trade toward Germany and increased Yugoslav purchases of German machinery, chemicals, and electrical equipment. In the first half of 1936 German exports to Yugoslavia totaled 31.7 million marks, in contrast to 16.5 millions in the first half of 1935. But the most significant development in German-Yugoslav commerce was an order received by the great German firm of Krupp for the construction of a steel plant at Zenica, in Bosnia. This factory is intended primarily for the manufacture of railroad and bridge material, but it can, if conditions require, be used for the production of munitions.

Thus there exists a mutual interdependence between the Serbian farmer and the German industrialist that has a bearing on the economic and political relations between the two countries. And, while it would certainly be premature to say that Yugoslavia is in the German alignment, any serious dispute between the Führer and the Duce would almost inevitably influence Belgrade to side with Berlin. Any future German-Italian friction over Austria would undoubtedly cause a South Slav orientation toward the Reich. Yugoslavia's Prime Minister, Dr. Milan Stoyadinovitch, has stated bluntly: 'If the need arises, we shall not defend our frontiers by spilling ink.'

V

To the east of Yugoslavia lies the Kingdom of Bulgaria, one of the nations which are still smarting from the wounds of the past war and the treaties which officially brought it to a close.

Supine acceptance of defeat is not, however, a Bulgarian characteristic. Although the outlook has been anything but bright these past seventeen years, this little nation has steadily refused to bow its head and accept as permanent the loss of its Ægean littoral. Bulgaria grimly set to work to gain a new place in the European sun. Popular, democratic King Boris married a daughter of King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and tied his court with that of one of the major powers. By responding to the friendly overtures of the late King Alexander of Yugoslavia, he improved his relations with his old Slavic enemy on the west. But the Bulgars have not joined the Little or Balkan Ententes and they have shown no desire to accept the status of a lesser member of one of these groups. They are still in the game of picking a winner in the European conflict for which the Balkan politicians are preparing.

When the various national delegations paraded into the gigantic Olympic stadium at Berlin last summer, Nazi eyes glowed with delight and National Socialist hearts beat faster at the sight of the Bulgarians. These sturdy Balkan athletes came goose-stepping on the field as a prelude to a full-fledged straight-armed salute to the Nazi All Highest. The Teutonic cheer that responded to the Bulgarian greeting must have stirred mocking echoes in the council chambers of Sofia, where King Ferdinand made his historic and ill-fated effort to pick the winning side twenty-one years before.

Bulgaria's southern neighbor, Greece, is one of the nations which hold former Bulgarian territory. The astute political strategists in Athens realize that if the Bulgarians are on the winning side the next time the Greeks will be on the losing side, unless steps are taken now to forestall such an outcome. Ever an arena of bitter party feuds, the Hellenic peninsula recently passed through another political revolution that made General Metaxas dictator. He is aided by a strong pro-German element which takes its cues from Nazi coaches in Berlin. 'We shall never return to the parliamentary system,' he boasts. 'Little Moltke' Metaxas has lost no time in setting out to make his country over into an authoritarian state along the lines of the Third Reich. Nazi interests in Athens are furthered by large German purchases of Greek exports and by the fear of Italian encroachment which never ceases to haunt the Greeks. Memories of the Italian bombardment of Corfu and the catastrophe which befell Ethiopia have caused the diplomats of the Greek foreign office to look around for powerful aid against possible aggression by Rome. Berlin's emissaries sell armaments to Athens and sow in Greek soil the seeds of the idea that the Reich will not stand by and let the

Duce pilfer Hellenic insular possessions. Not long ago Athens received a visit from Propaganda Minister Goebbels — certainly a sales-promotion trip to advertise the Reich's political wares to a people who are thinking in terms of joining the most powerful legions.

Turkey is the final objective of the magic carpet which the Reichsführer would lay in his southeastern plans for the empire of Mitteleuropa. Mustapha Kemal Atatürk has reversed the traditional anti-Russian policies of the Sublime Porte of the Sultans by establishing a friendship with the Kremlin that is almost tantamount to an alliance between Angora and Moscow, making the Turk the concierge of Russia's Dardanelles door to the Mediterranean. On the other hand, with Germany taking a heavy proportion of Turkish exports, Angora cannot afford to ignore the political overtures from Berlin. Moreover, Turkey is not isolated from the witches' cauldron of the Balkans. What if some political realignment should make Bulgaria a member of a strong coalition? That would certainly endanger Turkey's hold over her domains on the European side of the Sea of Marmora, especially in the neighborhood of Adrianople. Should either Germany or Italy gain a substantial foothold in the Balkans, Turkey would have to examine her political fences to determine whether they are strong enough to withstand attack from the invader. For Kemal cannot afford the luxury of an isolation that would give his enemies a favored position in a diplomatic and military combination that would force the descendants of Mohammed II back into Asia Minor. If Hitler's *Drang nach Osten* shows increasing momentum, Turkey will surely be compelled to weigh the danger of being caught on the losing side.

The importance that Germany attaches to these countries of south-

eastern Europe may be judged from the recent visits of such Nazi luminaries as Schacht, von Neurath, Goering, and Goebbels to Budapest, Belgrade, Athens, Sofia, and Angora. When King Boris pins a high Bulgarian order on the expansive chest of Colonel-General Wilhelm Goering, there is more involved than the bestowal of a decoration to embellish the many colorful uniforms of the chief of the Reich's great air armada. When Dr. Joseph Goebbels pays a visit to dusty Athens during the hot-weather season, it is unlikely that he goes there only to meditate on the Golden Age of Pericles and the ideals of Plato's Republic. When whippet-like Franz von Papen slips into Poland to 'shoot,' he is not trying to bag that elusive lynx of the Forest of Bialowieza which has escaped the ponderous Goering on many a similar 'hunt.' Nor does Dr. Hjalmar Schacht take the trip to Budapest solely to bathe in the famous swimming pool of the Hotel St. Gellert or to hear the gypsy music on the terrace of the Hungaria. It would be fantastic indeed if the former Austrian house painter should realize the pre-war Hohenzollern Berlin-to-Bagdad dream!

War is still the 'national industry of Prussia.' The Reich continues feverishly to rearm. Its munitions factories are the principal source of unemployment relief within the country. And its 'four-year plan' is an effort to achieve military self-sufficiency. But how long can Germany defy inexorable economic laws? Thus far the Führer has not been obliged to assume the risks inevitably inherent in war. By the use of diplomatic and military blackmail, he has been able to denounce all the clauses of the Treaty of Versailles except the territorial provisions. But the time will arrive when his opponents will be compelled to resist his aggressive tactics or give way to him completely.

WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

A YEAR ago the Methodists released their new hymnbook, last revised in 1906, and styles in hymnology have undergone some changes. Those two exponents of the hell-and-blood school of vocal theology, the brothers Wesley, have had their representation cut, Charles from 121 to 54 hymns, and John from 50 to 17. Strange demands are made by sections of the church in various parts of the country; the Methodist Church South is said to have asked for a binding that cockroaches would not eat. The sales of the work will be promoted by the Methodist Book Concern, the astute business side of the church. It is optimistically estimated that the book will have twelve million users — if not purchasers.

The Presbyterian hymnal put out in 1933 was the result of seven years of careful, prayerful work. Out of a visible supply of 400,000 hymns, 5000 were examined to select 516 for the current opus. Regular church hymnbooks are revised and brought up to date as often as the traffic will stand, about once in twenty-five years.

But an even more significant trend is the gradual disappearance, from these and other modern collections, of the so-called 'gospel hymns,' once sung by millions, and known by heart today by thousands old enough to have attended Sunday School in their heyday. They are preserved from oblivion

by radio pluggers who conduct hymn sings over the air in approved revival fashion, and by barroom vocalists who, when the right degree of sentimentality has been reached, break out into gospel hymns sung from painful memory. Soused contestants vie in recalling and singing the greatest number of verses from the greatest number of hymns, and there are virtuosos who can go on for hours without repeating.

In the 1870's there appeared a hymnbook which broke sharply with the old church tradition of lugubrious lyrics and added fervor to the devotions of groups of young people in Sunday Schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, Epworth Leagues, Christian Endeavors, and Bands of Hope. *Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs*, by P. P. Bliss and Ira D. Sankey (appropriately published by the John Church Company), was the title of this dynamic work, which dented the American mind at least as deeply as McGuffey's moral textbooks. The first number appeared in 1875, and by 1891 six successive collections had been published, circulated, and sung.

The devastating effect of these compilations on the American mind in the Garfield and Arthur eras has never received the consideration from social philosophers it so richly merits. By dint of repetition at the most impressionable years these words and tunes were indelibly stamped on the memory

of youth, and to some of us they were all of poetry and music we imbibed, and no life has been long enough to forget them. They cling to the memory like cockleburs. Some of us find them as persistent as Mark Twain found 'Punch, Brother, Punch,' but not so entertaining.

Churches in those days had their own exclusive sectarian hymnbooks, large black volumes with red edges, which, even if they did not explicitly promote their dogmas, contained nothing contrary to them. Certain old and famous hymns and tunes were common to all church books, the Doxology, 'Old Hundred,' 'Lead, Kindly Light,' and 'Rock of Ages,' which even a Baptist or Methodist could sing without violence to his conscience; but mainly they were assembled along the lines of Congregational hymns for Congregationalists, Presbyterian airs for Presbyterians, and you could n't give out a hymn in a crowd of mixed Christians and be sure of a whole-hearted response.

These books were used upstairs in the church, but downstairs in the Sunday School room a more liberal spirit was astir. Sunday School lessons had become international, thanks to Peloubet's *Select Notes*, and his work was the standard textbook, relieving volunteer teachers of the responsibility of deciding how much of the Bible was fit to be taught to adolescent minds. It was Peloubet who set the little Baptists and Congregationalists all over Christendom reciting the same lesson and the same golden text on the same Sunday.

Need was felt for a musical common denominator on which all could raise their voices without conflicting with those technical points which make Congregationalists and Presbyterians so alike and so different. It was this hiatus which Messrs. Bliss and Sankey so ably filled with gospel hymns.

Dwight L. Moody was sweeping the English-speaking world with high-pressure evangelism directed against gospel resistance. He understood the value of music, or at least singing, in working up that emotional pitch so necessary to what is technically known as conversion. His illustrious predecessor, Charles G. Finney, originator of revival technic (the famous Mr. Finney, who had the turnip), got along without much music. He had dramatic gifts at least as effective for harrowing up the feelings. But Moody believed the adage that he who wrote a nation's songs could defy decisions of the supreme court, and gospel hymns became the nation's songs. The orthodox church books were of no use to him. They were mainly liturgical, arranged for the worship of God by safe and satisfied Christians, with nothing on their minds but their Sunday dinners. What he needed was 'gospel' hymns to worry and disturb and get action; livelier music than the slow-paced church hymnals afforded; something the multitude could join in on and raise the roof.

He found Sankey and got them.

II

Ira David Sankey was known as the 'singing evangelist.' He was tall, stout, imposing, rather unctuous, and wore English mutton-chop whiskers. His was not a great voice in the musical sense, but he knew how to put fervor into it. A goodly proportion of the thousands of souls brought into the fold by the famous firm of Moody and Sankey during their twenty-five years of work together should be credited to Sankey's not too good singing of second-rate songs.

His colleague, Philip Paul Bliss, wrote some of the most popular hymns. Everyone in the 1880's not wholly beyond redemption knew 'Dare to Be

a Daniel,' 'Almost Persuaded,' 'Hold the Fort,' 'Pull for the Shore, Sailor,' 'Let the Lower Lights Be Burning,' 'Whosoever Will,' and 'Wonderful Words of Life.' These were the most popular, but also the most ephemeral. Hymnbooks widely used to-day have no place for Bliss, though Sankey is still represented by the air he wrote for 'I'm Praying for You' to words by S. O'Maley Cluff. Bliss was killed in the Ashtabula railroad disaster. His tomb bears the simple inscription, 'Author of "Hold the Fort."' Both 'Hold the Fort' and 'Dare to Be a Daniel' were prohibited by the Sultan of Turkey.

A popular tear-starter by Bliss, often sung to the very young in the 1880's to prepare them to meet their end in the right spirit, ranks with 'Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?' It began thus:—

'I should like to die,' said Willie, 'if my papa
could die too,
But he says he is n't ready 'cause he has so much
to do;
But my little sister Nellie says that I must surely
die,
And mama — and then she stopped because she
saw it made me cry.'

Bliss and Sankey were not, as you might suspect, a sort of evangelical Gilbert and Sullivan, one writing the words, the other the music. (Sullivan, by the way, wrote hymns. 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' to words by S. Baring-Gould, with its stirring march tune, is by the author of 'Three Little Maids from School.') *Gospel Hymns* was a compilation, though both editors contributed. Bliss wrote both hymns and tunes, but Sankey composed music only, usually impromptu. His method was to collect fugitive pieces from the poet's corner of newspapers, with an eye to devotional content rather than literary merit, and write his own tune or assign the job to one of his journeyman hymn writers. He had a scrapbook

full of such random verse, the quality of which may be inferred from its source.

Traveling to Edinburgh to conduct a meeting, he cut from a Glasgow newspaper some lines by Elizabeth Clephane entitled 'The Ninety and Nine' and read them to Moody, who paid no attention. That night when Moody asked if he had a song appropriate to the occasion, Sankey pulled out the cutting, set it on the organ rack, and sang it offhand. 'Where did you get that?' asked Moody. 'That's the piece you would n't listen to this morning.' It was one of Sankey's favorites and had a tremendous vogue, but it contains some awkward, almost unsingable lines:—

'Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for thee?'
But the shepherd made answer, 'This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'

P. T. Barnum, at one of the gospel meetings, gently resisting the well-meant efforts to gather him in, said to Sankey, 'You go on singing "The Ninety and Nine," and when you get that last sheep in the fold we shall all be saved.' Barnum, it seems, was a Universalist.

Most hymns made religious history, or were the result of it. 'Here I Am, Take Me,' was sung in the Senate when Lincoln was present; much impressed, he called for an encore. In London a singing actress, suddenly converted, came down to the lights for her regular number, stopped the show, and paralyzed the waiting orchestra by singing 'Depths of Mercy, Can It Be.' She left the stage and became a minister's wife.

Some of the hymns were inspired by what might be called current events—flood, fire, battle, shipwreck.

Let the lower lights be burning,
Send the gleam across the wave;

Some poor struggling, shipwrecked seaman
You may rescue, you may save,

drew a moral lesson from a ship wrecked in Cleveland Harbor when her master lost his bearings because the harbor lights were missing. Sherman, going to the rescue of Corse, defending stores and supplies in a small fort in Allatoona Pass, wigwagged 'Hold the fort; I am coming. Sherman.' Corse held it, though with great loss, and was finally relieved. Hence Bliss's most famous hymn:—

'Hold the fort for I am coming,'
Jesus signals still.
Wave the answer back to heaven:
'By thy grace we will.'

Gospel Hymns were the successors to the old camp-meeting spirituals — not so crude, but with the same jump and go. The tunes were characterized by contagious melody, dance rhythms, climactic catchwords, the qualities that make popular secular songs whistle-able.

On the cross He sealed my pardon (sealed
my pardon, sealed my pardon),
Paid the debt, and made me free (and
ma-a-ade me free-e-e). . . .

Crown Him, crown Him, angels, crown Him;
Crown the Savior King of kings. . . .

Hallelujah, thine the glory!
Hallelujah, amen!
Hallelujah, thine the glory,
Revive us again. . . .

Bliss was particularly good at catchy melody, joyousness, and the martial note:—

Whosoever heareth, shout, *shout* the sound;
Send the blessed tidings all the world around.
Whosoever *will* MAY COME!

Beautiful words,
Wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life! . . .

Besides the shouting genus, there were narratives in ballad style, telling a story, always a popular form ('I love to tell the story'), such as:—

'Master, the tempest is raging;
The billows are tossing high;
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter nor help is nigh.
Carest thou not that we perish?
How canst thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep?'

'The winds and the waves shall obey my will,
Peace, be still; peace, be still.
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The master of ocean and earth and skies —
They all shall sweetly obey my will,
Peace be still, Peace — peace — be — still.'

The songs made up in piety and enthusiasm for what they lacked as poetry. A syllable too much or too little was easily slurred in mass singing. Little effort was made toward rhyme or metre; the same rhymes were used over and over. 'Blood' was made to rhyme with 'God,' 'o'er me' with 'glory,' 'seen' with 'sin,' 'riven' with 'heaven,' and not a soul was kept from salvation thereby. One we never could refrain from giving its proper rhyme:—

O word of words, the sweetest;
O words in which there lie
All promise, all fulfillment,
And end of myster-eye.

The blood atonements of the Old Testament imagery were not played up as much as of yore.

Sweeping through the gates to the new Jerusalem;
Washed in the blood of the lamb,

and that barroom favorite,

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains,

— written, by the way, by William Cowper, — did not evoke pleasant associations for the squeamish. The gospel-hymn idea was to get away from hell and blood and put more snap into the worship of God. Em-

phasis was on the joys of the blest rather than the tortures of the damned. Compare this gem from the good Dr. Watts, —

Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord
From distant worlds where creatures dwell!
Let heaven begin the solemn word
And sound it dreadful down to hell,

with the immensely popular 'Beulah Land': —

I've reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

The proselyting motif was not forgotten. There was a good deal of pursuing the erring, rescuing the perishing, and working up of emotional excitement: —

Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

When Bliss was killed, Sankey was joined by Charles Coles Stebbins and James McGranahan, both proved hymn writers, in the compilation of gospel hymns, and the good work went on.

There were two names enshrined in the hearts of all Christian Endeavorers and Epworth Leaguers of those times, two bluestockings whose output was chiefly hymns, Frances Ridley Havergal and Fanny Crosby. Miss Havergal began writing at a tender age and produced reams of hymns, the best-known being, —

I gave, I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?

Fanny Crosby, the 'blind poetess,' was equally precocious and prolific. She wrote her first hymn at the age of six, lived to be ninety-eight, and wrote six thousand hymns, 'mostly oyster shells,' as one critic remarked, 'but with now and then a pearl.' She is best known, perhaps, by 'There's Music in the Air,' but of her hymns 'Safe in the

Arms of Jesus' is probably a pearl; at least it is retained in most collections. The Methodist Church once celebrated 'Fanny Crosby Day.'

Among writers otherwise known to fame who have written hymns which 'made' these famous collections are Phoebe Cary ('One Sweetly Solemn Thought') and Harriet Beecher Stowe ('Knocking, Knocking, Who Is There?')

III

Dwight L. Moody put gospel hymns over. They took England and Scotland by storm. Oxford, Cambridge and Eton were converted. Gladstone and Lord Kinnaird attended meetings, and Queen Victoria, the Princess of Wales, and members of the royal family heard the songs from their private box at Her Majesty's Theatre. England was wholly sold on them. When music-hall entertainers tried to burlesque them, the audience broke out in song. At a circus in Dublin one clown asked another: —

'I am rather Moody; how you feeling?'

'I feel Sankeymonious.'

The sally was greeted with boos and hisses; the whole audience rose and sang 'Hold the Fort' by way of rebuke.

Gospel hymns spread like wildfire over the Western prairies. They were ice breakers for frozen prayer meetings, used for all religious meetings from Band of Hope to Chautauqua convocations, from Baptist Young People's Unions to Gideon's Bands ('O, do you belong to Gideon's Band?'), by all denominations except Episcopalians and Catholics, who have a classic heritage of far greater music. The time was ripe for them. There was little to distract the young from the worship of God; religion did not have to compete with radio, movie, and motorcar. Revivals were scenes of emotional excite-

ment for sex-starved females who expended their energies in converting their men friends. The books were in every home on the back of the Estey organ or the Mathushek square piano, and social gatherings wound up with a good sing. Well might it be asked, as one of the hymns searchingly did, 'What, oh, what shall the harvest be?'

Sales exceeded those of any current publication; the profits were large. No figures are available, but in the life of Moody by his son it is mentioned that the royalties for the first ten years were \$357,388.64, an amount so meticulous as to be convincing. At thirty-five cents a copy, with 10 per cent royalty, it would mean over ten million copies. And the sales after 1885 must have been greater.

Neither Moody nor Sankey touched the money. A trust was set up for the fund; William E. Dodge was one of the trustees, and the profits were devoted to pious works, but largely to support preparatory schools at Northfield, Massachusetts, Moody's home town; and, despite the tautness of religious lines, they are excellent schools.

Gospel hymns have passed. The six collections are still published, in one volume with duplicates eliminated, but it is merely a curio. The Hope Publishing Company of Chicago is said to hold the copyrights of the old headlines, — Bliss, Sankey, Stebbins, McGranahan, Fanny Crosby, and other shining lights, — and to do a tidy business in 'permissions.' Arthur Billings Hunt, who conducts a Sunday-evening hymn sing over the radio, is a customer for 'permissions,' and finds Fanny Crosby a good 'buy' for his public. He writes hymns of his own and sends them out to inquirers on leaflets at five cents a copy. The Gospel Singers over NBC network have compiled a hymn-book which has in one year exhausted three editions, running from ten to fifteen thousand copies each. It was

brought out by Homer Alvan Rodeheaver, who was Billy Sunday's Man Friday, as Sankey was Moody's.

There were other collections during those fruitful years between 1870 and 1890 when gospel hymns rolled over the prairies, but none which went over with such a bang as Sankey's collections. Their popularity is easily explained. Religion was due for another lightening of its gloomy burden which rested so heavily on the spirits of youth, to keep the next generation from kicking over the traces. The process had been going on since the Pilgrims landed on that stern and rock-bound coast and began to promulgate their stern and rock-bound tenets. Just as Lyman Beecher in the thirties mitigated the tortures of infants damned under Jonathan Edwards's intolerable theory of original sin, so Moody and Sankey played down the insistence on hell and blood which had made Finney and his 'Holy Band' holy terrors to scared young sinners in the forties, and played up the blessings of the saved: —

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar . . .

or

Not half of that city's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

The new hymns represented relief from the grimmer religion of the previous generation, and to youth meant escape. Whether this was sound theology or not, it was good psychology, and saved the day for another generation. So gay were some of the tunes which Sankey roared out in his barytone voice that Moody had misgivings, and once requested Sankey not to sing 'Bringing in the Sheaves' again, as some of the ministers feared it would set the young people to dancing.

The hymns were a real resource to rural towns, so barren of amusement;

reluctant and hardened youths were compelled to attend prayer meetings and Sunday School or eschew social life, for social life meant girls, and girls meant facing the music of Sankey, Bliss, McGranahan, and Stebbins, and thus we all learned them, willy-nilly. They were bound to spread, for they possessed the seeds of popularity and were constructed on an approved model, that of popular secular songs. They had not only the catchy music but the sentimental wording of such ditties as 'Twenty Years Ago,' 'Old Black Joe,' and 'I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard.'

Popular music as an exponent of national emotions and tendencies has never received the respectful study it merits. Plato says in the *Republic* (though I got it from Mark Sullivan's *Our Times*), 'Styles of music are never disturbed without affecting the most important political institutions.' Some day some social philosopher will ex-

plore the gospel-hymn era for its deeper implications. Meanwhile those who still know the hymns by heart are dying off, and the modern glorified cocktail bar does not lend itself to barroom sentimental vocalization.

Thus it is strange, considering the impression they made on the American mind for two decades, that those six hymnbooks in sober gray boards with black muslin backs, each accompanied by a smaller edition in paper wrappers with words only, — for those who could carry the tune, or perhaps could n't sing anyway, — have escaped the eagle eyes of collectors of Americana, which have ferreted out Currier and Ives prints, Will Carleton's *Farm Ballads*, and the immortal works of Mr. Beadle and Nick Carter. They all belong to the same phase of our emotional history. But I have never seen them listed, not even in the catalogues of that one-hundred-per-cent Americana specialist, Heartman of Metuchen.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MEMORIES OF CHINESE NEW YEAR

I CANNOT forget the brilliant red of the 'heavenly bamboo' and the pale yellow of the 'winter plums.' I do not know why the two must be put into one vase, but it always has been so — the bright red berries against the delicate yellow flowers. The sight of these two good friends alone spells New Year in capital letters, but there are the 'water fairies' in every room, dainty white-petaled golden-hearted flowers whose long slender stems are specially dressed in red paper circlets and whose sweet scent is so like a gentle smile.

It is New Year's Eve. The Big Hall is receiving the last touches in preparation that has lasted for two weeks. Scrolls of painting and calligraphy are symmetrically arranged on the walls and carefully kept in place by fine red strings. In the middle of the centre wall hangs the scroll of Longevity and Happiness. The Old Man with the bulging forehead seems to smile even more benignly than usual amid his familiar surroundings, the pine tree, the crane, and the fairy peaches. On either side of him we find the same wish for peace and happiness expressed in poetic words and flowing writing. Directly below him stands the long ritual table resplendent with offerings. The two tall pewter candlesticks, massive and majestic, seem to us haughtier than ever bearing on their heads huge red candles decorated with designs and characters in gold. But the fat incense burner is holding his own, as he stands in the middle. Behind these three stand a long row of tall pewter dishes filled with pyramids of fruit, nuts, cakes, and all the New Year edibles. All the tables wear skirts and all the chairs covers of red satin elaborately embroidered with silk and gold. The candles are lit. The incense burns. Firecrackers burst in the air, and so do our young hearts.

Bedtime comes, but no one is interested in seeing you properly in bed. Everybody is so busy. All the lights are ablaze. Grand-

mother is looking after the numerous red packages that she will give away the next morning and at which the children peep so approvingly. Mother has to sort out everybody's new gown, new coat, new trousers, new shoes, and new stockings. (One would be utterly beneath contempt if one wore old stockings with new shoes!) All the servants are preparing breakfast for the morrow, lotus seeds, dates, little rice-flour balls, and so forth. Some may be sweeping the floor, for on New Year's Day floors must never be swept. You keep all your riches that day, together with the dirt. All the gentlemen are away at their 'account rooms' because no account, whether private or public, can be carried over to the next year. All night long, people go about the street with little red lanterns to collect all the money due them. If the debtors do not find it 'convenient' to oblige one right away, one can quite comfortably settle down, lantern and all, on the doorstep till they do. But alas, how difficult it is to remember the red lanterns when one has three hundred and sixty-four days to forget them!

But if I could stay awake till midnight, *just* till midnight when the *whun-tuns* will be steaming hot and so delicious — besides being a symbol of wealth and all that! But I tried to when I was about five. I supported my eyelids with invisible sticks, but I burst out crying just before the savory things arrived and was immediately put to bed. Henceforth, no more 'riches' for me, nor to 'watch the old year go out and the new year come in between the two candles.' I have to be content with the reassuring proximity of all my new clothes and seek solace in dreams, but not until I have promised Mother to obey her express wish. 'To-morrow you will be a year older, therefore you must learn to behave better.'

The first thing that greets one's ear, or rather pierces it, on New Year's morn is firecrackers, and more firecrackers. Then music, which is best when loudest. You jump out of bed and put on all your new

clothes on your old body. When presentable, you pay your respects to the elders with the greeting, 'Happiness and Wealth.' When you have repeated 'Happiness and Wealth' till you thoroughly believe in it, you may have your breakfast, which certainly makes you happy. Then the gentlemen — and boys too — go to the family temple outside the city to pay their respects to the ancestors. If you are a little girl — well, nice little girls go with their mother and sisters to the little family shrine in the garden; the ancestors are the same!

When the menfolk are back, Grandmother will have finished her toilet. Her pink and white cheeks wrinkle in a happy smile. Not a hair out of place, and a red flower worn at a jaunty angle. She is carried to the Big Hall. Sitting facing south, she receives kowtows from her descendants of three generations, each generation in a row. The younger generation kowtows to the elder, but brothers and sisters and cousins only bow to each other. Little red packages are handed out to each child. The wrapping is not at all important, but the contents are hoarded into little pockets for further use.

Servants come in to kowtow to the masters and mistresses, and one seems to notice that the more polished their decorum and ceremony, the brighter the gleam in their covetous eyes. But everywhere is happiness and everywhere are little red packages.

After the midday meal, which is chiefly noodles (again long life), everyone turns to games. For big and small, New Year gives special sanction to gambling. There are any number of games one can play. Usually we like fast games — not that we want to get rich quick, but rather that the little red packages are burning holes in our pockets! How true that sudden wealth creates recklessness! However, few fortunes are made or lost, and there is much laughter and good will. New Year's Day is essentially a family day. After an early supper, we are hurried off to bed with: 'You must n't make any noise because it is little Miss Mouse's wedding night.'

The poor things! If that is the only official day for mouse weddings, who has the heart to keep the light on or to make any noise to delay their ceremony? It was years later when it dawned upon us how

urgently the grown-ups need sleep that night, but we always believed in the mouse weddings.

Then follow days and days of merry-making, visiting relatives, and relatives visiting. In the afternoons the professional Storyteller will come with his *hsien-tzu* and his *pi-pa*. He and his partner will sing, take parts, and recite whole novels from memory with dashes of impromptu humor generously thrown in. Everybody sips olive tea, cracks watermelon seeds, and smiles.

When the tenth day of the new year comes around, everybody — except those rash ones who have squandered all their fortune on busted balloons or broken toys — invests in lanterns and fireworks. What a variety of lanterns one can buy! The grown-ups will be buying or making plain ones so that they can paint on them pictures or write on them poetic riddles for their friends to guess. But the children will be lavishly buying horses, rabbits, goldfish, frogs, and three-tailed monsters. When the candles in these lanterns are lighted, there usually is a parade, and much showing off. But the greatest delight is fireworks. You can buy 'nine dragons' that meteorize through the sky, or 'gold-bowl moon' that turns round and round in a bowl before rocketing to the height of the moon, or 'ground mouse' that desperately dashes around as if looking for a convenient hole, or a shower of orchids, or a full battle scene complete with guns and soldiers, or even a swarm of bumblebees tormenting a running boy. Every night there is noise, fireworks, occasionally a hurt little hand.

Then there is the Lantern Show in the City Temple. There are crowds and lanterns, and lanterns and crowds. If the time is peaceful and the year prosperous, there will be a 'dragon lantern' swung along by scores of men amid music and fireworks. Men become drunk with the joy of living. Their storehouses are filled with the fruits of harvest; the next sowing will not begin for some weeks; how else can men express this gratitude for Heaven's bounty?

However, after the eighteenth day, the year is no longer brand-new. School once more rules. One condescends to wear old clothes now because the new ones are already old. A 'yawning' shoe is nothing to evoke contempt, but is rather a sign of

physical prowess. The greatest and the most beloved of festivals has come and gone, leaving both little heads and little pockets quite empty.

WU HSINMIN

ON PUTTING UP A SHELF

I HAVE of late been putting up a shelf — a simple matter of domestic carpentry requiring four iron brackets, as I think carpenters call them, and a superimposed board, the complete shelf being intended to support books. It is really too trivial a job to upset the whole house by calling in a carpenter. When one has discovered places in the wall where a screw, rapidly plunging through plaster, will meet and reluctantly overcome the sturdier resistance of wood, the rest is easy, and the only remaining difficulty is to get the shelf reasonably horizontal.

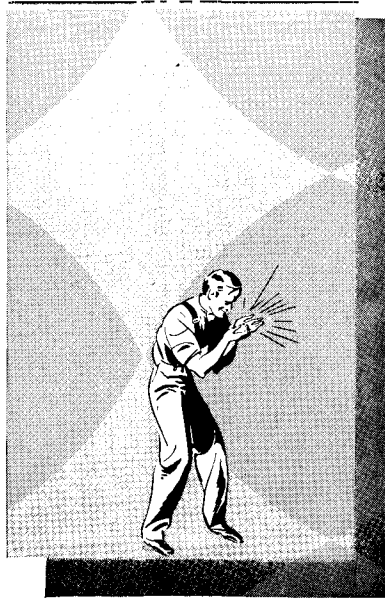
The difference between a man and a carpenter is that the carpenter will work quicker, get his shelf horizontal the first time up, and make no superfluous holes in the wall. Tapping with a hammer (tap-tap-tap-tap), his sensitive ear will detect wood (tup-tup-tup-tup) as unerringly as a gentleman criminologist will detect secret chambers by the same method. I have no such ear. When I tap with the hammer all taps (tap-tap-tap-tap or tup-tup-tup-tup or tap-tap-tup-tap or tup-tup-tap-tup) sound alike to me. Seeking wood, I make peepholes, through which, however, nothing is visible. But there is wood somewhere, and the useless aperture can be expeditiously closed with a bit of wallpaper, the surplus having been wisely saved when the wall was papered, neatly cut to synchronize with the design — a leaf perhaps here, a rose petal there. In such artistry the man rises above the carpenter, who, if he had shamed himself by making a peephole, would find no other expedient than to send for a mason first and a paperhanger afterward. Nor is it necessary that the shelf should be *absolutely* horizontal. Well enough is enough.

Robinson Crusoe on a similar occasion had to make the board. 'I was full two and forty days,' he remembered, 'making me a board for a long shelf, which I wanted in my cave.'

An old and still familiar proverb — 'A place for everything, and everything in its place' — indicates the need, and I think the genesis, of the shelf. Lexicographers have come to differentiate by associating a shelf with a wall; but practically all articles of furniture are essentially shelves. When a man sits down or goes to bed he, in effect, puts himself on a shelf. If his bookcase, an assemblage of shelves, becomes filled with books, other articles of furniture in the room gradually become bookshelves. As time goes on he may hardly find place to shelve himself if he thinks to sit, and no place to shelve a visitor until he empties a chair on a floor, which thus also becomes a shelf. There may even be other things on the chair beside books. This, of course, is one of the embarrassing results of his own evolution and superiority to the lower animals, whose personal possessions are few and who have no furniture. Man was once like that himself. He had so few possessions that he needed no shelf. When or wherever he thought to sit — he sat. And so did a visitor.

I wonder why this convenient custom (still practised by Arabs) was given up. Who first thought of anything else? Professor Tozzer, in his *Social Origins*, says that 'from the point of view of human culture we can eliminate almost everything but those characteristics of man which he learns from his fellow man' — but this copycatting, which we still see going on everywhere, must have begun somewhere. What started fellow man? One can only assume that fellow man found it, by chance sitting, more to his satisfaction to sit on a rock, and that man imitated him and so eventually became a rock-sitting animal wherever rocks were available. The progenitors of the Arabs were not affected. One thing follows another, and the next advance in human culture would have been the invention of a rude portable wooden rock. Shelves — or, as we should now say, stools — to sit on, with a higher shelf, or stool, for the pottage, would have become common.

Obviously, too, this first home furniture would have long crumbled to dust before evolution produced archaeologists, ethnologists, or anthropologists.



Suppose YOU had "Invented" Aluminum

What would you have done, if you had stood in the shoes of young Charles Martin Hall in Oberlin, Ohio in 1886, just after he had discovered the process for the commercial production of aluminum?

You would have had a great vision of the usefulness of the new metal and of the possibilities of large financial returns. But you would have had no money, no influence, no one to be of assistance.

You would have looked for help, wouldn't you? Hall did. He found in Pittsburgh a group of young men who had a few thousand dollars, much courage, and a lot of enterprise.

Hall had his patent and his fine talents; he persuaded the six young men to put in their money. Some of them also contributed their personal services. Together they formed a company.

It was the natural thing for such venturesome young men to do. But the process of incorporation did not change the fact that they were still just a group of earnest young men fired with an idea.

After many heartaches they produced and sold a few pounds of the new metal. For a long period, business came in almost pound by pound. But eventually there came a time when the days weren't long enough for these few men to do all the work. So they engaged others to help them.

Some went to work to find ways to make aluminum stronger and harder. Others worked to improve production methods so the price could be lowered.

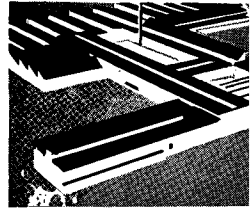
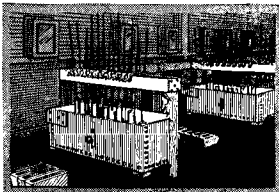
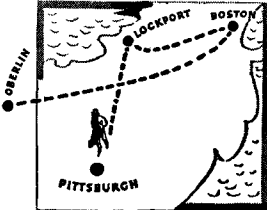
Some made a specialty of devising new ways to use aluminum, and others became salesmen demonstrating the new uses.

That is a brief word-picture of the growth of this or almost any other large manufacturing company; each man's value multiplied by what his associates are doing; each man aided by the physical facilities provided by the company. The contagious enthusiasm of growth action are what cause companies to grow.

This is exactly how and why we have grown year by year since 1888.

Literally, we had to grow, for it now takes 23,500 of us to make sure that more than 5,000 companies in more than 200 industries get the best aluminum we know how to make. Every man and woman in the United States is benefited in some way every day by the fact that aluminum has been made capable of doing some special thing better than it can be done by any other material. That is the real accomplishment of the aluminum industry.

We are interested in conducting our own part of the aluminum business profitably. Therefore, we are interested in the continued growth of the man-power and facilities necessary to make our product still more useful.



The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

In *Death in the Afternoon*, Ernest Hemingway had this to say about **Juan Belmonte** (p. 129): 'The decadent, the impossible, the almost depraved, style of Belmonte was grafted and grown into the great healthy, intuitive genius of Joselito and in his competition with Juan Belmonte, bullfighting for seven years had a golden age in spite of the fact that it was in the process of being destroyed. They bred the bulls down in size; they bred down the length of horn; they bred them for suavity in their charges as well as fierceness because Joselito and Belmonte could do finer things with these smaller, easier bulls. They could do fine enough things with any bulls that came out of the torils; they were not helpless with any of them but, with the smaller, easier bulls they were certain to do the wonderful things that the public wanted to see. The big bulls were easy for Joselito although they were difficult for Belmonte. All bulls were easy for Joselito and he had to make his own difficulties. The competition ended when Joselito was killed in the ring on May 16, 1920. Belmonte went on one more year, then retired, and bullfighting was left with the new decadent method, the almost impossible technique, the bred down bulls and, as bullfighters, only the bad ones, the hardy, tough ones who had not been able to learn the new method and so no longer pleased, and a crop of new ones, decadent, sad and sickly enough, who had the method but no knowledge of bulls, no apprenticeship, none of the male courage, faculties or genius of Joselito, and none of the beautiful unhealthy mystery of Belmonte.'

Bertrand Russell (p. 149) knows by experience those ulterior motives which lead philosophers afield. His own thoughts have felt the summons to explore mathematics, and China, the theories of Bolshevism, marriage, and education.

When **Gertrude Stein** (p. 156) is moved to send the *Atlantic* a contribution ('to tease them') we think it fair game to share the problem with our readers. By way of possible clues we might add that Miss Stein has a cook of singular loyalty: she calls him 'Trac' and he is by birth an Annamite from French Indo-China. In her reply to our letter of acceptance Miss Stein wrote: 'I am pleased that you like "Butter Will Melt." One does do a quite perfect thing once in a while. I read it at a talk I gave the other day to some

french law and medical students in the mountains near here, and it went well. I am interested in their interest in William James. They wanted to hear more and more about him. He is the one American that means a lot to french students and he meant as much to me and I like it.'

Mildred Boie (p. 157), who makes her début in the *Atlantic*, is a teacher of English Composition at Smith College.

It is stimulating to hear from a clear-spoken, even if anonymous clergyman (p. 158) and to appreciate as seldom before the trials of a **Parson** in the twentieth century.

Born in the Netherlands in 1905, **David Cornel DeJong** (p. 164) spent his first thirteen years within hail of the canals. He completed his education in the United States at Duke and Brown universities and is now the author of two American novels.

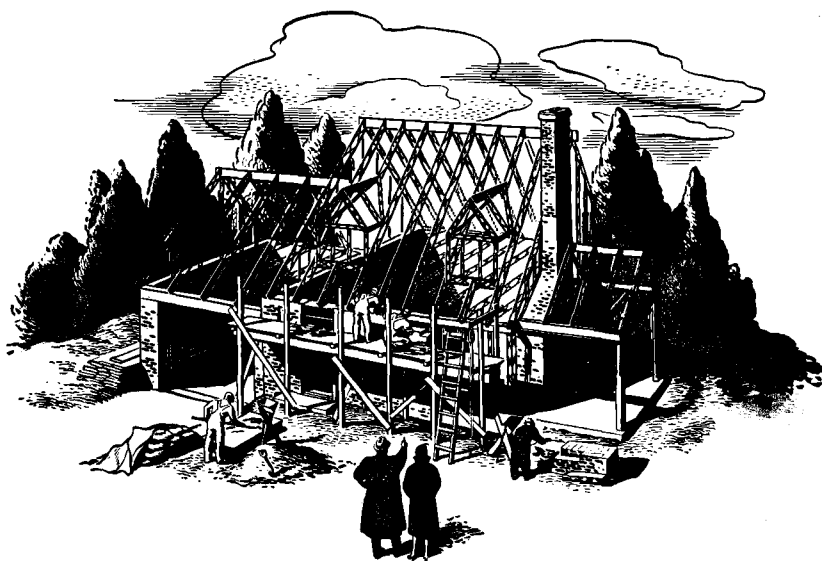
William March (p. 170) will be remembered for his war novel, *Company K*, which was published a few years ago. This winter his more recent volume, *The Tallons*, a story about Alabama, is being subjected to that close scrutiny which we give to all of our regional literature.

We wager that since their marriage **Francis and Katharine Drake** (p. 178) have flown more miles than any other couple — under forty — in the United States. Their honeymoon was spent on the Pan-American Airways of South America, and they have been on the go ever since. Any takers?

For eleven years **George E. Sokolsky** (p. 185) lived in China. During that period he was editor of the *Far Eastern Review*, and political correspondent of the *North China Daily News*. He knew intimately the members of the Soong family and Marshal Chiang Kai-shek. At our request, Mr. Sokolsky has written a thumbnail description of his old friend, W. H. Donald, the press correspondent who acted as a go-between in the battle of wills between Chiang Kai-shek and Chang Hsueh-liang.

W. H. Donald is an Australian newspaper man who was picked up by James Gordon Bennett and given the *New York Herald* job in China. The revolution of 1911 brought him in contact with Roy Ander-

Steel in the Modern Design for Living



STEEL, for long the bone and sinew of major structures, now invades the realm of the individual home, bringing to this type of building the same basic principles of construction found in a fire-proof hotel.

This is now feasible from a cost standpoint in buildings of single residence size through the use of Bethlehem's light structural members. These are of two distinct types—Bethlehem Joists and Stanchions, similar to regular heavy structural shapes but with thinner webs and flanges; and Bethlehem Members for Light-load Steel Frame, having lattice-type webs, making them really light steel trusses.

With these two types of lightweight structural steel available, each made in a wide range of sizes, steel can be used economically in every part of the frame of even a relatively small structure. They

open the way to building a house with a large measure of the permanence and security of a skyscraper. The steel frame, besides providing the basis of a high degree of fire safety, is immune to deterioration from such causes as termite attack, and is free from the shrinkage that causes unsightly cracks in interior finish. It safeguards the home against unduly rapid depreciation.

These steel members call for no radical changes in construction practice. They are readily bolted or welded together and framing procedure is similar to that with which builders are familiar.

The use of a Bethlehem steel frame in no way restricts the design of a house. In architectural treatment it may be Dutch Colonial, English, Georgian, Modernistic, or of any other type.

Thus steel marches on toward an even greater role in the modern design for living.

Bethlehem makes a complete line of commercial steel products.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

The COLUMN

son, a Chinese-born American who was a power in the Nanking region. Anderson had the revolutionists appoint Donald censor, so that all foreign dispatches passed through his hands.

After the revolution he went to live in Peking, where he and Anderson set up a partnership and served as advisors to the Chinese Government and also to foreign firms doing business in China. Later he went up to Manchuria and became the advisor to Chang Hsueh-liang. In 1933, Chang Hsueh-liang came back from exile with Donald and settled down to be a subordinate of Chiang Kai-shek. Such a subordinate does need a foreign advisor, so Donald joined the personal staff of Chiang Kai-shek and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Donald is at his best as a secret, clandestine negotiator. Although he has lived in China perhaps thirty years, he does not speak a single dialect of the Chinese language. Yet, most men with whom he has worked respect and in some cases even have affection for him. Everybody trusts him.

The most incandescent of nature writers in or about the United States, **Donald Culross Peattie** (p. 189) continually reminds us of our need of wilderness and its embracing peace.

The manuscript by **Henry G. Lamond** (p. 191) came to us from the Molle Islands, Proserpine, Queensland, Australia. Member of a family that has been in Australia for five generations, Mr. Lamond has worked the length and breadth of his state, following various jobs. For thirty years he has not known what it is to live in a city or town.

From the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington **Arthur P. Chew** (p. 194) sends us the warning that if we do not conquer our American deserts they will conquer us.

Mr. Pennyfeather reminds his progenitor, **Donald Moffat** (p. 204), of those citizen's duties which we take so lightly and ignore so promptly.

A fortnight on the West Coast was all that **Robert Dean Frisbie** (p. 214) could endure on his last visit to this country in 1935. Then nostalgia shook him like an ague and sent him home by the next steamer to Danger Island in the South Seas.

Poet and scholar, **George Allen** (p. 225) is still on the sunny side of thirty. An Englishman, he was educated at Rugby and Oxford. Then followed a year of lecturing at Hamburg University, and thereafter a Commonwealth Fellowship in Literature which took him first to Western Reserve in Cleveland and thence to Harvard. For the moment he is catching his breath and renewing his friendships in Surrey, England.

Whether as economist, interpreter, or referee, **Walter Lippmann** (p. 228) has the extraordinary faculty of sitting at the centre of affairs and of foretelling the eventual effect upon the periphery of the circle. In the September *Atlantic* Mr. Lippmann began a series of articles which will be sustained through successive issues. Each chapter is an entity in itself; taken together in a forthcoming book, *The Good Society* (the latter half of which will not be serialized), they compose a masterly survey of modern government.

Henry C. Wolfe (p. 239), a native Ohioan and graduate of Ohio State University, spent last summer sitting on the lid of the powder barrel in Central Europe. He visited Danzig, Kovno, Warsaw, Bucharest, Belgrade, Vienna, Berlin, and Budapest, holding private audiences in each place with those in authority. He knows the smell and meaning of dynamite.

Prose Writers, Attention!

WRITERS, amateur or professional, are invited to try their hand at an essay of not more than five hundred words on the subject of 'Hot Water.' The essay may be in the Baconian tradition, it may have the mellowness of *Elia*, or it may have the biographic background and the high seasoning of Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf. It should contain a fair measure of philosophic content — in other words, no mere anecdote need apply. The topic, 'Hot Water,' may be taken figuratively or literally, at the discretion of the writer.

Candidates are limited to a single entry. All manuscripts must be submitted to the Con-

tributors' Column, The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, on or before February 20, 1937. No manuscripts will be acknowledged and none will be returned. If you wish to make sure that your entry has arrived, enclose with it a self-addressed postcard which will be mailed to you directly after the manuscript receives its first reading.

To the essayist whose paper is judged to be the best we shall award \$50. Subscriptions to the *Atlantic* will be conferred upon those worthy of honorable mention. The prize winner and the best of the finalists will, if possible, be published in the April or May issue.

Fighting winter-and licking it!



HOMES are warm, families are fed, factories keep running even in the dead of winter, because the American railroads *whatever the weather* see that the freight goes through!

These dependable carriers have a grave responsibility to meet, for countless communities vitally depend for food, fuel, industrial materials and medical attention upon the sure arrival of the trains.

And the way that railroad men buckle into the job—their resourcefulness, their fidelity and fortitude in overcoming every obstacle—constitutes one of the most dramatic peacetime battles of modern times.

Neither cost nor effort is spared. At the first storm warning, the biggest locomotives swing

into action behind great rotaries, or steel-winged snow plows, to hurl drifts off the tracks that link every city and hamlet with sources of vital supplies.

Extra track forces are marshaled to keep terminal switches clear of snow and ice.

Repair crews stand ready to throw new bridges across flood-swollen streams.

Sometimes the forces of nature temporarily prove too powerful even for the veteran skill and vast preparation of the railroads—but it is a proud boast of railroad men that their transportation is the last to quit and the first to resume in emergencies.

And exceptions are so rare that it is front page news any time conditions get so tough that trains can't win their way through.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF

AMERICAN RAILROADS

PRODUCED BY UNIZ OR
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COLUMN

In the letter accompanying his manuscript, **Earnest Elmo Calkins** (p. 247) — the delightful author of *Louder Please!* — wrote us as follows: 'It occurs to me it might interest a large number of readers like myself who had "Gospel Hymns" dinned into them *ad lib.* and *ad naus.* I, unfortunately, know more than one hundred of those religious ditties by heart, the effect of unconscious education in the days of my youth when I could hear better than I can now.'

By Way of Apology

Through an oversight the name of George E. Sokolsky was omitted from the *Atlantic's* announcement for 1937. This is regrettable, as Mr. Sokolsky is one of the most able and reliable contributors on our active list. Readers may be assured that we shall rely on him for those penetrating and carefully measured surveys of American Labor for which there will be increasing need in the year ahead.

Reece Stuart's article, 'Yes, Ruth Is Wonderful,' which appeared in the *Atlantic* for December, has kindled the sympathies of many readers. Not for months has there been so large and spontaneous a response. The paper itself came straight from the heart — and so do the replies, only a few of which have we space to reproduce.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Reece Stuart's article in your December number is so challenging that I can imagine a respectable pile of letters already gathering on your table in reply, trying in some way to assure him and his brave Ruth of a positive answer to that last question, 'How not to be afraid?'

That too has been my problem — one of my problems during these last months; when I have seen one child bitterly suffering and was powerless to help or to foresee the outcome, and when I at last returned home in joy with that child only to find a call to dash to the bedside of another child, most seriously injured and hanging between life and death. And sometimes when my friends too were saying, 'Is n't Marie brave?' there was a heavy, leaden weight at my heart and I knew that I was not victorious.

But let me tell of one or two things which I learned at this time, some of them things which I had known before but now became more real to me.

One was that faith in God is not believing that He will surely save my child, from suffering or from death. Prayer is not asking Him to change His mind, but it is putting myself in line with His will, believing that His will is splendid, for me and mine. 'Thy will be done' does not imply resignation to the designs of a tyrant, but trust in the kindness of a father.

One evening I shall always remember, when I sat with a dear friend, confessing that I was burdened with great fears, that I felt it was a sin against God to

trust Him so little, and I did then give up these fears in surrender. In a few minutes the fears which had pressed upon me with such unbearable weight that I felt I should yield in illness passed from me and I was kept in calmness and trust.

If Ted and Ruth could learn these things, of which I have learned a small part, then perhaps the boy's suffering and theirs would have realized its mission.

MARIE DE GERON

Dear Atlantic, —

I wish that Mr. Reece Stuart, Jr. and some of the *Atlantic* readers who believe that young people, these days, have no interest in Christianity might have listened to the discussion in my classroom, yesterday afternoon, on 'Yes, Ruth Is Wonderful.' The former would, perhaps, have been given a new angle of thought, and the latter would have been convinced that some college students have pretty definite ideas about God.

The class consists of the thirty freshmen who rated highest in the Purdue Placement Test in English, out of a class of one hundred and fifty-three. Since the thirty come from New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Montana, and from communities ranging in size from country villages to the cities of Detroit, Chicago, and New York, the class seems to be fairly representative of American youth. Certainly the students are representative in intelligence, for, in the psychological placement test which they took, together with freshmen in three hundred other colleges and universities, their class average was two per cent above the average of the three hundred freshman groups.

The discussion on Mr. Stuart's article was as informal as a family tea party. It began with the question as to why anyone should publish such an article. There was some talk about wearing one's heart on one's sleeve, then they concluded that only a great need would prompt a father to write as Mr. Stuart had done. So it was agreed that the key to the article lay in the last line: 'How *not* to be afraid?'

Then there followed such a discussion of God and His relation to man as few people would believe possible in a college class. Remembering the talk of students in the universities, I was amazed, even after ten years at Hope. Their conclusions ran like this: —

Mr. Stuart and his wife obviously had no faith in God to start with, since they began attending church only after learning of the calamity which had befallen them. Hence, they were merely trying to bargain with God. 'And that,' concluded one young man, 'is showing God that you have a pretty poor opinion of Him.'

'Yes,' added another. 'They did n't have any faith when they asked for help, so how could they expect to get anything? Even Christ could n't work miracles unless the person who asked for help believed in Him.'

'As I see it,' said a bright-eyed young woman from Chicago, 'the reason why these parents found themselves so crushed and bewildered was that they did not believe in immortality — they could not look forward to seeing their son again.'

'That's it!' exclaimed a blonde miss from Detroit. 'Had they seen death as William Allen White did, this article would have been a beautiful eulogy of the boy they have lost.'



*It's always
good going on
GOODYEARS*

— AND HERE ARE THE REASONS WHY

BAD roads and bad weather hold no worries when you ride on Goodyear Tires. For out of Goodyear's experience in building millions more tires than any other manufacturer have come *three* great safety developments—safeguards that give you matchless security under the most adverse driving conditions:

CENTER TRACTION—deep-cut, road-gripping blocks where the tire meets the road—diamond-shaped to resist skidding in any direction.

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**MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES
THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND**

The COLUMN

'They forget,' added a lad from Grand Rapids, 'that God's law of compensation always works.'

Confronted with the question as to whether Ruth and Ted would be likely to find comfort in the religion of Sir Francis Younghusband, they were less sure of their ground. His religion was hard to understand. They were, however, quite sure that Sir Francis, facing the same issue, would have found in his God-in-Nature-and-in-Man compensations which would have satisfied him.

METTA J. ROSS

Hope College, Holland, Michigan

Dear Atlantic, —

My deepest wells of sympathy were stirred for Ruth and Ted as with tears I read of their sorrow; for I passed through a parallel experience, doubled, since only two years after the boy's death his mother died in the grip of the dread octopus.

With us every mental reaction was different because our view of life was different. No 'god' to be entreated or cajoled into interference with natural law figured in our categories. Our religion was of the spirit, our prayers for spiritual strength, for calmness of mind, for power to face life bravely and happily, for comfort and for cheerful endurance. No spirit of divination was invoked in behalf of the miraculous. No movie was needed after the burial to distract us. Just a quiet companionship, and thankfulness for a life, — too short, alas! — but for all its brevity full and rich and beautiful; a golden memory we would not put from us, but which we loved to keep bright and warm as we shouldered the burden of life again. No darkness of silence on birthdays. His name was spoken at breakfast; a few fresh flowers were placed somewhere, and in the evening Milton's immortal *Lycidas* was read aloud.

There were the same comments of 'wonderful,' but there was nothing wonderful about it. Just the endeavor to 'see life steadily, and see it whole,' and so to live.

ARTHUR CHASE

New Haven, Connecticut

It was to be expected that readers would take issue with J. B. Matthews and his criticism of the Coöperatives which appeared in the December issue. Such proponents will have their innings when they read the formal reply to Mr. Matthews in the March *Atlantic*.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the article on consumers' coöperatives in your December issue Mr. Matthews has presented some interesting and provocative facts. The introductory survey which he made of the coöperative movement was much more accurate than one finds in most of the contentious literature on the subject, and there were several shrewd observations at other points. From his factual material to his final conclusions, however, was a long and audacious leap.

A large part of the article was devoted to examples of patent medicines and other spurious goods sold

by European coöperatives and of extravagant advertising in which they have indulged. Mr. Matthews asserted that 'most of the European coöperatives' medicinal products would have difficulty with the Federal Trade Commission or the Food and Drug Administration in the United States.' He said nothing about the practices of private business in Europe. He then cited two or three examples of inferior quality in the wares of American coöperatives. These were apparently — though he mentioned no names — confined to a single association, Coöperative Distributors of New York City, which he mistakenly declared to be a Rochdale coöperative. This material constituted the principal factual support for Mr. Matthews's final statement: 'On the record to date, private competitive enterprise, with all of its faults, appears to be the best available servant of consumers' interests.'

Early in the article the author pointed out that 'the consumer's interest in the marketing of his goods is not concerned exclusively with price considerations.' Unfortunately, after this discriminating start, he himself fell into the error of assuming that the interest of the consumer is exclusively concerned with considerations of quality and truth-in-advertising. It is true that workingmen's coöperatives — he advisedly ignored the large American farmers' associations — have not been much interested in quality and have not set high technical standards for their goods. But it was a long jump beyond to assert that they have not served consumers' interests as a whole.

Mr. Matthews did not display any profound understanding of the nature of consumers' coöperation. Indeed, he even implied at one point that it involved a totalitarian system of production and distribution. It is, after all, merely a free, democratic device by which a group of people endeavor jointly to supply their wants; as such, it is handicapped by the defects of democracy and it is limited by the purposes of those people. Mr. Matthews seemed to expect a panacea.

H. HAINES TURNER

West Nyack, New York

Dear Atlantic, —

In your issue for December there is an article on 'The Coöperatives' by J. B. Matthews which shows a serious error of omission. I am reminded that many generations ago Bacon said, 'If you know what to put in and what to leave out, you can prove anything you please quite conclusively.'

His comparison between the efficiency of coöperatives and private business shows a lower rating for the former than for the latter, but which private business is he talking about? If I shoot ten times at a target, hit the bull's-eye twice, but my other eight shots miss the target entirely, on what basis will you rate my skill? Will you choose my two bull's-eyes and ignore my eight failures? That is what Mr. Matthews does. Dun and Bradstreet show that over 80 per cent of all private businesses fail. If, in physics research, we drew a smooth curve of probability through two points and ignored eight other points, then, if it was discovered, we should be ostracized by scientists.

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—William Makepeace Thackeray.



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★★ A country whose written history runs back to Julius Caesar and his imperial legions . . . whose first literature was written in the suave Latin of

the Silver Age . . . whose territory is alive with deep-rooted memories of the past . . . Gothic cathedrals, medieval walled towns, Renaissance chateaux, the ordered elegance of 18th-century architecture.

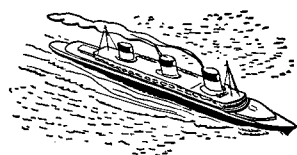
★★ A country of many countries . . . level Picardy, bathed in pearly light . . . opulent Nor-



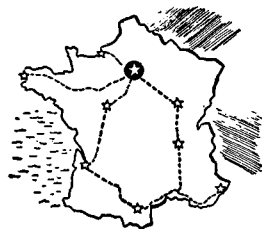
mandy . . . wild and wooded Auvergne . . . tranquil, sunlit Provence . . . the austere Pyrenees . . . each with its special gifts of hospitality . . . the wines of Bordeaux, of Burgundy, of Champagne . . . a hundred cheeses . . . two hundred sauces . . . an epicure's Eden.



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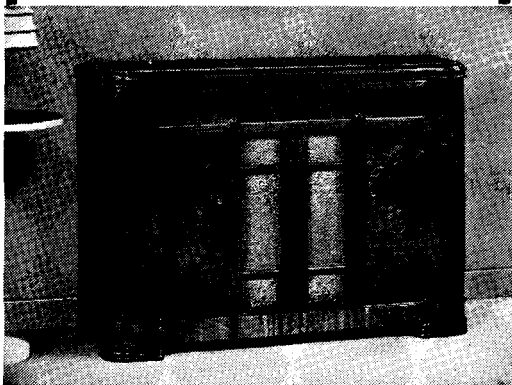


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PARIS, Feb. 27

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EMOTION is the stuff of music... and twice delightful is the music that harmonizes with your emotions... your most beloved symphony when your mood is keyed to it... a sentimental love song when you're feeling romantic. Any new RCA Victor Phonograph-Radio offers you the entire world of music from which to choose the one selection that is tuned to your mood of the moment... the all-embracing scope of Victor Records as well as world-wide radio. 5 different instruments begin at \$69.50, go to \$450.00. Hear them at your dealer's.

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laps of fewer and fewer owners, who soon have more buying power than they can possibly use for consumers' goods and they then create producers' goods as an investment. But now they have much trouble to find a market for the new consumers' goods created by their new producers' goods. Producers' goods do not create income for owners. It is the labor of consumers with buying power which creates owners' income. We Americans seem to be blind to this simple truth.

A. A. MERRILL
 Pasadena, California

A bouquet for Benedict Thielen!

Dear Atlantic, —

Please allow me to comment with actual joy upon your publication of such a fine story as 'Peacock in the Snow' in the December number of your magazine. I should like to congratulate Mr. Thielen on his technique and all the delicate marks of craftsmanship his story contains.

But more than anything else the piece proves to me that an excellent story can be built upon a theme other than a catastrophe. Too often to suit me the older magazines use the old plot stories involving a murder, suicide, or insanity case.

MRS. CONSTANCE G. HILLS
 Detroit, Michigan

'It Can't Happen Here!'

Dear Atlantic, —

It is interesting that President Hutchins's answer to Professor Whitehead in the November *Atlantic* should itself have been so completely answered by Walter Lippmann's article in the same number on the Government of Posterity. For colleges and universities are the very prototypes of Fascist states, and if, as Mr. Lippmann points out, there are no supermen available to govern states there are certainly none at present visible on the governing faculties of universities, where men without much common cultural background (as Dr. Hutchins shows) and without any special training in the Science of Education (which he does not mention in his articles) do not hesitate to define in their own way the aims or 'task' of a college or university and then to lay down corresponding rules for the governance of students. The Duce-Führer articles of Dr. Hutchins are not exactly dripping with respect for his colleagues, but he does not dream of questioning this way of settling things. He knows that the task of a university is intellectual leadership, he knows the kind of curriculum that will produce it, he proposes that such a curriculum be put in force.

One might imagine that the aims of an educational institution should have some relation to the aims of those that pay good money to attend it, and that the task of a college or university might at least include an effort to discover these aims of its students, to help each individual to clarify his own and assess their values, and then to pursue them all in sane relationship to each other and to the reasonable aims of other people.

Whether this way of settling things is fair to students or to the founding fathers that put their good money into endowments is not discussed.

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The Fifth Avenue Building is located right in the center of Manhattan business. A subway entrance in the building connects directly with railroad terminals. Good hotels are within a short walk.

The management of The Fifth Avenue Building is alert to modern buying trends. The Visitors' Bureau is a completely equipped suite of offices for the free use of visiting buyers. Tenants have the free use of the large Conference Room—seating more than forty persons. Excellent food may be had in The Fifth Avenue Restaurant, and the Aldine Club.

Next time you are in New York, investigate the advantages offered by The Fifth Avenue Building. It lists among its tenants some of the most successful industries in the country.

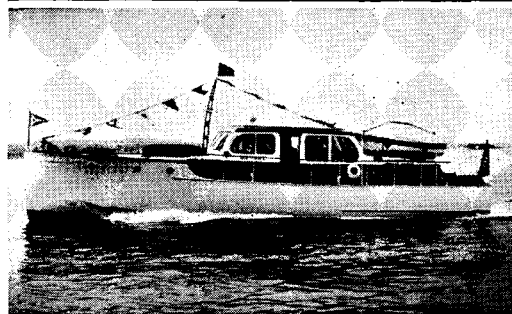


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ON THE WATER, TOO. CHRYSLER TOPS 'EM ALL!

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● THOUSANDS of boating enthusiasts know the real pleasure that comes with the performance of a Chrysler marine engine. They enjoy economical, carefree boating . . . profit by savings in upkeep . . . find real motor boating enjoyment again.

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As to the 'intellectual leadership' which Dr Hutchins agrees or assumes that it is the task of a university to produce, his words may mean nothing more than informed and intelligent helpfulness in solving the innumerable problems that life presents. But they suggest the Adlerian contrast of leader and led, and may make a consequent unhealthy appeal to every neurotic who has to prove that he is the one and not the other, and so encourage a tendency to regard other people as means for the achievement of some grand external purpose of his own rather than as ends in themselves. In abstract discussions of the Paris of the past, the Harvard of the present, and the Podunk of the future, one is liable to forget that what Tom, Dick, and Harriet want and came to get to-day really matters.

The tragedy is that our educational institutions really might become important if we could take democracy seriously and profit by the simile of the good shepherd whose sheep don't have to be driven but follow him gladly because they know his voice. 'Child-centred schools' don't fit a Fascist programme, but at least they start with people where they are.

Dr. Hutchins does not hesitate to refer to the ignorance of his faculty about things outside of their individual specialties. But there is nothing in what he writes to indicate that his own thinking about education is deeply influenced by contemporary studies of personality or even by long-standing educational investigations into the value of formal discipline. His language is for the most part that of the old faculty psychology with all its discarded abstractions, and his thought seems to run that way also.

Once upon a time there was a splendid grocer who emblazoned on his window 'Purveyor to His Majesty the King' — and the little man next door could only write on his, 'God Save the King.'

H. AUSTIN AIKINS
Western Reserve University
Cleveland, Ohio

Here is a Manhattan reader who speaks for a part — but only for a part — of our audience. Her good-natured request we shall take seriously, but before we decide we should like other readers to ask themselves which comes closest to their hearts: Pollyanna, or what the Greeks used to call *catharsis*.

Dear Atlantic, —

This coming year, 1937, can't you turn over a new leaf and bring a bit of cheer to your already depressed readers? Just because I am fond of you I make this suggestion.

So many constant readers of the *Atlantic* feel as I do and could hear less of tales of fortitude under death sentences, loss of wife and children, the frank young woman having her baby in a God-forsaken country, not to mention the continued story of the woman who *would* marry the Ancient One and freeze and starve too near the Arctic Circle. This is a résumé of the cheerful bits you have published the past two years.

Let us have more tales of the joy of living, of hopeful living, so one does not need to reach for a handkerchief when opening the *Atlantic*.

R. B.

*Some of the really good
books of the year!*

A New American History

by **W. E. WOODWARD**

Author of "Meet General Grant"
and "George Washington"

A ZESTFUL, unvarnished history based on startling new facts and neglected old ones . . . unbiased, uncensored, fascinating. "Witty, highly readable, surprising."—*New Yorker*. "Few novels of the year are more readable." — *New York Times*. 45,000 sold! 912 pages, \$4.00.

My Father's House

An Oneida Boyhood

by **PIERREPONT NOYES**

The heroic struggle of a man, born of unmarried parents in the famous Oneida Community, to win respect from the world. The story of this free-love community is one of the most unusual in American annals.
Illustrated, \$3.50

American City

A Rank-and-File History

by **CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER**

A shrewd and revealing analysis of what makes a big city "tick" . . . brilliantly written, sociologically important. Illustrated with photographs, \$2.50.

Fifty Million Brothers

A Panorama of American Lodges
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by **CHARLES W. FERGUSON**

An amusing survey of the organizations, social, fraternal or secret, to which half the adults in the U. S. belong. "Fascinating."—*N. Y. Times*. \$3.00.

The Last Romantic

by **WILLIAM ORTON**

An autobiography in the form of a novel. The intimate chronicle of a sensitive romantic boy and the struggles of a young man seeking sanity in a muddled world. \$2.50.

FARRAR & RINEHART

The Atlantic BOOKSHELF



A Guide to Good Books

THE American public has to thank England for two young novelists whose books ought to entertain us for decades to come — I mean James Hilton and R. C. Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson, who has just turned thirty, came down from Oxford with a reputation: that promise he has more than fulfilled with his four novels published since 1930.

Shining Scabbard, by R. C. Hutchinson

[Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.75]

I HAVE heard it said that no English novelist ever created a good heroine and that no Frenchman ever created a good hero. It is one of those loose generalities to which one can readily take exception but in which there is a core of truth. By and large, I think we best remember the men in English fiction, the women in French. But if it is hard for an English writer to draw a woman, how much harder is it for him to draw a French woman or a French man. Few novelists can get through that racial barrier. We have, for instance, seen Galsworthy squeeze through with his portrait of Fleur, and R. H. Mottram with his war narrative, *The Spanish Farm*; we have seen Anne Douglas Sedgwick typify *The Little French Girl* and a recent Irish writer, Elizabeth Bowen, go part way with her characterization in *The House in Paris*. In *The American*, Henry James really penetrated the French circle. Now comes a young Englishman, R. C. Hutchinson, — watch that name! — who has the skill to centre his novel, *Shining Scabbard*, in a madcap French household and to transpose (I do not mean translate) into his supple English a story as Gallic as garlic.

It would be a disservice to tell you much more than the time and place of this captivating story. The time: 1913-1914, with retrospect carrying back to the war of 1870. The place: the Séverins' huge, down-at-the-heel house in Baulon, a citadel occupied and visited by as rich and varied an assortment of French individuals as you will ever meet. The Séverins are proud, talented,

impoverished, fierce-tempered, and tainted enough to make their future dubious. In this house, where 'the third floor was as separate from the second as another country,' lived Colonel Eugène Séverin, who was court-martialed for cowardice in the campaign of 1870, and who lives to regain his honor; his sister Thérèse, once famous on the Paris stage, who voluntarily shares in his exile; his vague, distraught wife, Madeleine; Marianne, the drab, school-teacher daughter; his gaudy old mother, Mme. Nayda, a fantastic relic of Ukrainian aristocracy; and last but not least, Renée, his daughter-in-law, a pretty Eurasian who has brought her two children back from an army post in Africa. There is enough idiosyncrasy here for any amount of family warfare, but it is not Mr. Hutchinson's purpose to confine his story to oddity or squabble. Through the family connections, — the rug merchant, Louis Séverin (who pays the bills), the army son, Pierre, the shopworn journalist, Raymond, — through the family doctor, lawyer, and priest, the life of France is swept into the unventilated corridors of the old house; the scandals and fashions of Paris, the increasing undertones of war, stir the dead air.

The French atmosphere is admirably sustained: although the conversations are in English and wholly free from those typical French phrases which clutter up so many books, the reader will instantly recognize the French manner of speaking — the flexibility, the cool irony, the marvelous insults without cause for offense. I admit that there are times when the action comes close to the border line of farce or melodrama. But to give you a fair picture of the movement, the color and suspense, in this story I must resort to a mixed figure. Throw together in a shaker the prose of Rudyard Kipling, the painting of Meissonier, and an evening's entertainment at the Grand-Guignol — and the result would be something like *Shining Scabbard*.

EDWARD WEEKS

No Peace with Napoleon: The Journal of General de Caulaincourt, translated by George Libaire

[Morrow, \$3.00]

AFTER Elba and Waterloo, life was over for Armand Augustin Louis de Caulaincourt, but reputation remained and he spent the last dozen years of his earthly existence preparing it for history. Had he died with his master, we should know precisely what manner of man the Lord had made, for it was the man who wrote the journal day by day in the wild and whirling life of the Empire. But it was the diplomat who rewrote it, and from these two volumes, excellently rendered in Mr. Libaire's translation, we learn partly what he believed but wholly what he wished us to believe of his relation to his Emperor.

Whether his history is to be taken *au pied de la lettre* or no, de Caulaincourt is certainly a competent witness. In the earlier volume we have seen how, as the *Grand Écuyer* of Napoleon, he had sat beneath the Emperor's lap robe in the Imperial sleigh through the most tragical

The new novel by

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Author of "Gaudy Night," "The Nine Tailors," etc.

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON

Lord Peter Wimsey and Harriet Vane are married, and a murder mystery intrudes itself on their honeymoon! An incomparable pleasure awaits the readers of this "love story with detective interruptions." *Just out, \$2.50*

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Ever dream of getting away from it all
to live on an island in the sun?

Here's the true story of a young couple who did it

ESCAPE to the TROPICS

by Desmond Holdridge

They turned their backs on New York, for an idyllic and zestful existence in a Virgin Island paradise. And for incredibly little money! Cruising in their little boat, fishing

and bathing on gleaming white shores, meeting new, fascinating friends. Their experiences will delight anyone who'd like to leave it all behind! *Photos and drawings, \$2.50*



PARADISE

By Esther Forbes

by the author of "O Genteel Lady!"

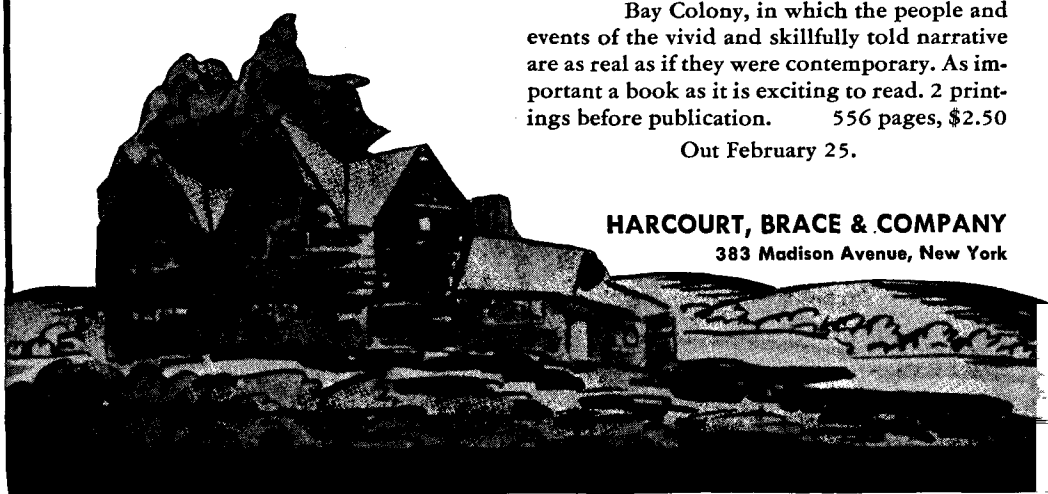
"A Mirror for Witches," etc.

The finest novel so far by this talented writer, this is a thrilling re-creation of the early days of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in which the people and events of the vivid and skillfully told narrative are as real as if they were contemporary. As important a book as it is exciting to read. 2 printings before publication. 556 pages, \$2.50

Out February 25.

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY

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The BOOKSHELF

of historic journeys from Moscow to the Beresina, and from the Beresina to the frontiers of France, listening all the way. In this concluding volume de Caulaincourt records the part he played as personal plenipotentiary between his master and the allied generals — a plenipotentiary with no plenitude of power, for the Empire was lost, the army disintegrated, the marshals busy saving their own skins. The diplomat's single weapon was the power of a name. In this absorbing record, to my thinking, nothing is more worth taking to heart than the impression it leaves of the ascendancy of a name over the minds of men. All was lost, yet all that had been was not lost. The Napoleonic star had set, but shrewd statesmen thought it might rise again. With accomplished diplomatic skill de Caulaincourt played all the changes on the fears of what might be.

They were too many for him — the Tsar, generous and timid; Metternich, incarnation of incredulity; Talleyrand, true only to his own fortunes; Nesselrode, who lived for power and died to make a pudding famous; Schwarzenberg the politic; the turncoat marshals, Marmont, Oudinot, Ney, and the rest. Against them stood two honest men, Marshal Macdonald and de Caulaincourt, and yet the decision was close. Some points at least were gained. The Emperor was not incarcerated, but had Elba for his prison yard.

The journal for the most part elucidates recorded history, but a sensational chapter deals with the circumstances, heretofore unrevealed, surrounding Napoleon's attempted suicide. De Caulaincourt watched the closet scene with his own eyes, and here his narrative seems relentlessly accurate. To die like Socrates — so the Emperor thought — might pluck from destiny a new and spiritual immortality. But his friends had betrayed him and now his poison failed. Skeptical of all else, he believed in destiny, and the echoing grooves of fate held him to the appointed end.

They say nowadays that economy makes history, and that one age is the inevitable begetter of the next. Read this book and learn again there are but two elements in the womb of time — Chance and the Man. What a Man was Napoleon and what Chance was his!

ELLERY SEDGWICK



FANTASY IN THREE KEYS

The Life of George Moore, by Joseph Hone (Macmillan, \$3.00), is the authorized biography of the late great leprechaun of Ebury Street. Mr. Hone inherited his exacting task from Mr. Charles Morgan, who relinquished it for reasons set forth in his *Epitaph on George Moore*. In carrying it out the biographer had the solicitous and open-handed help of virtually all those in England, Ireland, France, and America who had known Moore best and longest, and the immense store of documents placed at his disposal included the subject's intimate correspondence from the age of nine. The result is a portrait of brilliantly satisfying thoroughness, rich-

ness, and balance. Among recent lives it stands out for its systematic chronological treatment, its profusion of enlightening documents, and its steady reliance on the ascertainable facts alone — its refusal of all the pert and delusive tricks of 'interpretation' practised by the fashionable psychographers. Among official lives it must be all but unique in candor and humor, and quite unique in its eventual triumphant extrication of dignity, even of a tranquil beauty, from a long-established personal legend in which by far the most noticeable components were perversity, fatuity, and an overwhelmingly shameless egotism.

George Moore was one of the most fantastic human creatures the Lord ever let live, and the friendly biographer could scarcely be less squeamish in presentation if he were the most impish of enemies. He shows us a Moore who, oftener than not, behaved as if he had set out to immortalize himself as the Emperor, the Colossus, of Asses. Bored at finding a distinguished physician's drawing-room all solicitude for the physician's wife, who was seriously ill, Moore said brusquely to his host: 'Please convey my sympathy *once for all* to Lady Stoker.' Being told of the death of an old friend, but misunderstanding the name, he launched into an eloquent and intimate character sketch of the deceased; then, brought up short by the disclosure that it was Ross, not Gosse, who had died, he snapped: 'Well, I can't go over all that again.' When, in his sixties, he set out to master Galilee in a fortnight in the interest of *The Brook Kerith*, he wanted to lighten the journey by reading Sterne, with whom he had been often compared; and, borrowing a Sterne from Gosse and finding it 'full of blank pages, and little dots,' he insisted thereafter that Gosse had maliciously palmed off on him an expurgated edition. Arranging (for publication) one of the Conversations in Ebury Street, he seriously proposed that his interlocutor, Gosse, should begin with a graceful apology for interrupting Moore's work. Of a new legal adviser on the occasion of his first call Moore demanded whether he did not think *Esther Waters* 'better than anything Dickens ever wrote.' And he argued with passionate truculence that the Moores of Moore Hall were really Irish Protestant gentlemen in spite of appearances, inasmuch as his great-grandfather had embraced Romanism only that he might the more easily make money.

There were, however, persons without illusions who respected and were even fond of this incredible being, and the least tribute that can be paid Mr. Hone is to point out that in the end his painstaking chapters fully account for the respect and make the fondness actually comprehensible. George Moore ignoring at eighty the poison which mounts in his arteries, throwing every consideration to the winds except the *idée fixe* of getting a few more sentences of his inimitably mannered writing exactly as he wanted them before the darkness closed in, is a figure not easily forgotten; and it is also an implicit revelation of what the man's most discerning intimates had felt to be central and supreme in him in the earlier decades, even when it was the most overlaid by absurdity and confused by irrelevance.

The volume is enriched by portraits, an amusingly artless account of Moore's last years by his Ebury

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Sultans; coming of the Arabs; tragedy of Alexandria; England Egypt and Italy in Ethiopia; narcotics trade at the Delta.

PEOPLES: Pygmies and giants; cannibals and their marriage custom; slave trade and slave market; Bedouins and fellahin; swamp-dwelling Arabs, Jews and Christians; women of Egypt.

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Street housekeeper, and a conspectus of his literary
achievement by Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor. The main
text would have been the gainer by an efficient proof-
reading, and the index by a careful rechecking.

Pearl S. Buck, in *Fighting Angel* (Reynal and

erects her memorial to a man also
inhuman lea- 'hs by his obses-
by fa- ter, was capable by
and of startlingly
strokes of guile. His
accomplish in his own

way the translation of portions of the Scriptures from
the original tongues into Chinese and, also in his own
way, the extension throughout northern China of a sort
of skeleton church organization which he believed would
do the most for the future of Christianity. Nothing
could exceed the candor with which he accepted his fel-
low missionaries as the chief obstacles to both undertak-
ings. His ostensible co-workers were 'persons designed
by the devil to thwart the will of God, or what he,
Andrew, wanted to do.' Of his children and his merely
human spouse (whose story was told in a companion
volume, *The Exile*) he was conscious only at rare and
increasing intervals, and then but half-absently. His
attitude about money is illustrated in his reply to a land-
lady who wanted to know what guarantee she had for a
year's rent: 'The same guarantee, Madam, which I have
— that the Lord provides for His own,' he told her with
his 'furiously tranquil' look. This 'Portrait of a Soul' is
rather an elongated character sketch than the biography
it is called. Mrs. Buck intends, I think, that her father
shall appear simultaneously as a touching character and
the most exasperating of mortals, a monster and an
angel. The elegiac mood slightly overreaches itself on
the last page in two closing sentences of presumably
unintended blank verse.

In *Lancer at Large* (Viking, \$2.75) Francis Yeats-
Brown, he of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, revisits
India after fifteen years and reports what he sees in a
long loop of travel from Cape Comorin to the Khyber
Pass and from Calcutta on one coast to Bombay on the
other. To the British reader the chief interest of the
book probably arises from its vivid glimpses of an India
rapidly preparing to think and to shift for itself in a
hundred areas of education, science, sanitation, indus-
try, medicine, and social reform, as it has immemorially
done in religion and philosophy. To Americans the chief
thread of interest is the author's successful quest of a
guru (spiritual teacher) and his exposition of the theory
and practice of Yoga, which is the control of the body in
the interest of spiritual efficiency.

Yoga involves a drastic reëducation in posture and
breathing; to relearn breathing alone takes five years,
and they must be spent at a particular spot in the Hima-
layas. The proficient can, among other things, swallow
water and pass it at will through the whole intestinal
tract. Eventually the practice of meditation may cul-
minate in *samadhi*, which is a suspended animation of
the body for hours or days while the untrammelled spirit
visits the Region of Bliss. (One preliminary is three



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years' surgery on the tongue, which must be long enough to reach back and stop the oral outlets of the nose.) There is nothing, we are told, to prevent the truly enlightened from living a century and a half or even two centuries. But it is perfectly clear that there is no compromise between these practices and the characteristic assumptions, demands, and rewards of ordinary Occidental living. A man cannot have this enlightenment without making a steady job of self-culture. His own psychophysical adjustment must be his exclusive life-long concern. The author does not say so, but the whole business is curiously suggestive of putting in one's first couple of centuries making oneself fit to live. It does not transpire that the eventual goal is anything but the fitness, which does not even seem to be carried over into successive reincarnations.

WILSON FOLLETT

— —
THREE AMERICAN NOVELS

MacKinlay Kantor's powerful novel, *Arouse and Beware* (Coward-McCann, \$2.50), recounts the desperate journey of three fugitives strangely leagued: two Union soldiers escaped from the Confederate prison of Belle Isle, and a woman who has murdered her lover under some monstrous provocation that is only hinted. Though the terror of capture never slackens till the end, the book is far more than a study in suspense. The great background of warfare never fades out. The far-off roar is never muted for long; the desolation wrought appears at every turn. The personal drama of the three fugitives, the emotional conflicts that result as love and jealousy intrude upon their oddly brotherly relation, are given pathos by the sense of their being after all three atoms among myriads of atoms as agonized and as evanescent.

Arouse and Beware is an able piece of story-telling. Mr. Kantor's style is vigorous; it also can be subtly cadenced. Rapid, violent, and often brutal as the narrative is, it has its passages of beauty; the young Northern soldier who is made the author's mouthpiece is a boy of sensibility and reflectiveness.

This reviewer makes a deep reverence to Mr. Kantor for his subjugation of the adjective. The scenes pictured in this novel, and the episodes recounted, leap at the reader's nerves. I recall no narrative of recent years in which the adjective is held so firmly in leash, with such a result of power. Oddly, the hold relaxes in a passage that I take to be the heart of the novel, a passage that I must quote. Here the author — for the only time, or my vigilance has failed me — stands up out of the page and speaks in his own person. 'It is this fearful resiliency of the human soul,' he says, 'this rebounding ability to climb out of the grave and play marbles among the headstones, that gives to war its glastly permanence, and the certainty that we shall see more people willing for war in the years to come.'

Like *Arouse and Beware*, Sterling North's *Night Outlasts the Whippoorwill* (Macmillan, \$2.50) has for its theme the eternal recurrence of war; but here all likeness ends. The time of Mr. North's novel is the period of the World War; its setting is a small town in Wis-

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consin. The chief characters are a young woman whose husband has gone overseas; a sensitive boy extraordinarily unhappy in his home; a newspaper man who is the best mind in the community and the loneliest spirit; a gentle German butcher who buys all his meat ready-slaughtered; and the butcher's empty-headed adolescent daughter. Of these figures the dominating ones are the competent and plucky young woman who shifts for herself and her baby, and the journalist, a man who thinks with detachment and feels quite otherwise.

I suppose there is no more important requirement for a man who is to write a novel concerning war than that he should be without sentimentalism; and that there is no more valid insurance against sentimentalism than the training of a journalist. Mr. North, himself a journalist, consistently avoids the sentimental pitfall. To this negative asset he adds the positive one of rapid and energetic narrative. Such incidents as the burning by the mob of the German pastor's treasured musical library, and the pitiful end of the good little butcher, are admirably effective.

On a question of taste there is no profitable disputing. However, mindful that since the memory of man the prudish have said in effect, 'Heaven knows I am no prude, but *really* . . . ' I yet record with firmness my well-cogitated opinion that one bawdy episode serves no purpose, casts no light where light has not already been plentifully cast. The physiological starvation of mates separated by war is an integral part of the author's theme. His taste in comic relief I cannot admire.

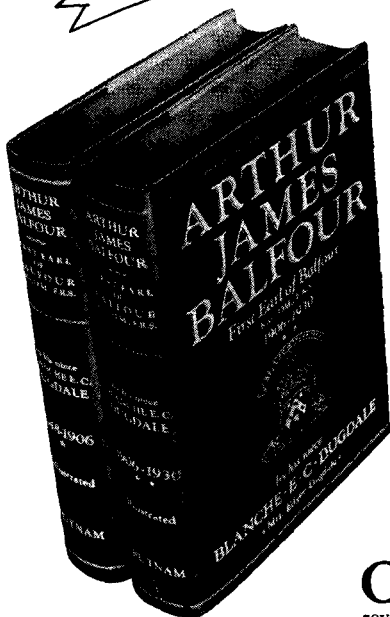
The irony in Samuel Rogers's new novel, *Lucifer in Pine Lake* (Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, \$2.50), begins with the title. The *Lucifer* of this narrative is a very petty demon indeed. In two qualities his endowment is large: personal beauty, and insensibility. His looks cast a spell; his heart is incapable of a deep feeling. In every other respect, his mediocrity is perfect. At the opening of the novel he is perfunctorily teaching English at a small college in his native Mid-Western town, his boredom slightly alleviated by his pleasure in his own accent and manner, acquired at an Eastern school and at Harvard.

Obviously, a young man superficially enchanting but essentially callous must leave a devastated area as he crashes on his way. To everyone whom his life touches, Hugh Trowbridge brings unhappiness: to the girl with whom he has had his latest affair; to the girl whom he marries; to his ineffectual father, an elderly professor at Pine Lake, aware of essential failure; even to his adoring mother, a fatuous woman sustained in her disappointing life by her belief in her possession of Southern charm.

Until now, I have thought Mr. Rogers's best gift his extraordinary power of conveying the spell of the sea. I confess to an initial disappointment on finding that his new novel has an inland setting. This disappointment shortly yielded to pleasure in the psychological subtleties of *Lucifer*: whether in such comedy as the state visit of Hugh's mother to the scared mother of her future daughter-in-law, or in such tragedy as the slow, ignominious death of Hugh's father. To my thinking, the most significant and the most strongly imagined scene in the

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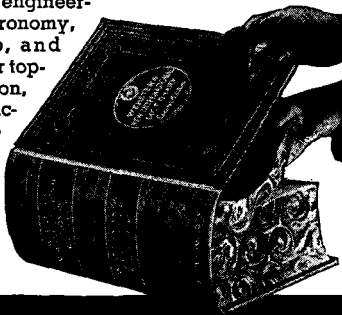
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book is the one in which Hugh, fighting his repulsion and his impatience to be gone for an evening of pleasure, sits inattentive by his father's bed, while Professor Trowbridge desperately labors to save him from such failure in life, such a sense of ultimate nothingness, as his own.

The fine clarity of Mr. Rogers's style, his sense of comedy, and his power of driving home the grimmest of truths with his quick light blade, have never shown better, to my thinking, than in this novel.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

The Burning Cactus, by Stephen Spender

[Random House, \$2.00]

In his latest volume Stephen Spender turns from poetry and the essay to the short story. Five in number, these stories concern themselves with those neuroses and personal tragedies produced by the impacts of an unstable civilization on the highly strung and sensitive.

'The Dead Island,' first and longest of the collection, investigates the problems of a young dipsomaniac and of a woman on the verge of a third divorce. 'The Cousins' represents a blood tie complicated by considerations of race and wealth. The title story is that of a young egoist twisted and racked into neurasthenia by the post-war hardships of his earliest years. A political fanatic on his deathbed and afterwards furnishes the theme of 'Two Deaths,' while a 'pensionnat for the backward and nervous sons of rich people' is the setting for 'By the Lake.' As short stories, they are not entirely successful — situations like these are hardly of that stuff which makes conventional or familiar literature. They are 'special cases,' and, as such, important.

The case history is a comparative newcomer to the material of fiction, although not a fortuitous one. Wherever the conditions and circumstances of life spawn unrest, insecurity, and maladjustment, there is ripe and fruitful substance for the artist. Of that unhappy segment of society most affected and bewildered by this state of affairs, Spender writes with a splendid articulateness: 'Their life was a competition of roaring speeds rushing towards the farcical destruction which was their winning post, and excusing themselves by subtle advertisements appealing to tolerance and pity.' These are, in reality, the living dead. Yet there remain always those few who assert their capacity to make distinctions without multiplying them, and to live in the truest sense. Of these: 'She herself was the explorer. The dead are heaped together. But the living are alone. They are continually being forced to alter their lives.' An analogy to Proust would not be out of order.

But although I have no quarrel with — indeed only the highest praise for — Spender's choice of material or with the icy, intellectual perspective in which he sees it, it does seem to me unhappy that his embellishments should so often clutter and obscure his narrative. Only a faulty discrimination, for example, could offer as equivalently excellent images such disparate ones as that which depicts an embarrassed young man as feeling 'immensely tall and out of place, like a tower, with bells

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clanging in his head,' and another which states that 'the notes of the organ blazed like twigs burning invisibly in the air,' or, again, conceives of young women in a drawing-room as 'darting bronzed minnows breasted with coloured pullovers'! A talent as rare as Spender's owes itself a more disciplined expression.

PAUL HOFFMAN

The Craft of the Sculptor, by Langdon Warner

[The Japan Society, \$5.00]

SEVERAL months ago a very beautiful volume was published by the Japan Society — beautiful in externals and with an inner beauty of discernment. In place of history or treatise, Mr. Warner gives to all lovers of the distinctive art of Japan eighty-five reproductions of works of art which artists in another clime could never have achieved, and opposite each, with a sensitive accuracy admirable and difficult to compress, he sets a brief, sufficient commentary. Books on art are often sumptuous, sometimes indispensable, but almost invariably they describe a secret they do not disclose. Here, if I mistake not, is a secret made plain. Japanese art, whatever travelers may say, — and those who stop over in Kyoto on their way home from Peiping are argumentatively positive to the contrary, — was made not in China but in Japan. Turn Mr. Warner's understanding pages, and note that this is true.

ELLERY SEDGWICK

Theodore Parker, by Henry Steel Commager

[Little, Brown, \$3.00]

HAVING already distinguished himself as a historian, Professor Commager now achieves new laurels as a biographer. It is a temptation to wonder, at first, why he chose Theodore Parker for his first portrait. Anyone who desired to learn about the famous abolitionist could do so in the Lives which have already appeared. Dr. Commager's own explanation is that he wrote the book because 'I could not help myself,' which is probably a better reason than the ones behind most Lives.

It is easy to understand, however, as the pages are turned, why this biography was undertaken. Dr. Commager might have selected any among a score of important men. Instead, he chose a preposterous one. Parker was naïve, egotistical, childish, wise, brave, and foolish. All the elements were mixed in him, save one. He was never dull. And this Life is never dull, either. Parker was the essence of New England. He had its vigor and its intolerance. He had its integrity and its skepticism.

Dr. Commager disavows the rôle of critical biographer. 'This book, then, is Parker's book,' he explains in his preface. He will have none of the appraising which modern biography emphasizes. So Commager swears. But the volume is objective despite all that. Sometimes the reader detests Parker. Sometimes he loves him. Sometimes he merely laughs at his antics.

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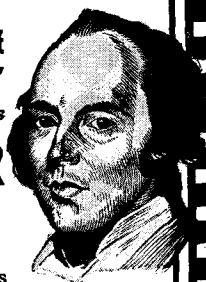
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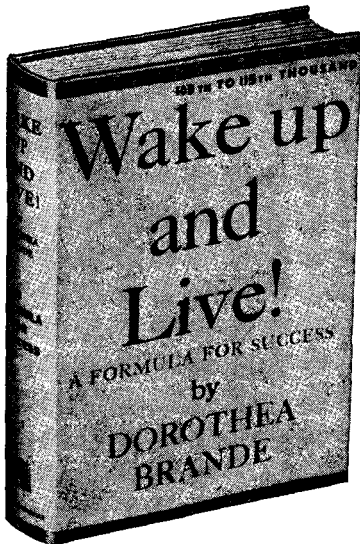
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Parker was quarrelsome. He was often violent. He made men think. He scolded the clergy because they were complacent. He scolded the merchants of Boston because they tolerated pauperism, want, and licentiousness.

'A minister,' Dr. Commager writes, 'he dwelt in eternity; a scientist, he took a million years in his stride, but he could never postpone the present hour even for the morrow. He had an invincible faith in the future, but he acted as if every moment were his last.'

So this is a warm and human book, not infrequently graced by distinguished writing, about a warm and human man. 'My candle stands in a current of air and so, I suppose, will burn away faster than if all about it were still,' Parker wrote when he was still a young man and yet wasted by the furious activities of his life. The currents of air continued and the candle burned away.

It is interesting to note that Dr. Commager either forgot or ignored the date of Parker's death. It is not mentioned. It is, of course, wholly unimportant in a biography which brings its subject to life.

HENRY F. PRINGLE

***The Oxford Book of Modern Verse, 1892-1935,* chosen by W. B. Yeats**

[Oxford University Press, \$3.75]

ONE is almost at a loss to review this anthology. Forty-five pages of introduction and over four hundred pages of text fail to record the taste or convictions of one of the best of our modern poets, the man who was awarded the Nobel Prize while Thomas Hardy was still living.

Yet the introduction is revelatory in many ways. Let us consider a few aspects of it. Mr. Yeats remarks that he has plucked the foreign feathers from the *Ballad of Reading Gaol* to retain those portions which show a stark realism akin to that of Thomas Hardy. The 'foreign feathers' are doubtless the verbal plumage affected by Wilde and the aesthetes in general. Why, then, in the text of the book do we find nine selections from Ernest Dowson, as against four from Hardy, five from A. E. Housman, and six from Robert Bridges? (Yeats himself is represented by fourteen pieces.) Surely Dowson is mere fluff. The point I must deduce is this: Yeats's critical faculties are muddled; subconsciously, his sympathies lie (1) with the Celtic revival, (2) with the aesthetic school of the '90s, and (3) with the Classical

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school of Bridges; consciously, he makes every effort to placate the modern schools, which seem to frighten him. This Laodicean introduction bears embarrassing testimony of his dilemma.

He pays hasty respects to the genius of Hopkins, Hardy, and Bridges, — whom he admires, — but adds, 'I will consider the genius of these three when the development of schools gives them great influence.' Now what can this mean? Shall a writer be considered only in the light of his school? Then Milton must wait until Wordsworth's period for just criticism; Shelley can be appraised only in the light of Francis Thompson, and Shakespeare can receive no consideration whatever!

These schools, of which Mr. Yeats stands in such awe, command a flattering slice of the Introduction: the school of Eliot, the school of Edith Sitwell, and the school of Pound — in about equal proportions. Now Yeats obviously does not like these poets. But he is afraid of them. Therefore, he rebukes with one phrase and hastily contradicts himself with the most fulsome homage. Pound 'is probably the source of that lack of form and consequent obscurity which is the main defect of Auden, Day Lewis, and their school, a school which, as will presently be seen, I greatly admire.'

Mr. Yeats lumps together the gummy Orientalisms of Rabindranath Tagore and the sensitive translations of Arthur Waley — much to the advantage of Tagore, who gets seven inclusions to Waley's one.

Ah, sad and strange! 'I too have tried to be modern,' writes Mr. Yeats. It is better not to be self-deceived. A pathetic instance of this attempt to be modern is the

reprinting of Pater's passage on the Mona Lisa in cadenced verse, as the opening selection of the volume. Truly Pater had much to learn about his own prose. We are reminded of that younger Yeats, who, in dealing with Blake's *American Revolution*, scoured the literature of the occult to identify the 'thirteen angels' who were, of course, none other than New Jersey, Massachusetts, and the other original states.

The selections and omissions are as capricious as the Introduction. I fear the book deserves its place beside Bliss Carman's *Oxford Book of American Verse*.

ROBERT HILLYER

PRIZE Awards have been subjected to more than a little sniping this winter. Spectators have inclined to be skeptical, and the critics overly severe. It is, I think, the nature of prize books to arouse a feeling of professional dissent: the reviewer instinctively matches his judgment against the editor or committee that has made the award, and so may be impelled to work harder for his personal victory than for a calm interpretation. Eugene O'Neill is by common consent our foremost American dramatist. But let him receive the Nobel Prize and critics are in haste to heap up his disabilities. The attitude seems to me slightly perverse and very human.

I, of course, am prejudiced in favor of literary prizes. I think they are the most serviceable form

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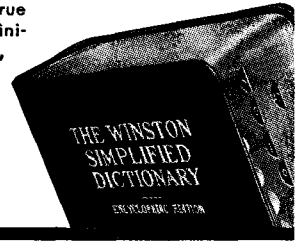
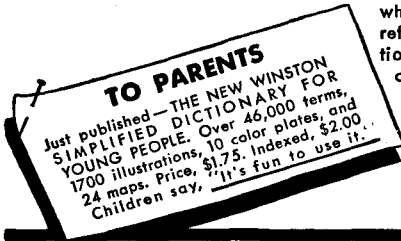
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of patronage in a democracy — the best means of championing new talent, of calling attention to merit which might otherwise be neglected. American readers are not explorers: they love to follow the crowd. Their interest in a few popular titles would be still more concentrated were it not for the literary awards and for such excellent detective work as is performed by the Book-of-the-Month Club. Some months ago this organization set aside \$10,000 to be divided among American authors whose books, published between May 1, 1935, and September 1, 1936, had sold less than 5000 copies — authors who were, in short, 'insufficiently recognized.' A coast-to-coast jury of thirty critics voted (with remarkable unanimity) to divide the sum into four fellowships of \$2500 each, and these were awarded partly in respect for a certain book and partly in the expectation of the author's work to come.

The first fellowship went to the California poet, **Robinson Jeffers**, whom one of the judges, Miss Millay, described as 'a poet's poet.' In this case the award was not only a salute to his recent volume, *Solstice and Other Poems* (Random House, \$2.50); it was clearly a tribute to the intensity and power of his poetry made manifest in his eleven books, no one of which has been as widely read as it deserved. Mr. Jeffers's poetry is not easy to read, which is to say that he will be avoided by the lazy-minded. But I should like to think that hereafter there will be at least two thousand Ameri-

cans each year with enough imagination and attention to give him a hearing.

The award to **Katherine Anne Porter** was in recognition of her volume of short stories, *Flowering Judas* (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50) — or, to put it more formally, 'in recognition of the precise and delicate art of her short stories of American and Mexican life.'

James T. Farrell, a young novelist from Chicago, received the third fellowship, the jury having in mind his husky, virulent novel, *Studs Lonigan* (Vanguard Press, \$3.00). The older generation and the hypersensitive reader, I suspect, will shrink from Mr. Farrell's prose, which comes to grips with dirt, poverty, and brutality. But there will certainly be those with an open mind who agree with the critics in recognizing 'the strong and vigorous sincerity with which he represents an underprivileged section of American life.'

The winner of the fourth award, **Paul Sears**, is head of the Botany Department at the University of Oklahoma. His book, *Deserts on the March* (University of Oklahoma Press, \$2.50), should be required reading for any man or woman having the faintest sympathy for or curiosity about the floods and droughts which are paralyzing such huge sections of American life.

Edward Weeks